

**HISTORY OF THE
FORTY-FIFTH REGIMENT
MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEER MILITIA**



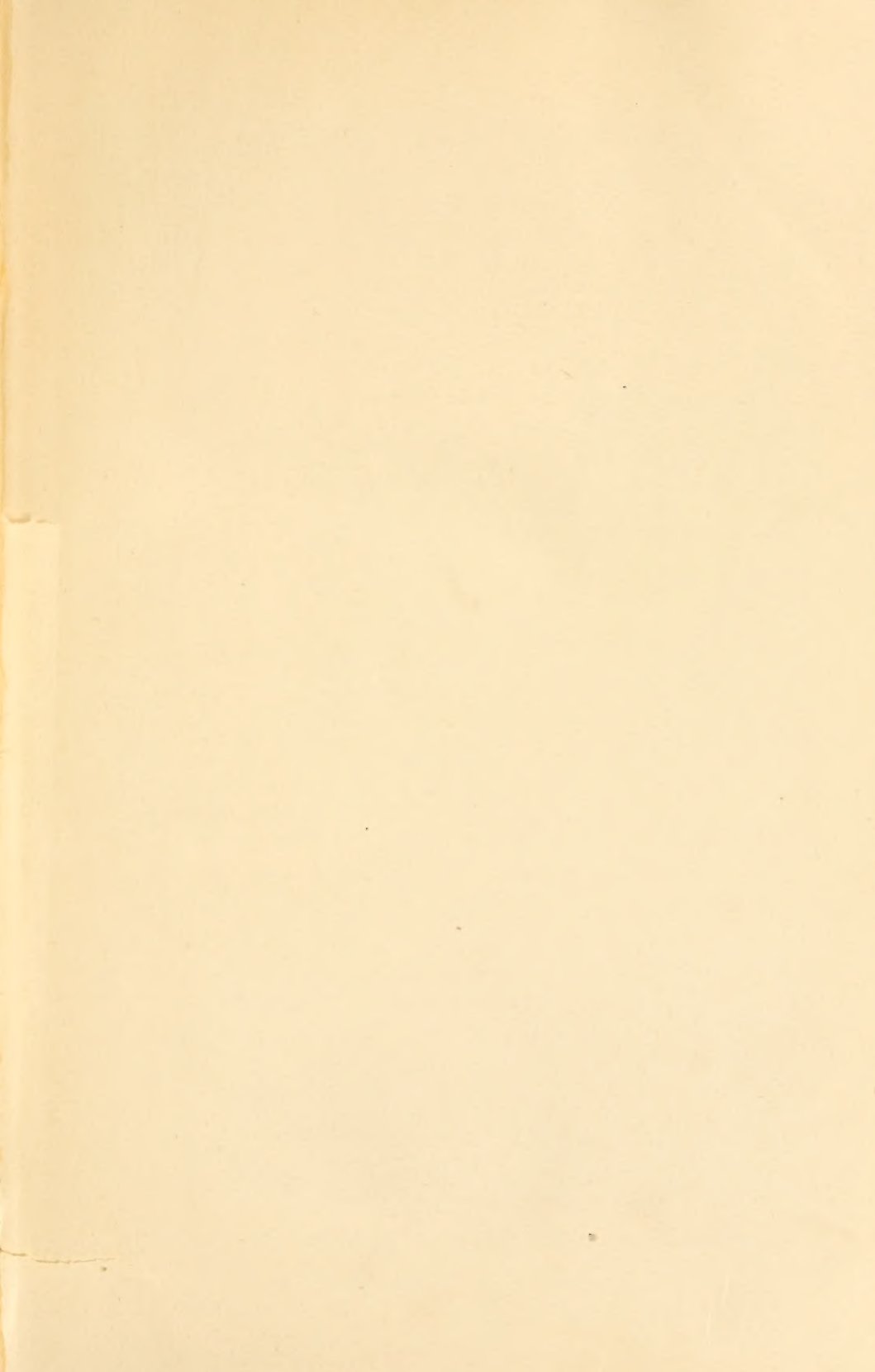
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DEPT. OF NORTH CAROLINA**



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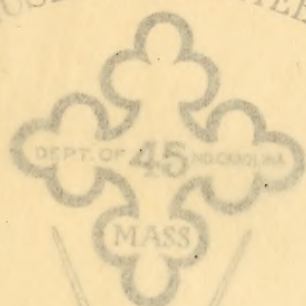




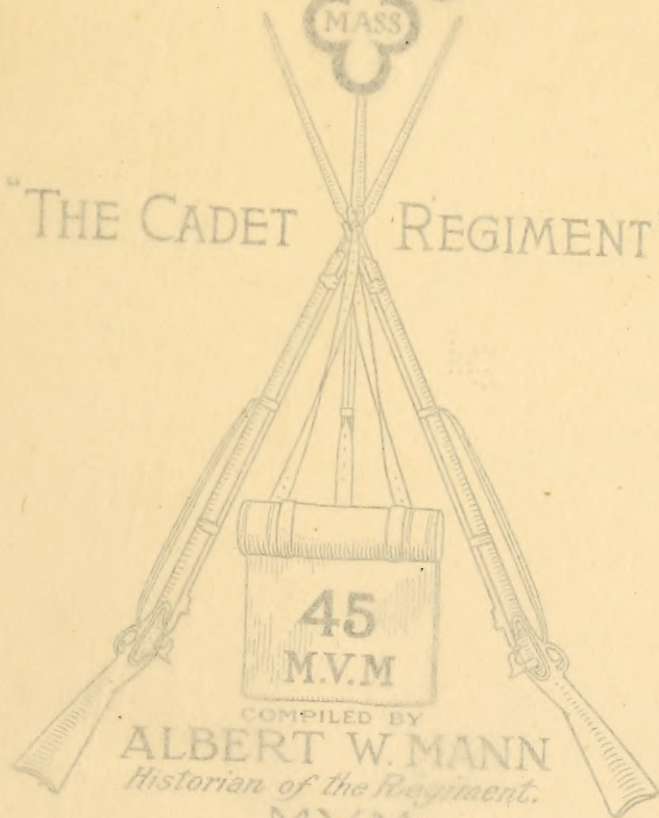
THE OLD SOUTH RECRUITING STATION OF THE 45TH MASSACHUSETTS, AUGUST, 1862

HISTORY OF THE
Forty-Fifth Regiment

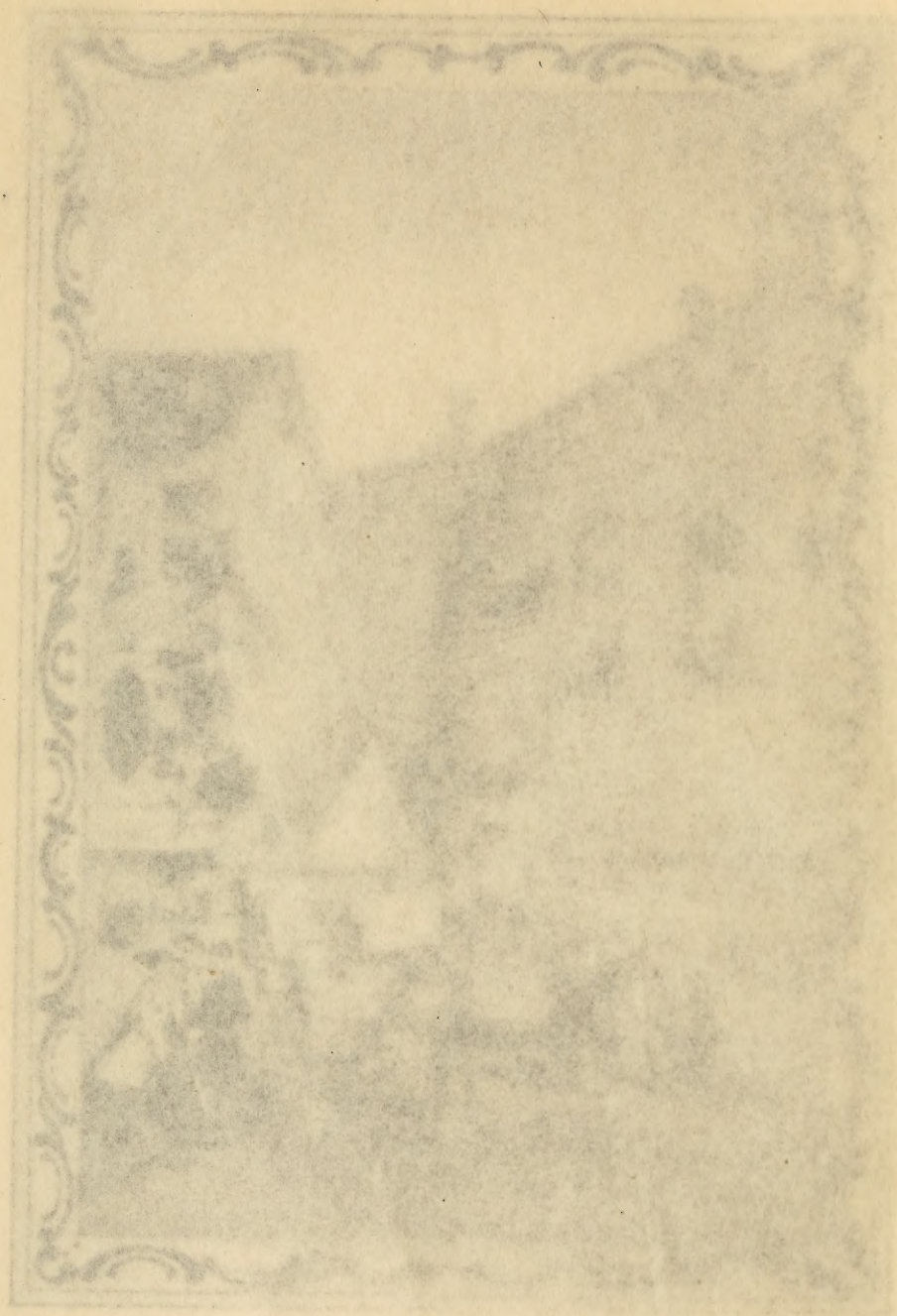
MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEER MILITIA



"THE CADET REGIMENT"

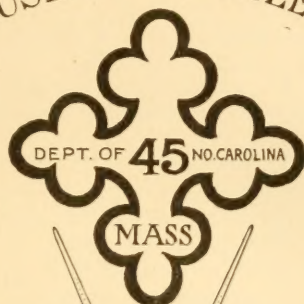


COMPILED BY
ALBERT W. MANN
Historian of the Regiment.
M.V.M.

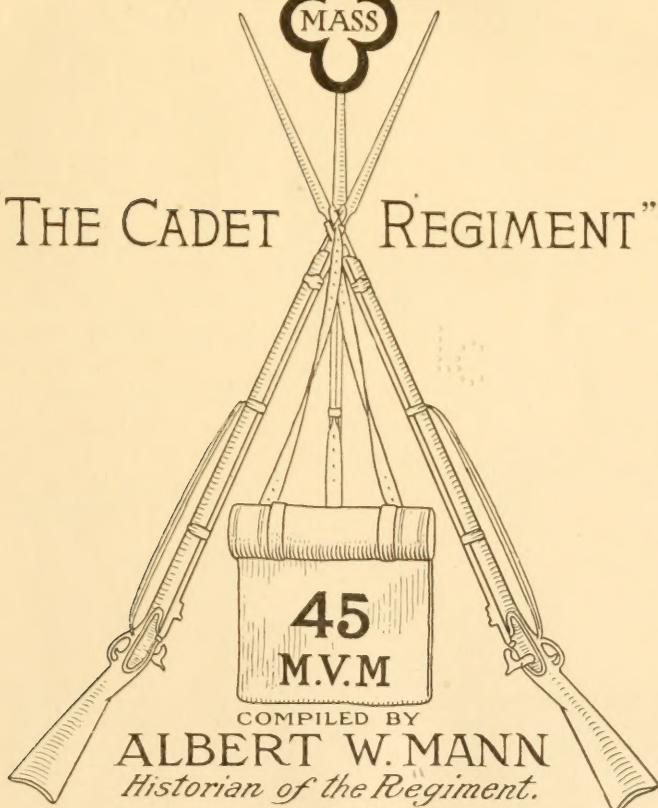


HISTORY OF THE
Forty-Fifth Regiment

MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEER MILITIA



"THE CADET REGIMENT"



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BROOKSIDE PRINT
JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS.

PRINTED BY
WALLACE SPOONER
BOSTON, MASS.

Authorization of History

WHEREAS, Comrade ALBERT W. MANN, having been selected and appointed by the Executive Committee of the Association of the 45th Mass. Regiment as Historian of the Regiment, by the adoption of this preamble said appointment by the Executive Committee is confirmed, and it is

VOTED, At this Annual Meeting of the Association, held on June 23, 1908, that a book, purposed to be written, collated, printed and issued by said ALBERT W. MANN, shall be known and considered by the present Association of the 45th Mass. Regiment as the authorized History of the Regiment and that he may rightfully use such words as the title of his book.

It, however, being understood that the Association, as a body, or as individuals, are not to be held responsible or liable for any expense incurred through the publication of said book, or to be entitled to share in any profits which may accrue therefrom.

*Adopted and Confirmed
at the Annual Meeting
of the Association held*

June 23, 1908

*John D. Whitcomb
Secy*

Thomas E. Holway Pres.



Massachusetts in the Civil War

“**T**HE Militia Regiments of Massachusetts were the first to respond to the call of the President ; the first to march through Baltimore to the defense of the Capital ; the first to shed their blood for the maintenance of our government ; the first to open up a new route to Washington by way of Annapolis ; the first to land on the Soil of Virginia, and hold possession of the most important fortress in the Union ; the first to make the voyage of the Potomac and approach the Federal City by water, as they had been the first to reach it by land. The Soldiers of Massachusetts did their duty and the Nation owes them a debt of gratitude which can never be repaid.

“ The dead who are buried in Virginia, the Carolinas, or the States of the Mississippi, at Andersonville, Salisbury, at home, or wherever they may rest ; the sick, maimed, or wounded, who live among us ; and those who escaped unharmed from a hundred battlefields,—their families, their names, their services, their sacrifices, their patriotism—will ever be held in grateful remembrance by a generous and enlightened people. And that ‘ my father fought or fell in the great Civil War to maintain the integrity of our Union and the honor of our Nation ’ will forever be an inheritance more precious than land, or riches, and a title of true republican nobility.”

WILLIAM SCHOULER,

*Adjutant General of the State of Massachusetts
during the Civil War.*



GOVERNOR JOHN A. ANDREW

History of the Forty-Fifth Regiment, N. D. M.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Introduction.....	1
A Brief Historical Sketch of the Independent Corps of Cadets	3
List of 185 Cadets who served in the Civil War	9
The services of the Cadets in the early part of the War and at Fort Warren in 1862.....	17
The Cadet Regiment and its friends in 1862	35
A Few Facts of interest to members of the Forty-Fifth Regiment	42
In Memory of Oliver White Peabody, Lieutenant-Colonel Forty Fifth Mass. Volunteers	48
In Memory of Russell Sturgis, Jr., Major Forty-Fifth Mass. Volunteers	51
The War Status when the Nine Months' Troops were called.....	55
Camp Meigs, Readville	60
From Readville to Morehead City, N. C.....	70
Camp Amory on the Trent	77
General John G. Foster.....	89
Colonel T. J. C. Amory	93
The Signal Corps.....	94
Heroic Deeds of Heroic Men — The Expedition to Goldsboro'	102
The Official Reports of the March to Kinston and Battle of Kinston,	115
The Return March from Goldsboro'.....	142
Cavalry Operations on the Expedition to Goldsboro'	146
The Confederate Account of the Goldsboro' Expedition.....	152
The Personal Experience of a Comrade wounded in the Battle of Whitehall, December 16, 1862.....	158
A Soldier's Letter....	163
Regimental Colors and the Color Guard.....	165
A Sketch of the Life of Theodore Parkman.....	182
The Cadet Band.....	185
Four Months in Fort Macon — Department of North Carolina.....	198
Captain Joseph Murdoch of Company G.....	204
The Mud March: The Expedition to Jonesville, Pollocksville and Trenton	207
Provost Duty in New Berne.....	211
Chaplain Stone and the Religious Life of the Forty-Fifth Mass. Regiment.....	223
A Stirring Day: The Attempt of the Confederates to Retake New Berne, March 13-14, 1863.....	235

Scouting at Night beyond the Pickets on a Locomotive.....	245
Camp Massachusetts	250
The Fight at Dover Cross Roads	258
The Grand Review	262
As I Saw It	265
The Enlistment of Colored Troops.....	297
The Sergeant's Story	304
Under Marching Orders	313
War: The Romance and the Reality.....	314
The Medical and Surgical Department and Ambulance Corps.....	326
Memories of New Berne and the Massachusetts Forty-Fifth.....	341
The Rank and File....	358
Memories of the Civil War and of Camp and Field in the Forty- Fifth Massachusetts Regiment.....	364
Reminiscences and Incidents of Army Life in North Carolina in the Eighteenth Army Corps	385
Arrival Home and Reception of the Forty-Fifth	425
The Draft Riot in July, 1863, and Services of the Forty-Fifth.....	432
After twenty-five years—Notes of a trip to Newbern.....	439
Tribute to the Memory of Hon. Edward W. Kinsley	444
Meetings and Re-unions of the Regiment since Muster-Out	452
Roster.....	470



COL. CHARLES R. GOLDMAN
COMMANDING FORTY-FIFTH REGIMENT MASS. VOL. MILITIA

“Never, from the commencement of the war, was an officer sent from Massachusetts, better fitted for the responsibilities of his position than our noble Colonel,

Charles K. Codman

Perfect in his drill, firm in his discipline, yet free from all severity; brave in the hour of danger, yet without rashness; loved, and yet respected, he was truly a model officer. In these later years, it is the pride and boast of every member of the Forty-fifth Massachusetts, that he served for such a country, in such a cause, from such a State, in such a regiment, and under such a Commander.”

— *Corporal Charles Eustis Hubbard.*

Introduction



FEW months after the "Muster Out" of the Forty-Fifth Regiment, the members of Company A formed a permanent organization, known as the "Company A Associates of the Forty-Fifth Regiment M.V.M.," and Re-unions have been held each year on the anniversary of the Expedition to Trenton.

In this way the old army ties have been strengthened, and the varied experiences of our service in North Carolina have been kept in fresh remembrance.

In 1882, under the auspices of this Association, a Diary of one of the members, Corporal Charles Eustis Hubbard, was published, bearing the title, "The Campaign of the Forty-Fifth," which was illustrated with drawings by another member, that well-known Boston artist, the late Frank H. Shapleigh, from sketches made during his army life. By his permission several of these sketches appear in this History.

This book proved of such great interest to the members and friends of the Regiment that the small edition was soon exhausted. A few years later at one of the reunions of the "Associates," it was decided to request members to furnish papers which should give the consecutive history of the Regiment from the formation of Company A to our "Muster Out," and these papers were carefully prepared, and were read, one or more at each reunion, for several years. Not only did they prove interesting and entertaining to those who heard them, but to-day they possess an historical value, as they were read in open meeting and subject to the criticism of those who were participants in the scenes and events they described, and any inaccuracies of statement would have been corrected at once. They were afterwards entered upon the Records of the Association.

During his term of service the writer kept a diary and this has been freely drawn upon for dates and facts, in the papers which he and others have prepared for this volume.

With all this valuable nucleus at hand, the conviction impressed itself upon the mind of the writer that, although the long period of over forty years had elapsed since our army service, it was not yet too late to publish a "History of the Forty-Fifth." We entered upon the work "with fear and trembling," realizing the responsibility we had assumed, but as the work has progressed, the encouragement received from the officers of the Regiment and of the Association, and from "the rank and file" from far and near, has quickened our zeal in this self-imposed task and shown us the mettle and true comradeship of the men of the Forty-Fifth.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of valuable papers from our gallant Adjutant, Gershom C. Winsor, from the efficient Secretary of the Association, Mr. John D. Whitcomb, and many incidents and reminiscences from comrades whose names will appear annexed to their sketches. Nearly all of the papers received from Mr. Whitcomb were written many years ago, when the subject of a History of the Regiment was under consideration.

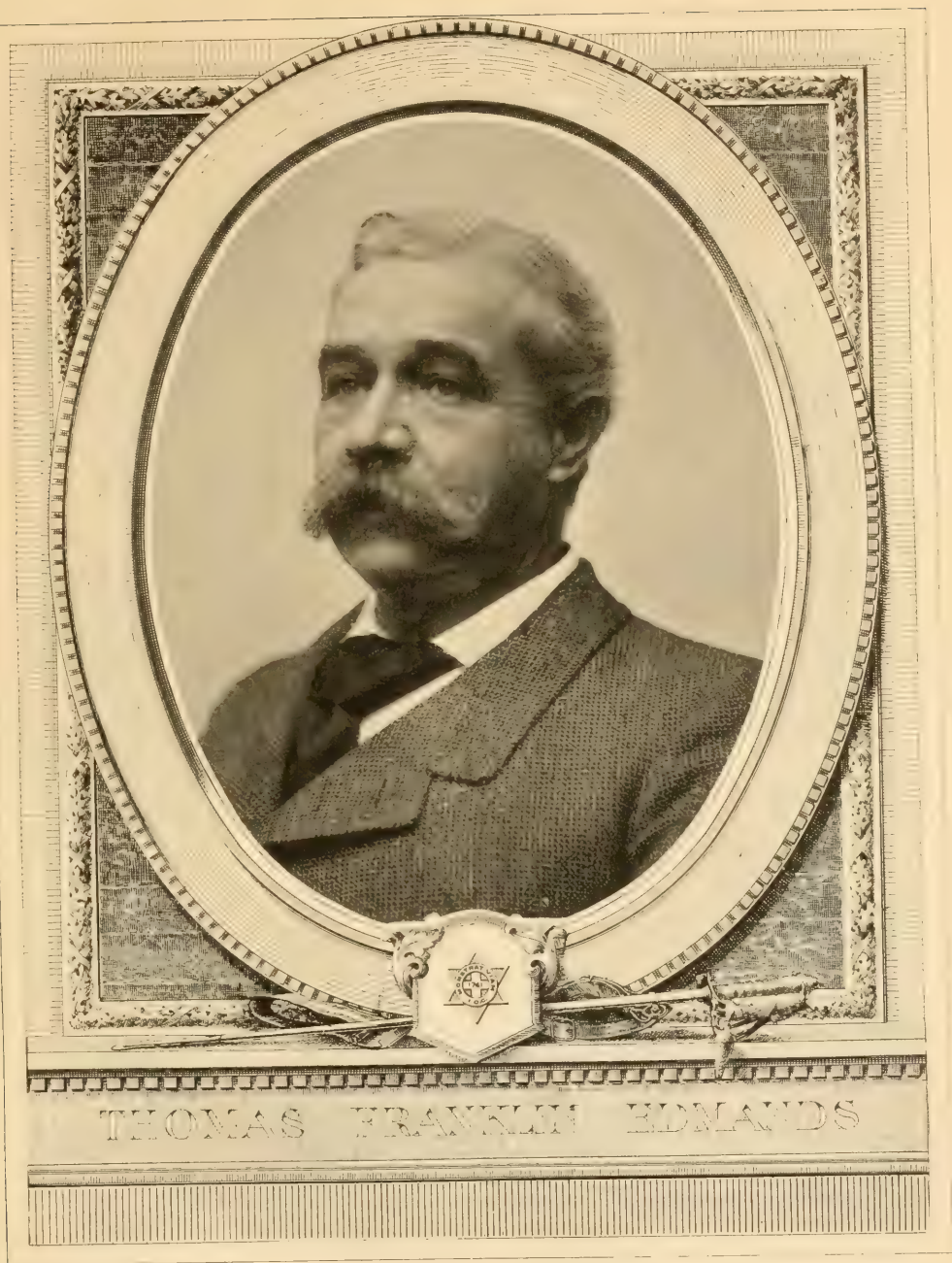
We earnestly hope that this "History of the Forty-Fifth" will meet with the cordial approval of our comrades-in-arms, and interest all who peruse its pages.

Comrades, in the words of our eloquent War Governor, John A. Andrew: "We have *proud* memories of fields of conflict; *sweet* memories of valor and friendship; *tender* memories of our fallen brothers, whose dying eyes looked last upon our country's flag; *grand* memories of heroic virtue, sublime by grief; *thankful* memories of a deliverance wrought out for humanity itself; *immortal* memories, with immortal honors blended."

ALBERT W. MANN,

*Historian of the Forty-Fifth Regiment,
Massachusetts Volunteer Militia.*

JULY, 1908.



LIEUT.-COL. THOMAS FRANKLIN EDMANDS

A Brief Historical Sketch of the Independent Corps of Cadets

BY LIEUT. COL. THOMAS F. EDMANDS.



AMONG the documents of the olden time, sacredly preserved in Boston to the present day, is an ancient parchment which is, at once the Charter of the Independent Corps of Cadets, and the Commission of its first Commander, Colonel Benjamin Pollard. It bears the heading, "Province of Massachusetts Bay," and was given at Boston, under the "Hand and Seal-at-Arms" of William Shirley, Governor, on "the 16th day of October, in the fifteenth year of the reign of His Majesty King George the Second, Anno Domini 1741." It contained authority for the enlistment of sixty-four young gentlemen, who were to "observe and follow such orders and instructions as they should receive through their Commander from the Commander-in-Chief." This was the origin of the military organization, which, under various modifications of its title of "Cadets," now forms a part of the Volunteer Militia of the State of Massachusetts under the name of the "First Corps of Cadets." Colonel Pollard, although appointed as Captain, was ranked in his commission as a Lieut. Colonel, "to roll on Duty, in the Field, and in Garrison, or otherwise, with all Lieutenant Colonels of Horse, or Foot," according to the date of his Commission, in imitation, probably, of a similar custom regarding the rank of Captains in the household troops of the King of Great Britain, and for the reason that the Company as body guard of the Governor of the Province, were his household troops. At all events, the Company from 1741 until 1774 acted as body guard to the Governor of the Province. Its official records during this period were unfortunately destroyed by fire, but there are frequent allusions to its services to be found in contemporaneous records, documents and letters. It took part in all important parades, and was at one time, during the riotous proceedings attending the attempted enforcement of the Stamp Act, called

upon against the political sentiments of its members, to protect the servants and property of the British Crown, which service it performed in such a firm and soldierly manner as to quiet effectually a disturbance which threatened severe consequences to the whole town of Boston. On another occasion, however, the cadets, individually, were found taking part with the citizens, against the authorities. In May, 1774, Governor Gage arrived in Boston and was received and escorted by the Cadets. He presented them a flag, bearing the arms of the Province on one side, with his own arms on the other, and apparently endeavored to conciliate John Hancock, who then commanded the Company; but the liberal sentiments of this officer seem to have been too much for General Gage, and on the fifteenth of the following August, he caused his Secretary to acquaint Colonel Hancock that the Governor had no further service for him; whereupon the Company returned General Gage his standard and informed him that they retired from his service. The General retorted by saying that had he known sooner of their intention he would have disbanded the Corps himself. Troublous times were then in the town of Boston and they grew rapidly worse. British troops dominated the place and the local militia seems to have been deprived of all organization, a fate shared by the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the Cadets, and other military companies, until after the reorganization of the State Government.

There was, however, a corps known as the Independent Company formed in 1776, immediately after the Evacuation of Boston, having officers ranking like those of the Cadet Company, and containing many persons who had been members thereof. This organization marched twice to Rhode Island, once in 1777, again in 1778, and was considered at the time as a combination of the old Company. No record or allusion to its subsequent service is extant, and if it survived as may have been done, until the peace of 1783, it doubtless fell into decay at that time in common with all the military institutions of the country. But in 1786, six years after the organization of the State Government, the military spirit had so far revived, that on the ninth of August, a petition

was sent to Governor James Bowdoin, by fifty gentlemen, praying that they might be incorporated "into a Military Corps by the name of the Independent Cadets," and further praying that their officers might have the peculiar rank enjoyed by those of the older corps. This petition was granted by the House of Representatives October 17th and concurred in by the Senate on the following day. The next day, October 19th, on the Anniversary of the Surrender of Cornwallis, the "Independent Company of Cadets" (so designated in the Resolve) paraded, and has had an active, unbroken existence ever since. The corps in Salem, now known in the Massachusetts Volunteer Militia as the Second Corps of Cadets, was organized the same year. These two corps are the only organizations in the State Volunteer Militia that have had a continuous existence since the Constitution of the United States was ratified, and both are protected by the law which Congress enacted in 1792 "for the establishment of an uniform militia throughout the United States."

Following the precedent of 1741, by which the officers of the Company in Boston ranked as field officers, those commissioned therein in 1786 received similar constructive rank; the Captain had the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, while the Lieutenant and Ensign each had the rank of Major. The Adjutant, an officer added to the original number by the resolve reorganizing the Company received a commission ranking therein as Captain. In 1803 a Surgeon was added.

The official titles of the Cadets have shown slight variation; for instance,—“Independent Company of Cadets,” “Independent Corps of Cadets,” “Independent Cadets,” “Divisionary Corps of Independent Cadets,” “First Company of Cadets,” and “First Corps of Cadets.” The word “Independent” disappears after the close of the Civil War of 1861 to 1865, and the numerical designation commences. The present title, last named above, was given in 1874 when the constructive rank of the field officers was changed to actual rank, and a battalion organization of four companies, with a staff and a proper complement of line officers was provided for. The transition from the company to the battalion system, was, however, gradual. It first shows in official

papers in 1845 when Lieutenant Colonel David Sears, then the Commandant, proposed a plan by which the Corps should be recruited to six companies with the necessary complement of Captains and Lieutenants. Had the plan proposed stopped there, it would probably have been successfully carried through; but it was hampered by conditions which made distinctions among the companies, one of which was to be parent to all, and the scheme as a whole fell through. The only part of it that survived was the foundation of the "Military Chest," so called, which, in after years, furnished a large part of the funds used in the erection of the monument in Mount Auburn, raised by the Corps, to the memory of its dead who fell in the battles of the Civil War.

Nine years after the failure of Colonel Sears' plan, that is in 1854, the Legislature gave the Governor authority to commission a Quartermaster and such number of First Lieutenants as he might deem from time to time expedient for the proper drill and discipline of the company in the school of the battalion. The same resolve also gave the Governor authority to determine the number of non-commissioned officers, privates and musicians necessary to the accomplishment of the same end.

The Quartermaster and six First Lieutenants were accordingly commissioned the same year, and the Corps was for about twelve years thereafter habitually divided into a battalion of six companies of infantry. This was, therefore, the organization existing in 1861 at the outbreak of the war. The Adjutant General's Report for that year gives the total strength as one hundred and thirty-seven officers and men.

Up to this time, with the exception of short tours at the time of Shay's Rebellion in 1786-1787, and again at the Burns' Riot in 1854, the duty performed by the Corps of Cadets had been confined to peaceful escorts of distinguished personages, annual pilgrimages with the Governor and Legislature to church, occasional visits to neighboring places, and camp duty, all of which had given pleasure to beholders, and satisfaction to themselves, with the possible exception of an occasional slip upon election sermon day when the minister in the church finished his sermon before the Corps was ready to re-escort his congregation.

There were three of these tardinesses. Apologies were accepted for two of them, 1812 and 1828, and the end was peace and good will, but the third offence in 1832 was not condoned. It raised a fine tempest in a teapot, the result of which was that Governor Levi Lincoln had Lieutenant Colonel Grenville Temple Winthrop courtmartialled. The trial ended in a reprimand to that officer, officially and ponderously administered, but at the same time the affair bequeathed to the Corps a volume of considerable historic value, in which Colonel Winthrop published at length the proceedings and findings of the Court.

These peaceful days had their end for a time when the Civil War of 1861 burst over the land, calling the militia from parade to battle. The State began to raise regiments of raw recruits and needed officers to fit them for the field. Those officers were found in the ranks of the patriotic organizations of the Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, which then and there proved their value to the State as military schools, and repaid an hundred-fold all they had cost it.

The Cadets probably did no more in proportion to their strength than other companies and battalions, yet they furnished to the Army of Volunteers, from 1861 to 1865, over one hundred and fifty commissioned officers, ranking from a Major-General to a Lieutenant. Many of these officers it is true, knew in the beginning little of active service, but what little they did know of military custom was of inestimable value to the government. They learned their new duties rapidly, and as loyal gentlemen they gave their services with a zeal, intelligence and courage that quickly won honorable distinction for the troops they led.

Meanwhile, by the wisdom, foresight and perseverance of some of its older members who were themselves unfitted for service in the field, the Corps of Cadets was kept alive at home and so escaped the fate of extinction which unhappily overtook many of the other prominent militia battalions and companies in the State, notably the Fourth Battalion (New England Guards), the Second Battalion (Boston Light Infantry), and the Battalion of Rifles (City Guards), all of whom in friendly rivalry with each other and with the Cadets had earned honorable reputation as

soldiers in the years before the War. In these four organizations was centred a large part of the active military spirit of Boston. Each of them raised and officered a regiment for the field. Of the early Massachusetts Regiments (1861) the officers of the Second were mainly from the Cadets; the officers of the Twenty-Fourth were mainly from the New England Guards, while the officers of the Twentieth were taken about equally from the Cadets and the Guards. Rightly enough were the organizations of the Volunteer Militia called "Schools for Officers."

In the summer of 1862 the Corps of Cadets was mustered into the services of the United States for about six weeks and was stationed at Fort Warren in Boston Harbor. The Forty-Fifth Regiment, often called the "Cadet Regiment," was raised in the following autumn. This book tells the story of that regiment, and here this brief sketch of the Cadets may properly stop.

To the traditions of the olden time are now added the memories of those terrible years of war which tested the mettle of the citizen-soldier and proved his value to his country.

List of 185 Cadets Who Served in the Civil War

Adams, Zabdiel B., Asst. Surg., 7th Mass.; Surg. 32d Mass.; 1st Lieut., Capt. and Major 56th Mass.; Capt. 2nd Cav'y Mass. Vol.; Capt. and Major 5th Cav'y Mass. Vol.; Brevet Major U. S. V. 1865.

Alline, William H., 44th Mass.

Amory, Charles W., 2nd Lieut. 4th Mass. Cav'y; 2d Lieut., 1st Lieut., Capt. 2d Mass. Cav'y.

Andrews, George L., Lieut. Col. 2d Mass.; Col. 2d. Mass.; Brig. Gen'l U. S. V.; Col. 25th Regulars.

Appleton, John W. M., 2d Lieut., Capt. and Major 54th Mass.; Major 1st Batt. Heavy Artillery, Mass.; Brig. Gen'l and Adj. Gen'l West Virginia, 1897; Col. 1st West Virginia in Spanish War

Atkinson, R. P., drummer 12th Mass. and 56th Mass.

Ayres, O. H., Fort Warren.

Bagley, F. H., Fort Warren and Private 45th Mass., K Co.

Bailey, L. B., Fort Warren.

Baldwin, A. C., Major of Cadets at Fort Warren.

Bangs, G. P., 1st Lieut. and Capt. 2d Mass.

Bennett, C. H., Private Co. A 45th Mass.; Capt. Unattached Co. Mass. Vol.

Blagden, George, 2d and 1st Lieut. 1st Reg. Mass. Cav'y; Capt. and Major 2d Reg. Mass. Cav'y; Brevet Col. U. S. V.

Blagden, E. R., 2d Lieut. Co. I, 45th Mass.; Signal Corps.

Bond, Henry M., Fort Warren; Ord. Sergt. Co. B, 45th Mass.; 1st Lieut. and Adj. 20th Mass.; killed at Wilderness.

Bond, William S., Fort Warren; 1st Lieut. Co. B, 45th Mass.

Bramhall, William F., Fort Warren.

Bumstead, N. W., Fort Warren; Capt Co. D, 45th Mass.

Burnham, J. A., Fort Warren.

Cabot, C. F., 1st Lieut. and Capt. 20th Mass.; killed at Fredericksburg.

Candler, W. L., 1st Lieut. 1st Mass. Infantry; Capt. and A. D. C., U. S. V.; Brevet Major, Lieut. Col. and Col. U. S. V., on General Hooker's Staff.

Carruth, F. W., 2d Lieut., 1st Lieut. and Capt. 1st Mass. Infantry.

Carruth, W. W., 1st Lieut. and Quartermaster 4th Mass.; 1st Lieut. and Capt. 6th Mass. Light Artillery; Acting Adjt. General U. S. V.

Carsley, A., Fort Warren.

Cassidy, A. J., Fort Warren.

Chessman, W. H., Fort Warren.

Chandler, C. L., 2d and 1st Lieut. 1st Mass. Inf'y; Capt. 34th Mass.; Lieut. Col. 40th Mass.; Col. 57th Mass.; killed at Anna River, Va

Chittenden, A. A., Corp'l Co. A, 45th Mass.; 2d Lieut. Co. H, 6th Mass.

Choate, Rufus, 2nd and 1st Lieut. and Capt. 2nd Mass. Inf'y; killed at Cedar Mountain.

Churchill, J. M., 1st Lieut. of Cadets, Fort Warren; Capt. Co. B, 45th Mass.

Clark, George A., Fort Warren.

Codman, Charles R., Capt. and Adjt. of Cadets, Fort Warren; Col 45th Mass.

Coffin, H. P., Fort Warren.

Crehore, G. C., Fort Warren.

Cremin, W. H., Fort Warren.

Curtis, Hall, Asst. Surg. 24th Mass.; Surg. and Major 2d Mass. Heavy Artillery.

Curtis, Pelham, 2d and 1st Lieut. and Capt. 1st Mass. Cav'y; Major and Judge Advocate General.

Cutter, C. H., Fort Warren.

Daland, Edward F., Fort Warren; Capt. Co. F, 45th Mass.

Davis, Walter Scott, 2d and 1st Lieut. and Capt. 22d Mass.; Brevet Major and Lieut. Col. on the Staff.

Dehon, Arthur, 2d and 1st Lieut. 12th Mass.; killed at Fredericksburg, Va, Dec 13, 1862.

Dennett, Thomas Simmes, Fort Warren; Capt. and A. Q. M., 3d Div. 19th Army Corps.

Dennett, William Henry, Fort Warren.

Denny, George Parkman, Fort Warren; 1st Lieut. and Capt. 45th Mass., Co. A.

Dewson, Francis Alexander, 1st Lieut. and Quartermaster, 45th Mass.

Dexter, Thomas C. Amory, 1st. Lieut. on Gen'l Butler's Staff.

Dexter, Frederic, Fort Warren; Sergt. Co. B, 45th Mass.

Draper, George, Fort Warren.

Dupee, William R., Fort Warren.

Eaton, Edward G., Fort Warren.

Edmands, Thomas F., 2d and 1st Lieut. and Adj't., Capt., Major and Lieut. Col. 24th Mass.; Brevet Col. U. S. V.

Ellis, James Marsh, Fort Warren; 2d and 1st Lieut. and Capt. 2d Mass. Inf'y; Capt. and Commissary of Subsistence on General Banks' Staff.

Ellis, S. Clarence, 1st Lieut. Co. F, 45th Mass.; Capt. 2d Mass. Heavy Artillery.

Emmons, Robert Wales, Fort Warren.

Emmons, Nathaniel Henry, Jr., Fort Warren.

Emmons, J. Frank, Fort Warren; 2d Lieut. Co. E, 45th Mass.; Acting Quartermaster.

Eustis, William Tracey, Fort Warren.

Everett, Manitou, Fort Warren.

Fisher, George J., 1st Lieut. Cadets, Fort Warren.

Fisk, George A., Jr., Private and Q.M. Sergt. 41st Mass.; 2d and 1st Lieut. 3d Mass. Cav'y; Capt. and A. Adj't. Gen'l U. S. V.

Fuller, Charles Emerson, Capt. and A. Q. M., U. S. V., Aug. 3, 1861, on Gen'l Rufus Saxton's Staff; Lieut. Col. and Chief Quartermaster of 10th Army Corps; Asst. Q. M. on Gen'l Sherman's Staff.

Fowle, William, Fort Warren.

Gardner, Harrison, Fort Warren; 1st Lieut. Co. C, 45th Mass.

Gilchrist, James, Corp'l, Co. B, 45th Mass.

Goodwin, Richard C., Capt. 2d Mass.; killed at Cedar Mountain.

Goodwin, Ozias, Jr., Fort Warren; 2d Lieut. 2d Mass. Inf'y.

Gore, Henry W., Fort Warren.

Gordon, George Henry, Col. 2d Mass.; Brig. Gen'l U. S. V. ; Brevet Major Gen'l.

Griswold, Charles E., Major, Lieut. Col. and Col. 22d Mass.; Col. 56th Mass.; Brevet Brig. Gen'l U. S. V.; killed at Wilderness.

Guild, George K., Fort Warren.

Hall, Rowland Minton, 2d and 1st Lieut. and Capt. 3d N. Y. Cav'y.

Hardy, Alpheus H., Fort Warren; 1st Lieut. Co. E, 45th Mass.

Hardy, Charles F., 1st Sergt. Co. E, 45th Mass.

Harris, Clarendon, Fort Warren.

Haven, Franklin, Jr., Capt. and A. D. C., U. S. V.; Lieut. Col. 2d California Cav'y.

Hawes, Marcus Martin, 1st Lieut. and Q. M. 2d Mass. Inf'y; Capt. and Asst. Q. M., U. S. V.

Haynes, Henry W., Fort Warren.

Head, George E., Jr., Lieut. Col. 14th Reg. Inf'y.

Herman, C. Henry, Fort Warren.

Hickling, Charles E., Private in Co. B, 45th Mass.

Hodges, George F., 1st Lieut. and Adjutant 18th Mass.; killed at Hollis Hill, Va.

Hollis, Abijah, 2d Lieut. Co. B., 45th Mass.; Capt. 56th Mass.; Brevt. Major U. S. V.

Hollingsworth, Amos L., Fort Warren.

Holmes, C. C., Lieut. Col. and Commander of Cadets, at Fort Warren.

Homans, George Henry, Fort Warren; Capt. Co. K, 45th Mass.

Horton, Charles, 2d and 1st Lieut. 2d Mass. Inf'y; Capt. and A. A. Gen'l U. S. V.; A. D. C., U. S. V.; Brevet Major and Lieut. Col.

Horton, William L., 2d and 1st Lieut. 24th Mass.

Howe, William G., 1st. Lieut. and Capt. 30th Mass.; Capt. and Provost Marshal 4th Dist. Mass.

Inches, Charles Edward, Fort Warren; Asst. Surg. 20th Mass.; Asst. Surg. 37th Mass.

Ingalls, William, Surg. 5th Mass. Inf'y; Surg. 59th Mass.

Jacobs, Asa, Jr., Fort Warren.

Jefferies, John Jr., Major of Cadets at Fort Warren.

- Jefferies, B. Joy, Fort Warren.
- Keith, James M., Fort Warren.
- Kendall, Edward D., Fort Warren.
- Kent, John, Fort Warren, Capt. 5th Mass. Inf'y.
- King, John, Fort Warren.
- Kinnicutt, Frank C., Fort Warren; Sergt. and 2d Lieut. 34th Mass.
- Kuhn, W. P., Fort Warren.
- Lawrence, William F., Fort Warren.
- Leighton, Henry P., Fort Warren.
- Lincoln, William H., Fort Warren.
- Livermore, John M., Fort Warren.
- Lothrop, Samuel K., Chaplain at Fort Warren.
- Lunt, William P., Fort Warren.
- May, Edward, Paymaster Regular Navy.
- Maynadier, James E., Fort Warren; Sergt. Co. K, 45th Mass.
- Merritt, Robert L., Fort Warren.
- Merriam, Waldo, 1st Lieut., Major and Lieut. Col. 16th Mass.; killed at Spottsylvania.
- Meyer, Joseph, Fort Warren.
- Minot, Edward J., Fort Warren; Capt. Co. C, 45th Mass.
- Murdock, Joseph, Fort Warren; Capt. Co. G, 45th Mass.; A. D. C. to Brig. Gen'l Amory.
- Nickerson, Thomas W., Fort Warren.
- Oliver, Samuel C., Brevet Col. U. S. V.
- Otis, Theodore C., Sergt. 24th Mass.; 2d Lieut. 41st Mass.; 1st Lieut. 3d Mass. Cav'y.
- Page, Calvin C., 1st Lieut. and Asst. Surg. U. S. V.; Major and Surg. 39th Mass.
- Paine, William R., Fort Warren.
- Palfrey, Frank, Lieut. Col. 20th Mass.; Col. 20th Mass.; Brevet Brig. Gen'l U. S. V.; Lieut. Col. Commanding Cadets, 1870.
- Peabody, Oliver W., Capt. Co. H, 45th Mass.; Lieut. Col. 45th Mass.
- Pierce, Henry L., Fort Warren.

Pond, Albert C., 1st Sergt. Co. C, 44th Mass.

Pond, George E., Fort Warren; 2d and 1st Lieut. Co. A, 45th Mass.

Post, Albert K., 1st Sergt. Co. H, 45th Mass.; 2d Lieut. Co. H, 45th Mass.

Pratt, Lowell, Fort Warren.

Quincy, Samuel M., Capt., Major and Col. 2d Mass. Inf'y; Col. U. S. C. Troops, and Governor of the City of New Orleans, La.; Brevet Brig. Gen'l.

Quincy, George H., Fort Warren; Supt. of Recruiting for City of Boston.

Raymond, Curtis, Quartermaster of Cadets at Fort Warren.

Rich, Charles Otis, 1st Lieut. of Cadets at Fort Warren; Capt. Co. I, 45th Mass.

Richardson, Edward Bangs, Fort Warren; Sergt. and 2d Lieut. Co. A, 45th Mass.; served on Signal Corps.

Richardson, Horace, Fort Warren. A copy of his "The Cadets at Fort Warren," was one of the papers put in the copper box placed in the cornerstone of the Cadet Armory.

Schlesinger, Sebastian B., Fort Warren.

Sears, Cymus Alger, 2d Lieut. Co. D, 45th Mass.

Seaver, Charles Milton, Sergt. at Fort Warren.

Shelton, Stephen A., Fort Warren.

Shurtleff, Nathaniel Bradstreet, Jr., Capt. 12th Mass.; killed at Cedar Mountain, Va.

Shurtleff, Hiram Smith, Fort Warren; 1st Lieut. and Adjt. and Capt. 56th Mass.

Stedman, Daniel Baxter, Fort Warren.

Stevens, Charles Woodbury, Fort Warren.

Sturgis, Russell, Jr., Lieut. of Cadets at Fort Warren; Capt. Co. A, and Major 45th Mass.

Tappan, Lewis W., Jr., Fort Warren; 1st Lieut. and Capt. Co. H, 45th Mass.

Thacher, William S., Fort Warren.

Thaxter, Samuel, Fort Warren; 1st Lieut. Co. D, 45th Mass.

Thayer, Edward Flint, Fort Warren.

Thayer, Theodore Austin, Fort Warren; 1st Lieut. Co. G, 45th Mass.

Thompson, George W., Fort Warren.

Thompson, J. Dixwell, Fort Warren; 1st Lieut. Co. I, 45th Mass.

Ticknor, Benjamin Holt, Fort Warren; 2d Lieut. Co. G, 45th Mass.; 2d Lieut. and Capt. 2d Mass. Heavy Art'y.

Tilton, William Stowell, 1st Lieut., Major, Lieut. Col. and Col. 22d Mass.; Brevet Brig. Gen'l U. S. V. Badly wounded at Gaines Mills and taken prisoner. Commander at Soldier's Home, Togus, Me.

Treat, Joseph B., Fort Warren.

Tuesley, Simon B., Fort Warren.

Underwood, James P., Fort Warren.

Underwood, Adin B., Capt 2d Mass. Inf'y; Major, Lieut. Col. and Col. 33d Mass.; Brevet Brig. and Major Gen'l U. S. V. Badly wounded at Lookout Mountain, above the clouds.

Valentine, Henry C., Fort Warren.

Walcott, Charles F., Capt. 21st Mass.; Capt. 12th Unattached Co. Mass.; Lieut. Col. and Col. 61st Mass.; Brevet Brig. Gen'l U. S. V.

Walker, Charles Hayward, Fort Warren; 1st Lieut. Co. K, 45th Mass.

Walker, James R., Orderly Sergt. Co. K, 45th Mass.

Wales, Thomas Beals, Jr., Fort Warren; Capt. Co. E., 45th Mass.

Walley, Henshaw Bates, Fort Warren; Additional Paymaster in Navy.

Waters, Edwin Forbes, Fort Warren.

Webster, Ralph C., Quartermaster with rank of Major on Staffs of Gen'ls Peck, Foster and Thomas.

Webster, Fletcher, Col. 12th Mass.; killed at 2d Bull Run.

Weld, Richard Harding, Fort Warren; 1st Lieut. and Capt. Co. K, 44th Mass.

Weld, Franklin, Fort Warren.

Weld, George Walker, Fort Warren.

Weld, Stephen M., Jr., 2d and 1st Lieut. and Capt. 18th Mass.; Lieut. Col. and Col. 56th Mass.; Brevet Brig. Gen'l U. S. V.; A. D. C. to Gen'ls Wright, Fitz John Porter, Benham, Reynolds and Newton.

Wellman, Willard Lee, Fort Warren; Orderly Sergt. Co. D, 45th Mass.

Whitney, Charles J., Fort Warren.

Whitney, Joseph S., Fort Warren.

Whitney, Joel Parker, Fort Warren; Capt. Co. C, 2d Mass. Inf'y.

Whitney, Henry, Fort Warren.

White, John G., Fort Warren.

White, William Greenough, 1st Lieut. 12th Mass; killed at Antietam.

Wheelock, Henry Gassett, Sergt. Major 45th Mass.

Wild, Edward Augustus, Capt. 1st Mass. Inf'y; Major and Lieut. Col. 35th Mass.; Brig. Gen'l U.S. Colored V. Lost an arm at Antietam.

Willard, Sidney, Major 35th Mass.; killed at Fredericksburg, Va.

Williams, William Blackstone, Capt. 2d Mass. Inf'y; killed at Cedar Mountain, Va.

Williams, J. Otis, 1st Lieut. and Capt. 12th Mass.

Wilson, Charles Webster, Acting Master's Mate; Acting Vol. Lieut. in Navy.

Willson, Signey, Capt. 2d Mass. Inf'y; killed at Cedar Mountain, Va.

Winchester, Thomas B., Sergt. at Fort Warren.

Winship, Frederick W., Fort Warren.

Winsor, Alfred, Jr., Fort Warren; 2d and 1st. Lieut. Co. H, 45th Mass.

Winsor, Gershom Crayton, Sergt. at Fort Warren; 1st Lieut., and Adjt. 45th Mass.

Wyman, Powell T., Col. 16th Mass.; mortally wounded at Battle of Glendale, Va.

Young, Carlos L., Fort Warren.

The Services of the Cadets in the Early Part of the War and at Fort Warren in 1862

BY LIEUT. GERSHOM C. WINSOR, ADJUTANT OF THE 45TH.



WHEN I joined the Independent Corps of Cadets in 1860, I had very fixed ideas of what a recruit should be taught, and how he should be clothed. Much to my surprise the only instruction was a few changes with a musket and marching about a hall until he could keep step.

If the new recruit could turn out on the street and carry his musket and march so as not to draw unfavorable comment from the sidewalk committee he was "attend drill or not man," as were the older members. When escorting the Governor we wore a gray uniform with black felt chapeau with a big red plume, which was very comfortable to the head except when the wind blew. In a rain storm it delivered the water well to the front and rear, so the rear rank was no better off than the front rank, from the drip. For parades of less moment, we wore a stiff leather shako with a red pompon and a white and red rosette in front that was the best bull's eye I ever saw, for it had a glint in the sun that could be seen for a mile. In the service this hat might have been of some use, for instance, on such a night as we had in the cornfields at Young's Cross Roads, where the downpour from noon to noon was such as we never witnessed in New England, by using it to bail the water from your side of a ridge to that of your comrade's side. You may have the idea that I have said this in derision. Not at all. I simply wish to impress on the mind of the reader that this Corps was fitted for, and its chief existence and dominating idea was, to escort somebody, dead or alive, and this extended over a period of one hundred and thirty years. The first check came when B. F. Butler was elected Governor of this State and ordered out two companies of the 9th Regiment to escort him to the State House from the Revere House. The next check was when the highly trained and prac-

tical military mind of Thomas F. Edmands came to its command. He called me to become his Adjutant, but as I could not then well give the time, I declined. Escorting became a side show ever after, for now there is no Corps in the State that devotes so much time to matters pertaining to service in the field.

During the Presidential Campaign that resulted in the election of Abraham Lincoln, there was a great demand among the Wide Awake Clubs for men of some military knowledge, which led the active members of the Corps to confer on a uniform system of tactics, with bits of wood as the Company unit. After the election the study was kept up under Charley Griswold, and the times were such that it led to a good deal of talk about increasing the Corps to a Regiment, should war ensue, but this did not seem practical owing to its peculiar formation and history, so the talk changed to raising a regiment and officering it from the Corps. Meanwhile the studies were kept up.

The Civil War had been going on for a year when the Cadets were ordered into the United States Service. But during that year there were few weeks when no duty was required of them by the State, either as a Corps, or by details, so they were being gradually changed from men who slept in their own beds and did a few day's military duty at convenient hours during the year, to men who were glad to get their sleep when and where they could, and to render the exacting duties with resigned cheerfulness.

All had their professions or mercantile business to keep from loss, and so there were many exchanges of individual duty, but no shirking or leaving the Corps. Public affairs throughout the country were indeed serious, so it was no time to flinch, even if one's private interests suffered. The opportunity was given each member to retire from duty at the time the following order was issued, before War was declared.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

HEADQUARTERS, BOSTON, January 16, 1861.

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 4.

Events which have recently occurred and are now in progress, require that Massachusetts should be at all times ready to furnish her quota of troops, upon any requisition of the President of the United

States to aid in the maintenance of the Laws and the peace of the Union, His Excellency, the Commander-in-Chief, therefore orders:

That the Commanding Officer of each Company of Volunteer Militia examine with care the Roll of his Company, and cause the name of each member, together with his rank and place of residence to be properly recorded, and a copy of the same to be forwarded to the office of the Adjutant General. Previous to which Commanders of Companies shall make strict inquiry whether the men in their commands, who from age, physical defect, business, or family cause, may be unable, or indisposed to respond at once to the orders of the Commander-in-Chief made in response to the call of the President of the United States, that they may be forthwith discharged, so that their places may be filled by men ready for any public exigency which may arise, whenever called upon.

After the above orders have been fulfilled, no discharge, either of officer or private shall be granted, unless for cause satisfactory to the Commander-in-Chief. If any companies have not the number of men allowed by law, the Commanders of the same shall make proper exertions to have the vacancies filled, and the men properly drilled and uniformed, and their names and places of residence forwarded to Headquarters.

To promote the objects embraced in this Order, the General Field and Staff Officers, and the Adjutant and Acting Quartermaster General will give all the aid and assistance in their power.

Major-Generals Sutton, Morse and Andrews will cause this Order to be promulgated throughout their respective Divisions.

By command of His Excellency, John A. Andrew, Governor and Commander-in-Chief.

(Signed) WILLIAM SCHOULER,
Adjutant General.

At the meeting of the Corps in compliance with the above Order, in its Armory, then on the third and fourth floors of No. 98 Tremont Street, each member was requested to rise and answer "Yes," or "No," when his name was called. All answered "Yes," with one exception. There were quite a number of old members, unfitted physically to perform the increased duties. They were still retained, but simply not ordered on duty, as they were ever ready to render assistance to the Corps in many ways. Then each month our numbers were reduced by our most active and best members accepting commissions in regiments forming in the State, for service at the front, and as we were taking in

some new members, it was policy to retain the old members that the balance of power in voting might be maintained, which was wise as we shall note later on. For the benefit of the present members of the Corps, I will give in detail a tour or two of duty.

While the three month's men were being sent to the front, the Corps was on duty at the State House, with a regular guard established in and outside the building. Sacks filled with straw were put down at night in Doric Hall, and in the basement for the guard detail; each member was furnished with a blanket. In another part of the basement the Quartermaster had his caterer located behind pine tables where he was ever ready with his hot coffee, cold meats and bread. We had to furnish guards for all the supplies and material of the departing troops, and not only guard it to points of departure, but remain on duty until it was all loaded.

On the departure of the Fifth Regiment we had a particularly busy day and evening, so that there were but few Cadets not sound asleep before "taps" sounded. Soon after midnight, Lieut. Quincy (the late General Samuel M. Quincy) was rapping on the feet of his Second Company, and quietly ordering them below for coffee, as we were to go out on duty. "Forming Company" near the rear entrance, we marched out on Mount Vernon Street where stood a large double wagon loaded with ammunition. The driver had been brought up in the hay and grain business, —if the lettering on the side of the wagon was his apograph— and as it was down hill on Park Street, he was disposed to trot his horses, until threatened by Lieut. Quincy with arrest and his place supplied by one of his men.

A halt was made near the freight office of the Boston and Albany Railroad for orders. After a long wait we proceeded to the foot of Oak Street, and after the wagon was unloaded remained on duty in the freight-house until a train was loaded with the guns (Nims' Battery), cannon balls, ammunition and material that had been there collected for the regiments of infantry and the battery. When the train passed out we re-formed for a silent march to the State House. The night was dark and very damp, with a thick fog low down to the pavement, so that drops of

water were continually dripping from the visors of our caps. As we neared Washington Street, near Bedford, we heard a band strike up directly ahead on West Street; we formed line across Washington Street, facing south, so as to "present" as they passed from West to Washington. On they came, just at early dawn, with the Brigade Band, led by Burditt, playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me." It was the Fifth Regiment on its way from Fanueil Hall to the train. To our "present" Colonel Lawrence saluted with his hand. The men were too tired and wet to notice our presence, except as the rear wheeled, one of them turned, braced his feet on the pavement and seemed to wonder how any of his regiment could possibly, all of a sudden, get in his rear, then as he comprehended, he spoke—"A rr, if you stand there long enough and think it over you will come too!"

Later on, twelve men were notified to appear at the Armory for guard duty. Ammunition was served out and we marched under Sergeant B. Joy Jefferies across the Common to Braman's Boat House, foot of Chestnut Street, and there found a "Whitehall" boat ready, stored with tent, blankets, straw sacks, and a hamper of food, in charge of Quartermaster Raymond. One member remarked, "This looks as if we were to rehearse 'Washington crossing the Delaware,' but truly, Quartermaster, we don't see the *ice*." The day was hot, and to be without ice was not to be thought of, if we could possibly get it, so the Quartermaster promised to send it to us by team. We took our turns at the oars, pulling up the Charles River, and soon after passing the bridges made a landing at the Powder House Wharf on the left bank where we set up our camp outside the high brick wall that surrounds the Powder House.

The new guard arrived each morning by boat, at about 9.30, the old guard returning to town, so that a tour of duty consumed a day and a half. A guard was also established at the State Arsenal in Cambridge, and both were maintained until all the material stored had been issued. Escort duty was ordered liberally by the State to all troops passing through the city, as well as to its own regiments leaving for the front, and to attend the funerals of both officers and men whose bodies were returned from the battlefields.

When the order came for the Corps to proceed to Fort Warren, it was in fine condition for the duty required, as it was now very proficient in guard duty. The uniforms were rather the worse for the hard service, and the color was altogether the worst that could be for the times. Patriotism is an exacting master in times of war, so it was evident that the gray, the uniform color of the Confederate Army, must be replaced by the blue of our own army. At Fort Warren the State had a battalion of six companies under Major Francis J. Parker, mustered there in November, 1861. This was at once designated the Thirty-Second Regiment Infantry and ordered to leave on Monday, May 26, 1862. Four companies additional were used and joined it from time to time. This order took from Fort Warren's garrison six hundred men. There were about eight hundred prisoners of war held there, including, from time to time such leading spirits as Confederate Ambassadors Mason and Slidell, Generals Tighleman and Buckner, Commodore Barron, Colonel Pegram, Major Brown and Chief of Police Kane of Baltimore. To replace this garrison the First Corps of Cadets (116 men), and the Second Corps of Cadets of Salem (130 men), were ordered to proceed to Fort Warren. It appears that the fear of disaster to our forces at the front was so great at Washington, that the President had called on Governor Andrew to muster the militia of the State for active service forthwith, so there was a call sent over the State on May 26, and within twenty-four hours four thousand men had reported to General Andrews, Division Commander, on Boston Common. By noon the order was rescinded and only the Independent Corps of Cadets retained.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS,

HEADQUARTERS, BOSTON, May 26, 1862.

SPECIAL ORDER, No. 86.

General Andrews commanding First Division M. V. M. will cause the Corps of Cadets of said Division, and the Fourth Battalion of Infantry, of First Brigade, to report at these headquarters at twelve o'clock M. this day for Garrison Duty at Fort Warren.

So much of General Order of this date as directs these troops to report on Boston Common today is hereby countermanded.

By command of His Excellency, John A. Andrew, Governor and Commander-in-Chief.

(Signed) WILLIAM SCHOULER,
Adjutant General.

In compliance with the above order, the following members appeared at the Armory and were sworn into the United States Service by John M. Goodhue, Captain, U. S. A., and Chief Mustering Officer for Massachusetts, to serve "for the term as under Acts of Congress, approved July 29, 1861, unless sooner discharged."

Lieut. Colonel, C. C. Holmes, Commanding.

Majors, A. C. Baldwin, John Jeffries, Jr.

Captain, Charles R. Codman, Adjutant.

First Lieutenants, Curtis B. Raymond, Quartermaster; Joseph M. Churchill, Commanding Company; Russell Sturgis, Jr., Commanding Company; Charles O. Rich, Commanding Company; William R. Paine, Commanding Company; George J. Fisher, Commanding Company.

Sergeants, William F. Fowle, Quartermaster-Sergeant; Joseph Murdock, Sergeant-Major; Charles M. Seaver, Thomas B. Winchester, Edward F. Thayer, Benjamin F. Jeffries, John T. Clark, William F. Lawrence, J. Dixwell Thompson, Gershom C. Winsor, Albert W. Adams, Andrew S. Webster.

Corporals, Horace Richardson, Henry W. Haynes, William P. Lunt, William H. Dennet, John Gardner White, Ozias Goodwin, Jr., George H. Homans, Lewis B. Bailey, Nathaniel W. Bumstead, Samuel Thaxter, Otis E. Weld, Lewis W. Tappan, Jr., George W. Thompson.

Privates, J. M. W. Appleton, Orlando H. Ayres, Frank H. Bagley, Henry M. Bond, William S. Bond, William T. Bramhall, Henry T. Bryant, John A. Burnham, Jr., Albion Carsley, William H. Chessman, George A. Clark, Henry P. Coffin, William H. Cremin, Charles H. Cutler, Edward F. Daland, George P. Denny, Thomas S. Dennett, Frederick Dexter, George Draper, William R. Dupee, Edward G. Eaton, James H. Ellison, John F. Emmons, Nathaniel H. Emmons, Robert W. Emmons, Maniton Everett, William T. Eustis, Harrison Gardner, Henry W. Gore, George K. Guild, Alpheus H. Hardy, Clarendon Harris, Cornelius H. Herman, Amor L. Hollingsworth, Charles E. Inches, Asa Jacobs, Jr., Edward D. Kendall, James M. Keith, Frank C. Kinnicutt, William P. Kuhn, Henry R. Leighton, William H. Lincoln, John M. Livermore, James E. Maynadier, Robert L. Merritt, Joseph Meyer,

Edward J. Minot, Thomas W. Nickerson, Henry L. Pierce, George E. Pond, Isaac L. Pratt, George H. Quincy, E. B. Richardson, Sebastian B. Schlesinger, Stephen A. Shelton, William S. Shurtleff, Daniel B. Stedman, Jr., Charles W. Stevens, Theodore A. Thayer, William S. Thacher, Simon B. Tuesley, James P. Underwood, Henry C. Valentine, Charles H. Walker, Henshaw B. Walley, Thomas B. Wales, Jr., Edwin F. Waters, Franklin Weld, George W. Weld, Richard H. Weld, Willard L. Wellman, Charles J. Whitney, Henry Whitin, J. Parker Whitney, Joseph S. Whitney, Alfred Winsor, Jr., Frederick W. Winship, Carlos L. Young.

Drummers, Joseph B. Treat, Andrew J. Cassidy, Richard P. Atkinson.

So much of above order as relates to Fourth Battalion of Infantry was countermanded.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

HEADQUARTERS, BOSTON, May 26, 1862

SPECIAL ORDER, No. 94.

The Companies of Cadets of the First and Second Divisions of the M. V. M. are ordered to report forthwith for active service to Colonel Dominick, U. S. A., Commanding at Fort Warren in Boston Harbor.

Quartermaster General Reid will furnish the necessary transportation.

By Command of His Excellency, John A. Andrew, Governor and Commander-in-Chief.

(Signed) WILLIAM SCHOULER,
Adjutant General

When this last order came to the Armory by General Reid, Quartermaster General, we at once formed and then marched out to the tapping of our three drummers, for a quiet march to the steamer. But State Street was crowded and feverish, gold was rising in value every hour, all mercantile operations were doubtful, the present was, and the future looked more than gloomy. The conclusion was forced that day of only one resource of safety for all interests, and that was the military. So when the Cadets appeared marching down the street in this quiet way to active service, the applause, cheers and shouts had an earnest that was beyond any greeting the Corps had ever experienced. All knew that the Corps had given liberally of its members for officers in

the regiments that had gone to the War, and now to see the Corps come forth with full ranks, and be the first to march on this call of emergency, seemed to overwhelm them. The War Record of the Corps was now fully established and will be freely acknowledged for all time.

On our arrival inside the Fort we were promptly assigned to quarters in the casemates on the east front. The outlook from the embrasure was down the ship channel with the outer lighthouse on the left and Point Atherton on the right. The casemates were very comfortable quarters, with one exception—the rats. Our presence seemed very acceptable to them, for they were not the least afraid, and established an ownership, individually, or collectively, on everything we possessed. Their chief detailed only his “Old Guard,” evidently, to look after us with our “Extras,” for none were on duty except those having grown a tail the thickness of a man’s little finger. They were perfect reapers and mowers, that is, they did their own work and always wanted more.

After we had been in the Fort a few weeks, an undersized Cadet of the Fourth Mess, aged nineteen, who was given to *prattling* on his father’s side, procured a pass for an outing in the city. He returned promptly on the afternoon boat, making an unusually neat appearance, with his black hair kept in place by a liberal supply of barber’s oil. He was bantered a good deal and congratulated that he did not overdo everything during the day in the same way, for then he certainly would have returned drunk. As it was, he declared himself “very tired” and was sound asleep in his bunk long before “Taps,” to dream that mosquitoes had come. Nothing disturbed him, except the mosquitoes of his dream, until the drum beat at five o’clock the next morning. Then he was more than surprised to behold as he slid from his bunk not less than a handful of his hair remaining on his improvised pillow. The rats had mowed the top of his head while he dreamed of the mosquitoes. He has always declared that from that moment he was doomed to baldness, for within a short time the top of his head was as smooth as an apple and has remained so ever since.

Our officers were quartered with the other officers of the garrison on the west front, to the left as you enter the Sally port. The prisoners were mostly quartered on the north front. The south front is now casemated, having its guns mounted *en barbet*, with rifle galleries underneath to sweep the ditch outside. This Fort is second in size, Fort Monroe being the first, so the spaces are great, requiring a large number of men to effectually guard it.

The Fort was commanded by Lieut. Colonel Justin Dominick, 2d U. S. Artillery. Colonel by brevet. Born in Connecticut, appointed to West Point from Vermont, entered the Army July 1, 1819.

The Post Adjutant was 2d Lieut. Justin E. Dominick (son of the Colonel), 1st U. S. Artillery, afterwards killed in battle on the Peninsula. Born in New Hampshire, appointed to West Point at large; entered the Army June 24, 1861.

The Post Sergeant Major was William Ray. The Post Quartermaster was Captain George W. Pearson, U. S. V. The garrison was so small now, that Corporals and Sergeants had to take their turn at standing guard, as well as their turn as Sergeant and Corporal of the guard.

Our officers were very anxious that we should do well, but we did not go there to be "horsed" and "caught" by "Dim," as we nicknamed the Post Adjutant, for we all knew what would, and what would not pass muster with the "regular." United States uniforms were issued to us, and our expensive gray uniforms were discarded, never to be worn by the Corps again.

I have shown that the Corps was well up in guard duty, but there is a vast difference between guarding *dead property* and *live persons*. There were nearly eight hundred prisoners within the walls of the Fort, none above planning an escape, and so it was the custom at the Guard House, outside the Fort, to warn the guard, before posting, on every dark, stormy or windy night. We had not been long in the Fort before an easterly storm set in, lasting several days. When the third relief was turned out at a quarter before two, the first night of the storm, from the Guard House where it had been sleeping for four hours on the hard wood inclined shelf, to be inspected for posting, the Lieutenant

of the Guard stepped over from the little box on the other side of the roadway and said—"Now this is a very dark, stormy night, so it is fair to suppose that if the prisoners within the Fort have any matured plan for escape, they would choose such a night as this to attempt its execution. You must allow no boat to remain near the shore, warn them off. No boats allowed to land during the night, even at the dock. Remember no sane person, except he be a prisoner trying to escape, would approach a sentinel at night without promptly answering his challenge. Watch well the water along your beat to be sure no person swims or wades therein, never leave your beat, but challenge promptly and at good distance; challenge three times and then fire to kill. A sentinel on post at night is the highest and most despotic power known to civilized nations. No sentinel was ever shot or hung for shooting a man at night from his beat. I shall keep a Corporal and file of men ready to start at once if you send in a call. Be active, danger comes when it is least expected. Sergeant, post the relief!"

As the relief marched away into the darkness and storm, gusts of wind caught up their great coat capes and lashed their coat skirts about as if to try the quality of the thread in the contract-made garments. In due time the Sergeant returned with the old relief and there was more talk than usual before getting on the incline, about the quality of the night, and how, between the force of the wind and the noise of the waves, there was little to be seen or heard of a definite nature. "If the prisoners could get to the water tonight they would be all right, no living soul could see or hear them."

Soon after came the call, "Coporal of the Guard, Post 10." Off went the Corporal with his file of men, and the sentinel on the dock reported having heard a musket fired on the upper end of the island. The suspense made it seem that the Corporal was a long time away, but on his return he reported the alarm "nil." When he arrived at Post 10, he found Private Ellison had reloaded and was walking his beat, still a bit nervous. It seemed that after he was posted he made himself familiar with the appearance of each tuft of sage grass, mound of sand, and the

rocks, so that if any moving thing came he would not mistake it for his surroundings. All of a sudden he heard a quick noise in the water just behind him and a few feet from the shore. He challenged—the head of a man disappeared beneath the water, but rose again only a few feet away. He challenged again and ordered him to come ashore. As quick as a flash the man ducked and exposed his body as he dove. He challenged again, cocked his rifle and just as the head came up, with the water running off its shoulders—*fired*. Could it be possible that he was mistaken? Yes! he said then he had fired at one of the rocks that the receding tide had just then set “awash.” In the afternoon while the “high grade” prisoners were taking their exercise on the west parapet, one asked the sentinel on duty there, just as the troops were forming for “dress parade” within the Fort—“Say, sentinel, can’t you point out the man that fired at one of us in the water last night?” It was quite impossible to keep any bit of news from them, their eyes and ears were very keen. One day is a counterpart of another in garrison and the visitor who would take a peep at the inner phases of our life there must be an early riser.

THE SUNRISE GUN.

The few clouds in the sky begin to show a rosy hue; the eastern sky is lighting up with the radiance of coming morn. We halt at the foot of the flag staff. The garrison lies still as the grave, dim and pulseless without the first moving thing in view. Soon you note a moving sentinel on the west parapet, then your attention is turned to four musicians coming to where you stand with fifes and drums, then a corporal and two men pass to your left, one has a leather bag slung over his shoulder; then comes a corporal with the garrison flag under his arm, done up in a “cocked hat.” “Come on,” says your officer, “we can get a better view at the gun.” So we climb a long flight of stone steps after the Corporal and his two men and stop near the first gun on the south parapet. As we approached we heard a dull thud or two as the gunners rammed home their cartridge and the low-tone chatter of the drummers below as they braced their batter heads and looked up expectantly to the gun we were nearing. As the

color in the east deepens, the Corporal orders "Ready!" and as the sun's deep red disk begins to show above the horizon, suddenly comes the order "Fire!" and with it a belching cloud of smoke and flame from the black muzzle of the gun, a thundering roar, and at the same instant the shrill music of the fifes and the resonant rattle of the drums as they break into the stirring roll of the "reveille." It is enough to "rouse the Seven Sleepers," to say nothing of the twelve hundred in the Fort who are at once astir. The Corporal at the flagstaff has done his part, for from the top flutters in the soft morning air, our nation's emblem. The soldiers immediately stream out from the casemates, "buttoned to the chin," and form in front of their quarters. Once more the drums have resumed the closing roll of the reveille, then suddenly cease. Next comes the prettiest ceremony of the day—

GUARD MOUNTING.

The old guard when relieved marches to the butts, and under the direction of the officer of the guard discharge their pieces at the bull's eye, then march up into the Fort, across the parade ground and are there dismissed to be again on the like duty after two days, and in some cases after one day. They are excused from that afternoon drill, but must turn out at Dress Parade. They have their guns to clean, and their equipments, shoes and clothes, to put in first-class order, which often takes hours of time, as they have to stand at their posts without shelter, day or night, and so it is possible to come off duty soaked to the skin.

My visitor is greatly interested in this daily routine of life in camp or garrison. After Dress Parade I suggest to him that after a light supper he had better get "forty winks of sleep," if he is to do the "Grand Rounds" at midnight. As we come out from the officer's mess we hear a call being beaten at the outer guard house where all the calls are sounded. This is the drummer's call for "Retreat," and you notice the drummers collecting at the foot of the flagstaff as they did in the morning, and the Corporal and two men on the south parapet. Presently the Corporal gives the chief drummer a signal and then comes the last music of the day, the closing rolls of the drums being the signal for

the evening gun to boom and the garrison flag to come gracefully to earth. Soon after, when the relief is changed, the big timber doors to the sallyport are closed and sentinels begin to challenge. The nap is given up and the visitor strolls over to the Cadet quarters to make a call on the boys.

"Well," he says, "how long have you fellows got to follow this business?"

"That is just it," one answers, "we have got to stay here until the Government at Washington gets good and ready to discharge us: and I notice they are not discharging troops, but trying to get more: men are not flocking to regiments now forming. Being sworn in 'until relieved,' means for the war."

"But," he replies, "you don't mean to say that the Government will not raise a company to relieve you when they know you left your business or professions to help them out of an emergency?"

The logical Cadet was equal to the emergency, for he replied—"Emergency!" War in this country is nothing but emergency from beginning to end. The Secretary of War would say that all enlisted men count alike, that he can relieve none. The more intelligent, the more he wants them. I don't want it given out from Washington that the Boston Cadets doing duty at Fort Warren are already kicking to ——". At this point the door suddenly opened and Captain Cabot of the Artillery, in full uniform, with his red sash from shoulder to hip, stepped in and ordered, "Put out that light!" It went out as suddenly as he entered, for no one cared to pass the night in the Guard House and have charges preferred the next day for resisting an officer's authority by burning a light after "Taps," and be made to stand on the head of a barrel for several hours holding a candle in his right hand extended, or put on extra policing duty. The fact was, the boys were so interested in the question under discussion that they neglected to regard "Tattoo" and the three taps that came fifteen minutes later from the drummers for lights to be put out. The Officer of the Day had caught them sure enough.

After this talk with the visiting friend, the chief topic of conversation among the Cadets was—How and when can we be

relieved from this duty? Every man was satisfied that they were booked for one or two years, and if they were to serve that length of time, they preferred to go to the front, then those who had left a practice or business must find some one to continue it, or their past labor would be lost to them entirely. It was decided to find out what our officers thought on the subject. It was found that Lieut. Colonel C. C. Holmes, commanding the Corps, would serve one or two months longer, and then if the Corps was not relieved, he would be obliged to resign and return to his practice. Major Jeffries thought we ought to know how long our term was so that each could make arrangements accordingly. The position of Captain Charles R. Codman, Adjutant of the Corps was, that he had returned from abroad to take some part in putting down the Rebellion, and almost upon landing was ordered to this Fort. He preferred duty at the front, and if the Corps was not relieved he hoped to get transferred to the field. He thought it foolish to ask the Government to relieve the Corps, for there could be but one answer. If the Corps would raise and officer a three-year's regiment, no doubt each one commissioned, or enlisted, would be relieved but not the others. He favored raising a regiment and would take a commission. The five lieutenants commanding companies favored raising a regiment. It certainly looked as if some of the boys were going to get left. It was not a case of "growl" on the part of the Cadets.

The hard work, regular hours for work, meals and rest, with plain fare, were putting all in perfect physical condition. The Cadets were doing their work manfully and cheerfully, not a whimper was heard, but it was decided that this matter must be put before the Secretary of War in some shape, and it was placed in Governor Andrew's hands. At first, the answer was not favorable but when he informed the Secretary that it was the purpose of the members to raise a regiment and officer it, the reply came that they would be allowed to relieve themselves for the purpose indicated. Captain Dalton was selected to raise the Company. To hurry matters the Cadets were to pay a bounty of ten dollars to each man enlisted. Recruits were very plenty for service of this kind—no marching, no battles, no earthworks to build, no

sleeping out in bivouac. "What a pudding," thought those who had seen some service at the front. In two weeks the Company was full. After being sworn into the United States Service, it came to Fort Warren, and the Cadets went to town on the return steamer. They landed at Long Wharf. The Armory was open every day as those who proposed to take an active part in raising the Regiment congregated there.

Money was the next thing needed, or to know where money was to come from to pay the expenses of rent of recruiting offices, and of halls for recruiting meetings, advertising in the daily papers, travelling expenses, etc. It is here that we see the heads and hands of our old members that were not fit to do active duty, popping up. They formed themselves into an active Finance Committee and added a few enthusiastic friends of the Corps, such as Edward W. Kinsley, Esq., Alpheus Hardy, Esq., George W. Bond, Esq., John H. Emmons, Esq. This Committee was devoted to seeing that every want was supplied, even to replacing poor overcoats that were issued to the men of the Regiment with good ones of regulation pattern and color. Then they carried the vote, at a meeting of the Corps to turn over the Regimental Fund, the contents of the Cadet military chest—\$1,200.

A general recruiting office was opened in Niles' Block, School Street, next below City Hall, and put in charge of Captain George H. Quincy. This member was the most devoted of all. He could not go to the front, and not only recruited for the Regiment, but when it was full, he acted as its Home Agent during its term of service and continued on in his good work for other regiments until the end of the War.

Recruiting offices were established up and down Washington Street, at the West End and at the South End. Captain Codman was the leading spirit and took charge of affairs. Soon after our return from Fort Warren the Government made a call upon the State authorities for seventeen regiments to serve nine months, as it was thought that the War would be closed in that time or less. No new regiments were allowed to be enlisted for three years, only recruits for the old regiments could enlist for that length of service, so the question of whether the Cadet regiment should start out to serve for three years, was settled.

It now became necessary for the members in charge of recruiting offices to make trips to the surrounding towns to influence and convince the men enlisted by the town to fill its quota, and the Selectmen, that the best regiment about to take the field was the Cadet Regiment. In one town the Selectmen were very particular that their men should go only in a temperance Company. At a town meeting that evening the members of the Corps who expected to command the Company were called upon to speak, after one of the leading citizens had declared in a ringing speech that no Captain could have these men to command if he was not a temperance man. So when our member got up to speak, all the town was attention itself. He said, "I have visited several towns recruiting, but this is the *first* that I have found so in accord with my ideas of what the men should profess before going forth to do battle in this just cause of our Government. I wish it distinctly understood that I am to command my Company, and I will say here and now, that if any man in my Company is not a temperate man I will put him in the Guard House. Now if you mean what you say let every man of your quota step up here on the platform and sign the Enlistment Roll of my Company in the presence of the Selectmen and town people." The speech was enough to convince the most exacting citizen and the Selectmen, so the men came up and signed the Enlistment Roll. That member made as successful a Captain in the field as he did Recruiting officer at home.

Barracks at the State Camp at Readville were designated as rendezvous for our Companies, and as none were yet full so that they could be sworn into the United States Service and draw rations and clothing, Captain Codman thought it would be a prudent move for the writer to take up his quarters there in the name of the Cadet Regiment. I did so in the latter part of August, 1862, and so reported to General Peirce, commanding the camp. My time was taken up with study and rehearsing for the position Captain Codman had tendered me, if he was elected Colonel.

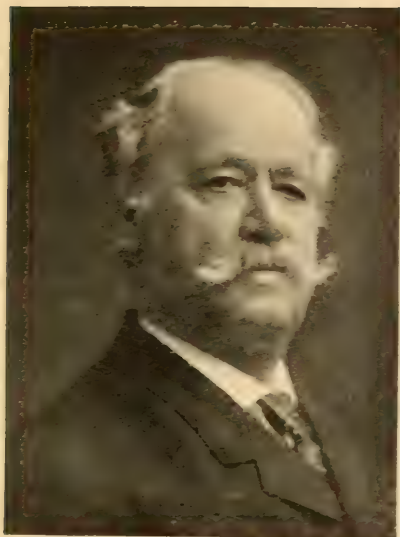
On the 26th of September, 1862, eight Companies having reported for duty and elected their officers, were sworn into the

United States Service, and the other two, H and I, were sworn in October 7th. On the 8th of October there was a meeting of all the Company officers at headquarters, to elect field officers. The result was—Captain Charles R. Codman, Adjutant of the Independent Corps of Cadets was elected Colonel; Captain Oliver W. Peabody, Co. H, Lieut. Colonel; Captain Russell Sturgis, Jr., Co. A, Major. Immediately the Colonel appointed his staff officers—Samuel Kneeland, Surgeon; Joshua B. Treadwell, Assistant Surgeon; Gershom C. Winsor, Adjutant; Francis A. Dewson, Quartermaster; Rev. Andrew L. Stone, Chaplain.

The authorities at the State House had issued an order designating the official numbers of the nine months' Regiments of which the following is an extract: "The Regiment commanded by Colonel Charles R. Codman will be known as the Forty Fifth Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteer Militia."

The birth of the Regiment had come. Others will write of its infancy and growth, but its older days should only be wrought and written by the future members of the First Corps of Cadets, M. V. M., and the descendants of those men who served satisfactorily and so well in camp, on the march, in bivouac, in battle and in hospital.

It is to be hoped that the members of the Corps in the future will, if occasion requires, have the courage and ability to go to the State House and ask for the colors of the old Forty-Fifth, that they may recruit, officer, take to the front, fight and uphold with honor, and augment, if possible, the devotion of the Corps in sustaining the Government so well established by its members during the Civil War of 1861-1865.



LIEUT. ALFRED WINSOR, JR., CO. H
LIEUT. ALPHEUS H. HARBY, CO. E

LIEUT. GEORGE E. BONI, CO. A.
LIEUT. EDWARD B. RICHARDSON, CO. A

The Cadet Regiment and its Friends in 1862

BY LIEUT. ALPHEUS H. HARDY OF COMPANY E.

Extracts from Talk given at the Winter Meeting, February 14, 1900.



THE call of the President for three hundred thousand nine month's men revived the interest in the raising of a regiment, and on the 8th of August, 1862, an order was issued by Governor Andrew authorizing Charles R. Codman to raise a regiment for nine months' service. On the evening of that day a meeting was held in the Cadet Armory then on Tremont Street, in the third story of the building now occupied by W. S. Butler & Co. The outcome was to raise a regiment rather than join others engaged in like attempts.

This meeting may be considered the genesis of the Regiment. Practically all the younger men present backed the plan. It was understood from the beginning that Adjutant Codman was to command, and that he should elect the field and staff and direct the formation of Companies. Informally the assignments were made of Company Commanders, and these in turn associated with them others as junior officers. I say informally, for under the call we were to be militia, and all officers were under the militia system elected, not appointed. Nevertheless, it was clearly understood who were to be elected. The officers and the positions they were to hold were to be satisfactory to Colonel Codman. This arrangement made it certain that fit men were to be in the right place.

No officer held a commission because of any "pull" at headquarters or elsewhere. The faults or weakness of the militia system did not obtain in the Forty-Fifth. The Cadet officers were accepted and commissioned because their Colonel believed them competent to fill the offices they held.

The original grouping was as follows: Captain Russell Sturgis, Jr., with George P. Denny and George E. Pond. They

opened a recruiting office at the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association in the Tremont Temple, where the nucleus for a company was already formed. Later a sub-station was established in a tent on Franklin Street. This Company was the first to fill its ranks and became Company A, with the officers above named.

Captain E. J. Minot was associated with Harrison Gardner and had their office at 77 Washington Street. Captain T. B. Wales, A. H. Hardy and J. Frank Emmons recruited first at 181 State Street, and later at the corner of School Street and City Hall Avenue, where Percival's Drug Store now is. Captain N. W. Bumstead, Samuel Thaxter and Alfred Winsor, Jr., were located at 113 Washington Street. C. H. Walker and E. F. Daland were at 252 Washington Street, Captain Charles O. Rich with J. Dixwell Thompson were at 2 Congress Street. The first advertisement of Captain Rich associated with him Lieutenant Thaxter who later joined Captain Bumstead. Captain Joseph Murdock, who, by the way was the oldest man in the Corps at Fort Warren, and was mustered into the service of the United States at the age of fifty-two, recruited at 162 Washington Street with T. H. Thayer and B. H. Ticknor. Captain G. H. Homans, with L. W. Tappan, Jr., and Henshaw B. Walley were at 59 Milk Street. Captain J. M. Churchill with Lieutenant W. S. Bond recruited their Company in Milton. There is no record of their having a Boston Office.

The daily papers from which the foregoing facts were taken, generally refer to the Regiment as the "Cadet Regiment." Many of the advertisements were so headed. No number had been assigned to it, for it was not yet in existence.

The original grouping of officers was somewhat changed under the conditions arising during the recruiting. Mr. H. B. Walley did not serve with us. He was in delicate health and unfit for field service, although he afterwards received a commission as paymaster. As the seniority of Company Officers was determined by the order of time in which they were mustered in, every exertion was made to secure men. The forms of advertisement were made to attract men to the various companies. One



CAPT. E. J. MINOT, CO. C
CAPT. GEORGE H. HOMANS, CO. K

CAPT. C. O. RICH, CO. I
CAPT. GEORGE P. DENNY, CO. A

designated itself as "Sharpshooters;" another, as "the best in the Regiment;" another urged men to volunteer and avoid being drafted.

Officers visited various towns to secure their quotas of men, and posters advertising the Regiment were placed in all parts of the State. The result was shown in the composition of the Regiment. Company B was largely recruited in Milton and Dorchester. C had ninety or more men from Franklin. Sandwich and Barnstable sent above fifty to D. Swampscott had thirty in E. Framingham and Sudbury placed fifty in F. Braintree and the South Shore had thirty in G. Nantucket and the Vineyard made a majority in H.

The record shows that more than two hundred towns and cities within and out of the State were represented in our ranks. Many of these town quotas were raised by gentlemen who properly represented their fellow townsmen, who came with them to the Forty-Fifth and served with us as commissioned or warrant officers. Among them were Hollis of B, from Milton, Sears of D, from Barnstable, Hurd of F, from Framingham, Whittaker of C, from Franklin. We received, too, smaller squads of men and drill clubs, who furnished many of our most efficient non-commissioned officers. We cannot follow this matter into detail, but enough has been given to show that the Regiment did not owe its existence to any organization other than the old Corps of Cadets. The origin was from it—its recruiting and organization was by them—fortunately it was cosmopolitan in its makeup, and was composed of the finest material to be secured in the whole Bay State. Twenty-eight of the Cadets served in the Forty-Fifth. The Adjutant of the Corps was Colonel Codman. Among the commanders of companies were Major Sturgis and Captains Churchill and Rich. Among the Sergeants were Captain Murdock, Lieutenant Thompson and Adjutant Winsor. Among its Corporals were Captains Homans, Bumstead and Tappan and Lieutenant Thaxter. In the ranks were Lieutenants Bond, Emmons, Gardner, Pond, Richardson, Thayer, Winsor, Walker, and Hardy, Captains Daland, Denny, Minot and Wales, and Sergeants Bond, Dexter, Wellman and Maynadier. Mere men-

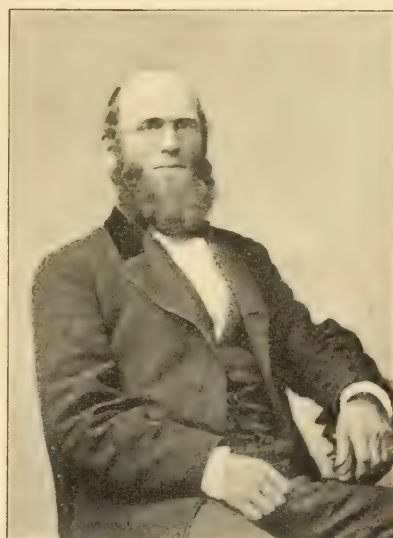
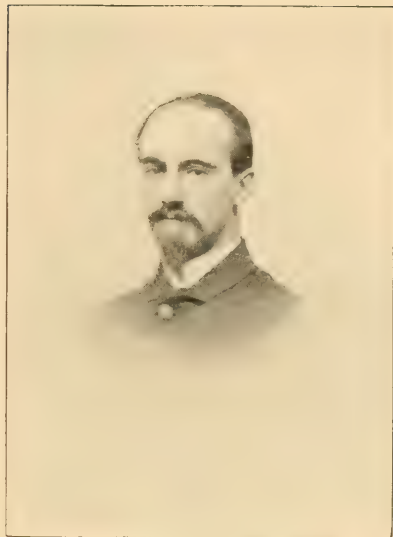
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tion of these is sufficient to explain why we were called the "Cadet Regiment." Certain of the non-Cadet Officers have been named, and how they came to be with us, but there were still others.

On September 9, 1862, I find that a new advertisement appeared in the daily papers, "Massachusetts Rifle Association, O. W. Peabody, Recruiting Officer." Men wanted for the "Forty-Fifth Regiment, M. V. M." As has been said, Colonel Codman had the selection of his military family. His selection of his second in command was most fortunate, and brought to us that courtly gentleman and fine officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Peabody, who was mustered in as Captain of Company H, and in accordance with the military procedure, was elected by the Company officers as Lieutenant-Colonel.

This promoted Tappan to the Captaincy, made Winsor First Lieutenant and Post, then Orderly Sergeant, became Second Lieutenant. Mr. Post came from New York and was a student at Harvard and became interested in the Forty-Fifth, because of friendship with some of its officers.

The election of Captain Sturgis as Major gave Company A First Lieutenant Denny as Captain, and as Pond moved up, Lieutenant Richardson was promoted from First Sergeant. Among the other wise selections made by the Colonel was that of our efficient and faithful Quartermaster, F. A. Dewson, and our pioneer officer and accomplished engineer, Lieut. S. C. Ellis. Our Sergeant Major, H. G. Wheelock was a past member of the Cadets. The remaining non-Cadet line officers were Lieutenant Ticknor, a friend of Captain Murdock; Lieutenant Ware, promoted from First Sergeant; Lieutenant Blagden, a close friend, and later the brother-in-law of Lieutenant Thompson, and Lieutenant Robinson, who brought a number of men to Company K. All of these gentlemen were cordially received and contributed their full share to the efficiency of the Regiment and were afterwards made members of the Cadet Corps. It must be remembered that the Regiment was raised at a time when other organizations were forming in and about Boston. The Fourth Battalion was developing into the Forty-Fourth, the Tigers into the Forty-



CAPT. THOMAS B. WALES, JR., COMPANY E
CAPT. LEWIS W. TAPPAN, JR., COMPANY H

CAPT. EDWARD F. DALAND, COMPANY F
CAPT. JOSEPH M. CHURCHILL, COMPANY B

Third, and the Forty-Second was filling its ranks. Of the three-year regiments, the Thirty-Third, Thirty-Fourth, Thirty-Fifth and Thirty-Sixth were about to go to the front as well as the Ninth and Tenth Battalions. The call of the President made on July 4th upon Massachusetts for fifteen thousand men was met within three months. On August 4th another call was made for nineteen thousand and ninety nine-month's men. They were to be "raised by draft." By December this requisition had been met by volunteering. Sixty-nine thousand and seven hundred men had been raised in Massachusetts, and thirteen thousand had shipped in the Navy before the close of the year 1862.

On August 8th Colonel Codman received his authority to raise a regiment; on September 11th the camp at Readville was established; on the 12th, Company B was in camp; on the 13th, general orders officially designated the Regiment as the Forty-Fifth. On October 8, 1862, just two months from the meeting in the Cadet Armory, the Cadet Regiment was a part, a unit of the Grand Army of the Republic, and subject to the orders of the President of the United States.

Of the friends of the Regiment it is still more difficult to write. It is impossible to enumerate them. All contributed to our comfort, encouragement and success. You know their ministrations of love and kindly interest better than I, but there were a few incidents of helpfulness which may especially be mentioned.

Our guns—they were the best then obtainable—the new Springfield, with interchangeable parts, strong and accurate. We might have gone out with the English Enfields. The Forty-Fourth had them, I think. If a man lost a ramrod of one of them none but an armorer could replace it. A broken lock was a useless musket. We might have carried the Austrian musket which would hardly carry a ball clear of its muzzle and send it anywhere but in the desired direction. There is a legend that the Assistant Adjutant General of the State expressed great satisfaction when we broke camp. Our departure freed him from the insistence of the best all-round friend the Regiment had, who, it is said, blankly refused to take it out of the State until it was properly armed. Colonel Codman saw to it that we got what

was right for us to have. You must remember the thin, black, unserviceable overcoats worn by the men of the Forty-Sixth Regiment who joined us on the transport *Mississippi*. Our serviceable and neat blue coats were provided for us by the efforts and guarantee of payment by "Friends of the Regiment." Not having names of guarantors, it may not be invidious to name a few whom memory recalls, while others are forgotten, but I am sure that Messrs. George William Bond, Thomas B. Wales and Alpheus Hardy were on the list, and that "Ned" Kinsley helped on the affair. A brother of his was one of our Sergeants, and another was in Company A, but "Ned" was a brother to the entire Regiment. A close friend and confidant of Governor Andrew, he kept the "Governor's Babies" always in mind. His keen interest and cheerful, enthusiastic face and manner is one of the pleasantest recollections of visiting friends in New Berne. There is also a legend that the friends of the Regiment paid for the instruments of the band, including Spofford's cornet, which blew backward its inspiring strains, and which is now an honored relic in the new Cadet Armory, together with the bass drum of the band. The Cadet Officers took a deep and helpful interest in us. Park Street Church, which gave us our devoted chaplain, Rev. Dr. A. L. Stone, was largely represented in Company A, and liberally contributed to our comfort by its gifts of goods and goodies. Captain Miles Blanchard of Swampscott, in his so'wester, bringing his lading of apples alongside the transport in the harbor, was likewise a friend of the Regiment, with many others, too many to name, many of whom indeed are to us now only names, their roll call like ours shortened by death or wide separation.

These details, trivial in themselves, and unimportant in fact may serve to quicken our memories, to bring back the days, when as boys, as many of us were, we chose to turn from home comforts to break in upon our life work, to set aside plans for the future and accept what there might be of trial and danger in the camp and field of battle. I have often envied the possession which the three year's men who have survived the War, of experience, of accomplishment, of wider and larger duty done.



SERGT.-MAJ. HENRY G. WHEELOCK
COMMISSARY SERGT. CHARLES F. RICHARDSON

QUARTERMASTER FRANCIS A. DEWSON
QUARTERMASTER-SERGT. ARTHUR REED

But there was no guarantee of exemption from sickness, danger and death for the nine month's militia men. They sickened in swamp and bayou, they were killed in battle and their bones lie at Fredericksburg, at Gettysburg, at Port Hudson, at Kinston, by the long seacoast, and the western rivers, with those of the men of longer enlistment, but no longer service.

A Few Facts of Interest to Members of the Forty-Fifth Regiment

BY L. HENRY WHITNEY OF COMPANY A.



It is not my purpose to go into any extended history of the Independent Corps of Cadets, or of the Forty-Fifth Regiment, as these topics have been fully covered in the excellent papers of Adjutant Winsor and Lieutenant Hardy. I only wish to give a few facts, not elsewhere stated, that may be of interest

By way of introduction, I might say that the Forty-Fifth while in North Carolina had an experience very similar to that which the Independent Corps of Cadets had in quelling "Shay's Rebellion,"* which occurred during the unsettled period from 1783 to 1789. Before the Constitution of the United States had become operative, the farmers of Worcester and Hampden Counties, Massachusetts, undertook to start a little government of their own, with headquarters at Springfield, and one Shay, as leader. The Cadets were ordered to march to Springfield and suppress the rebellion. On reaching Worcester they learned that Shay and his followers having heard that the Cadets, whose reputation they well knew, were on their way and the object of the expedition, deemed "discretion the better part of valor," laid down their arms and dispersed. When the Forty-Fifth Regiment in April, 1863, was hurried forward one dark night to the picket post at Batchelder's Creek to re-inforce the Fifty-Eighth Pennsylvania, whose Colonel was killed that day by a force of the enemy from Kinston, it was evident that these Confederates, who first met the Forty-Fifth at Kinston, December 14, 1862, did not care to renew the acquaintance, as they retired somewhat suddenly

The Rebellion by the Southern States of 1860 was to protect the social condition that slavery had produced in those States.

*The story of Shay's Rebellion may be found in the book published in 1900 entitled "The Duke of Stockbridge," written by Edward Bellamy.

**ATTENTION COMPANY!
SHOULDER ARMS!!
FORWARD MARCH!!!**



**CADET REGIMENT!
COMPANY D
FOR 9 MONTHS' SERVICE**

This Company will be composed of intelligent, active, able-bodied men, and affords a rare opportunity for the sons of Cape Cod to enlist in the ranks. Fall in promptly and do your part towards crushing out this infernal Rebellion.

J. W. BUNSTEAD,

SAMUEL THAXTER,

CYRUS A. SEARS.

APPLY AT

F. A. Nearle, Steam Printer, Journal Building, 118 Washington Street, Boston.

But the real question to be decided was that of each State and the right by Congress over the citizens, or in other words, "Are the United States a Nation or a Confederacy of States, from which a State may withdraw at pleasure?"

During the Civil War the status of the slaves changed to that of contrabands, because under the Constitution of the United States, slaves were made personal property and could not be treated as prisoners of war, if taken in battle. Later, by the Emancipation Proclamation of President Lincoln, they were changed from personal property to citizens of the United States, and as such to be entitled to protection by the United States, and to be taught to read and write, and this change came during the term of service of the Forty-Fifth Massachusetts, the members of which became teachers of freed contraband citizens when not on duty as soldiers. Edward W. Kinsley, Esq., the Patron Saint of the Forty-Fifth, M. V. M., and special messenger of Governor Andrew to President Lincoln, visited New Berne and made soldiers of these freed citizens, promising the protection of the United States. While it is true that the Civil War commenced in April, 1861 and ended in April, 1865, it is also true that the question which that war decided was raised before the Constitution of the United States was adopted, namely: "Is the United States of America a Nation," or "Are the rights of each State superior to the authority of the Congress?" By that Constitution every able-bodied man between the ages of eighteen and forty-five years is liable to be called upon to do military service. But every such man is also liable to be called upon by his own State. The first call upon Massachusetts for men was filled by order of the Governor, who sent State Militia to the aid of the General Government. The limit of time that the Governor could order State Militia beyond State lines was fixed by law as three months. The First Massachusetts Regiment was ordered to Fort Warren, a United States Fort in Boston Harbor.

The Government found it necessary to have in its service soldiers whose term was longer than three months and a call for Volunteers for three year's service was made, and the first Massachusetts Regiment volunteered for three years' service. Then

there were in service Massachusetts Militia and Massachusetts Volunteer Militia. Other regiments were organized and sent to the front, and these others were Massachusetts Volunteers; none of them were organized as Massachusetts Militia. The law limited the number of Militia in Massachusetts, and no additions to that number was allowed until in 1862, the call for three hundred thousand three years' Volunteers was quickly followed by a call for three hundred thousand Volunteers for nine months. Enlistments for nine month's service in the Forty-Fifth Regiment were made before the change in the law. The various engagements between the Union and Confederate Armies the first year of the War had shown that the Confederate Army was well drilled and commanded by competent officers. With the control of the railroad and telegraphic communications in their section, they could concentrate a large body of men at a given point in a short space of time. The Union Army, composed largely of raw recruits, commanded by inexperienced and incompetent officers, many of whom owed their positions to a political pull, were no match for the veterans of the Confederacy. It was becoming plainer every day that the Union Army must be better drilled and better led, or else the Confederate Government would obtain belligerent rights by being recognized as an Independent Government by some foreign power as able to maintain their right to command and protect their citizens. At this point a meeting was called of those members of the Independent Corps of Cadets who were willing to accept a commission and serve the United States for nine months in the Forty-Fifth Regiment as officers under Charles R. Codman, who was to be the Colonel. No thought of their being enrolled as Massachusetts Militia was suggested, and the meeting had been authorized by Governor Andrew.

At this meeting one hundred Cadets were present, and by their presence signified their willingness to accept commissions. As only ten companies could be formed, each having three commissioned officers, there could only be thirty commissions issued.

But Charles R. Codman, Adjutant of the Cadets, who presided at the meeting, was equal to the emergency. He proposed that each young man who was willing to enlist as a *private* in

the Forty-Fifth Regiment, come out on the floor. Several responded and these were divided into groups of three each and were then and there authorized to recruit a Company for the Forty-Fifth. For convenience each group organized by one of them assuming the title of Captain, the other two, as First and Second Lieutenants, and such commissions were issued to them. With this beginning and by calling the Regiment the Cadet Regiment, the Companies were quickly filled and sent out to Camp Meigs, Readville. Captain Churchill, of Milton, had the honor of opening the barracks built for the Forty-Fifth, he taking Company B into camp on Friday, September 12, 1862. On Monday, September 15, Captain Sturgis followed with one hundred and thirty-four men who had enlisted in Company G, one hundred and one being the limit of a Company, that Company organized in Boston under Massachusetts Militia Law, and was the first organized, and became Company A of the Forty-Fifth Regiment, M. V. M.

The surplus on list among those who went to Camp with Captain Sturgis helped to fill up Captain Churchill's Company, which being the second Company to complete its roll became Company B of the Forty-Fifth Regiment. Each Company took the letter that its Captain was entitled to by priority of his commission in alphabetical order from A to K ; (no letter J,—I and J. being too much alike).

The change from Volunteers to serve nine months to members of Massachusetts Militia explains why the Pension Certificate does not give the date of enlistment of the recruit. In the case of the writer who enlisted August 9, 1862, his Pension Certificate gives September 15th as the date, because his Company was then organized. The demand for men grew faster than the Volunteers presented themselves, and a draft was ordered to fill the quota, and Massachusetts looking the situation in the face, decided to have the nine month's Volunteers organized under the Massachusetts Militia Law, thus providing for the possible situation in Massachusetts after the term of nine months had elapsed. Under the Massachusetts Militia Law, each man enlisted to serve the State five years, and the Governor had power

to order them beyond the State line for three month's service each year of the five, it being understood that the nine month's service should cover the three month's liability for outside of the State service for three years. This was not made plain to each man, who, having volunteered for nine months in the United States Service, was told that the Regiment was organized under Massachusetts Militia Law, by which each member of the Company would have a vote in electing the commissioned officers, and to gain this right every one signed the Massachusetts Enrollment without reading what they signed. The wisdom shown by the authorities of Massachusetts in this matter was made apparent July 14, 1863 when the Regiment was ordered out to suppress the Draft Riots.

The surprise of the members of the Forty-Fifth who had been discharged July 7, 1863 at the end of their term of service can be imagined, but curiosity led many of them to show up at Readville, July 15, to learn the meaning, and then and there Colonel Codman read the Sections of the Law under which the call was made, showing that each one who obeyed the Order was entitled to pay from the State, and whoever did not obey would be liable to a fine of fifty dollars for disobedience.

The emergency foreseen by the authorities in 1862 had come. The term of three hundred thousand Volunteers had expired, the Confederate Army had not been dispersed, more men must be had at once, and a Draft had been ordered, which the "copperheads" of the North were vigorously resisting.

The Governor, by the enrollment of the nine month's men as Massachusetts Militia, having a right to order them into the State Service at any time during five years from enrollment, had at hand a sufficient force to quell all riots and maintain the peace of the State. The Cooper Street Riot in Boston gave to the public the first view of that force, and gave to the Forty-Fifth Regiment the first tangible reason why the services of the Regiment were not accepted on June 26, at Fortress Munroe, when offered, before the Battle of Gettysburg, namely, their services were likely to be needed very soon in Boston. The liability of the nine month's men to be ordered into the service of the State of Mass-

achusetts by the Governor at any time within five years of date of enlistment, did not make them "Minute Men," for no one understood and held himself ready for a call for such service. The "Minute Men" of the Civil War were those men who served the United States under the first call. Some of them were enlisted under the Militia Law of the State several years before the election of Abraham Lincoln in November, 1860. Others were men who, before his Inauguration, March 4, 1861, joined Drill Corps or applied for a chance to take the place of any enlisted man who didn't care to be a soldier, when to be a soldier meant service in the face of an enemy.

It must not be forgotten that before November, 1860, patriotism was not the chief reason for enlisting in the Massachusetts Militia. Many did so to escape Jury Duty, and as stern war demands men who are ready to imperil their lives and limbs in the service of their country, any enlisted man was permitted to withdraw in favor of a man who was ready to take the risk of war. The *organization* was sent by the Governor, but *it was made up* only of Volunteers, either of the enlisted men or of substitutes, who took the places of those who did not wish to serve in war.

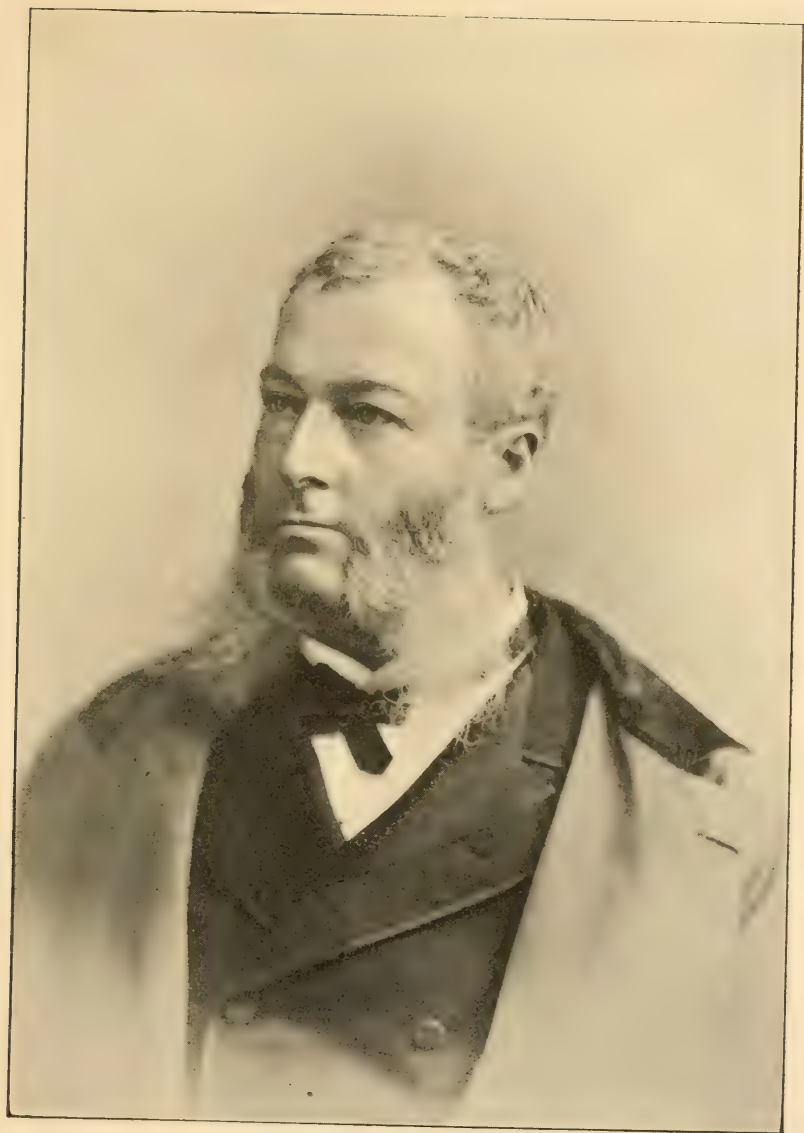
**In Memory of Oliver White Peabody, Lieu-
tenant Colonel, Forty-fifth Mass. Volunteers,
Died October 23, 1896.**

Read by Colonel Charles R. Codman at a meeting of the Forty-fifth
Massachusetts Volunteers, March 18, 1897.



LIVER WHITE PEABODY was born in Springfield, Mass., May 9, 1834. His parents were Rev. William Bourne Oliver Peabody and Elizabeth Amelia White. All his early associates were those of education, refinement, integrity and piety. His father, a minister, distinguished in his day for scholarship, and for power and earnestness as a preacher devoted to his sacred office, and of a most tolerant and catholic spirit, was universally respected and beloved in Springfield, where he preached for twenty-seven years until his early death at the age of forty-eight. His mother, a woman of beautiful character and saintly life, had died some years before her husband.

One of the Rev. Peabody's warmest friends was the Rev. Nathaniel Thayer, minister of the Unitarian Society in Lancaster, Mass. It was through this association that the late John Eliot Thayer and his brother Nathaniel Thayer became interested in the orphan children of their father's friend, and Oliver W. Peabody and his brother Francis E. were taken into their office as clerks. At the beginning of the Civil War Oliver Peabody was one of the chief and trusted assistants in the house of John E. Thayer and Brother, a position more than likely to lead at no very distant day to a partnership in a bright, successful business, and thus to distinction and affluence. It was as certain as anything in business can be, that with the abundant ability he possessed, he had only to work faithfully, and this he was sure to do, to become in time possessed of large means, comforts and luxuries, as well as the great opportunities of wealth. But the War of the Rebellion broke out.



LIEUT.-COL. OLIVER W. PEABODY

Peabody had served in the militia of the State, and thus acquired some knowledge of military matters. As the war went on, he made up his mind that it was his duty to risk these prospects and to place the claims of his country above all others. The members of the patriotic firm, in whose service he was, assured him that his place should be kept vacant to await his return to it, if he should live through his term of service, so he proceeded to raise a company for the Forty-fifth Massachusetts Volunteers. This he succeeded in doing, and was prepared to go into the field as its Captain, but upon the organization of the regiment, he was made Lieutenant Colonel, and in that capacity he served until the Regiment, which was enlisted for nine months, was mustered out and disbanded.

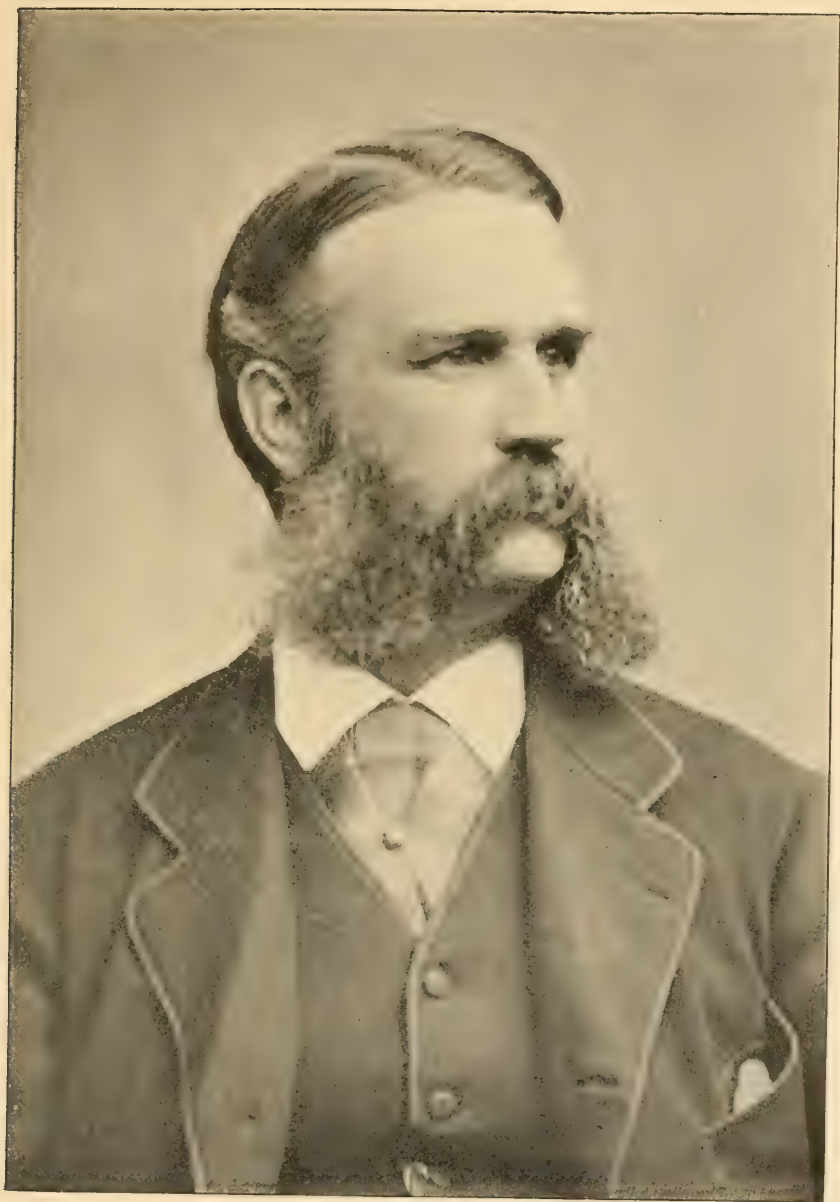
His active service was in North Carolina in 1862 and 1863. He was in the actions at Kinston, Whitehall and Goldsboro, the regiment being a part of the Eighteenth Army Corps under command of Major General John G. Foster. During the rest of his life, Colonel Peabody remained, as long as his health permitted, active in business.

About the close of the War, the new firm of Kidder, Peabody & Co., was established, successors to John E. Thayer & Brother. The high character of the firm to which he belonged is well understood in this community. He became in time a rich man. It is no exaggeration to say of him, that no man ever made a better use of his opportunities, or had a keener sense of the responsibilities of wealth. His life has been a public benefaction. He has aided liberally in many good works, social, charitable and religious. The beautiful church in the district of Boston called Ashmont, built through Colonel Peabody's generosity, was the direct expression of his Christian faith and is his chief memorial.

In the military service Colonel Peabody had the warm esteem and affection of his fellow officers. The soldiers believed in him and trusted him, feeling that he was a man to be relied upon in any emergency. He showed himself brave, cool and very steady in action, and firm though considerate in discipline. Kindly and courteous he always was.

All who have been brought into relations with him, either in

civil or military life will bear testimony to his personal attractiveness. It was easy to see that he united intelligence and force to an extraordinary charm of manner and kindness of heart. Those who knew him best, however, and had the privilege of being intimate with him, always recognized that it was his absolute integrity and conscientiousness in everything that he said and did, that were his most admirable as they were the most characteristic of his good qualities.



MAJOR RUSSELL STURGIS, JR.

In Memory of Russell Sturgis, Jr., Major Forty-fifth Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers.

Died October 14, 1899.

BY HISTORIAN.



RUSSELL STURGIS, JR., was born in the town of Milton, August 3, 1831. He came of an old Boston family, his ancestor, Edward Sturgis, emigrating to America from England in 1635. His father was one of the leading merchants of Boston in the East India and China trade, and was also a member of the well known banking house of Baring Brothers of London. At three years of age he went with his father and mother to China, spending a few years in that country and in Macao and Manila. His mother died when he was but seven years of age, and he then returned to this country and was placed in the school of Mr. Green at Jamaica Plain and he formed a warm attachment for that very worthy gentleman. At the age of fourteen he entered the Boston Latin School, from thence to Phillips Academy where he fitted for Harvard College, which he entered in 1848.

The next year his father started for China, but circumstances detained him for quite a length of time in England, and desiring to have his sons near him, the young men crossed the ocean and were placed by their father in a school in Brussels, Belgium, which was under the charge of a French Clergyman. In 1853, when twenty-two years of age he was offered and accepted a position in the American Consulate at Shanghai, China, then in charge of Mr. Cunningham. It was while he was performing the duties of this position that the great Rebellion in China occurred. In a very interesting sketch of his life, which he prepared for his children some years before his death, he gives a vivid description of many scenes of which he was an eye witness, and describes in a modest way his entrance into the city, which was held by the

rebels. His interview with a rebel officer at the gate of the city, his determined bravery in the presence of those fierce chiefs, and his demand for respect to the American flag and to all who owed allegiance to it, are all told most graphically and yet in few words. It is very evident that this young, brave, and high spirited American made a deep impression on those blood-thirsty Mongolians.

He narrates that in those troublous times the American residents secured two howitzers and formed a gun squad, and the English residents organized a rifle battalion, all for mutual protection. One of the pleasantest sounds he ever heard was the "fife and drum" playing "Yankee Doodle" announcing the approach of a Company of Jack Tars marching to their relief. There are several occasions where his courage was severely tested, and we, who knew him so well a few years later, are sure that he did not falter in the supreme moment.

In 1855, he returned to America and engaged in the East India business in Boston, with Mr. Henry Saltonstall. Mr. Sturgis had a decided leaning towards a military life, and seriously contemplated entering the United States Military Academy at West Point. In 1861 he was a member of the Independent Corps of Cadets and served with that battalion for a few months at Fort Warren. Relieved from duty there, he still continued his deep interest in military matters and the war, and in 1862 when the President issued his call for three hundred thousand men for nine month's service, he resolved to recruit a Company to be attached to the regiment which was then being raised under the auspices of the Independent Corps of Cadets. He recruited Company A and was its first Captain. During the summer months he had his home at Manchester-by-the-Sea, and it is a tribute to his manly, upright character that twenty-one of the best citizens of that town, enlisted at his solicitation in Company A.

Before leaving Camp Meigs for the seat of war Captain Sturgis was promoted to, and received his Commission as Major of the Forty-fifth. Major Sturgis participated in most of the active work in which the Regiment was engaged, and in the Action at

Dover Cross Roads, N. C., he commanded the scouting battalion and videttes, driving the enemy into breastworks before which there was a brisk action by a considerable portion of the Eighteenth Army Corps. During our service in New Berne, Major Sturgis read the prayers for the day to his men and frequently read the service on Sundays in the Episcopal Church. While the Regiment was acting as "Provost Guard" in the city, he was a frequent visitor at the various hospitals where his bright smile and words of Christian cheer and counsel carried comfort and consolation to many a poor sufferer. He was greatly beloved in Manchester, taking a deep interest in its material prosperity and spiritual welfare and it was through his efforts that an Episcopal Church building was erected and on land donated by him.

On his retirement from the Army he devoted a large portion of his time and efforts to the work of the Young Men's Christian Association, and he stands in the front rank as one of its founders in America. "Few religious or secular movements have ever developed into such huge proportions from so small beginnings. Wherever this grand Association flourishes, there the name of Russell Sturgis is rightly held in veneration, and no where has the institution been more successful than in Boston." He was very active in securing the former Association building on the corner of Eliot and Tremont Streets, and still later the present elegant building on Boylston Street, and he was always a liberal contributor to the funds of the Association and was a member of the International Committee. His services in aid of poor and struggling Associations were constantly in demand, and were given without stint.

He was for many years President of the Boston Association and up to his death, a member of the Board of Trustees. While at Portsmouth, N. H., he was stricken down with heart disease and died October 14, 1899. His death carried grief to the hearts of thousands of persons, whom he had met in the course of his busy life and who looked upon him as a personal friend. The esteem in which he was held by those who knew him, is well embodied in the following Resolutions of Company A Forty-fifth Associates passed at a meeting of the members :

Whereas: A Divine Providence has taken from our midst the President of this Association, Company A's first Captain, the Major of our dear old Regiment

RUSSELL STURGIS

Resolved: That in the death of Russell Sturgis, the Company A Associates have lost a life long friend and most valued member; that by his devotion to the interests of Company A, in camp, and in the field, and by his thoughtful care of the sick and wounded in the hospital, he endeared himself to every member of our Company.

Resolved: That by his upright life, his never ending service to his Divine Master, both in the Army and in after years, he was a living example to us all of a true Christian soldier and Gentleman.

Resolved: That though we mourn his loss, we feel assured that he has gone to his reward in heaven, to continue in the service to which he devoted so much of his life while on earth.

Resolved: That these Resolutions be entered upon the Records of the Association, and that a copy be sent to the family with the heartfelt sympathy of the members.

The War Status, when the Nine Months' Troops were Called

BY AN OFFICER OF THE FORTY-FIFTH REGIMENT.



It is probable that in the year 1862, the greater part of the people of the Northern States, did not fully appreciate the greatness and difficulty of the work that they had undertaken in reducing the revolted States and people.

From the very beginning there had been illusions on this subject. Early in the war, Mr. Seward, Secretary of State, in public speech and diplomatic correspondence, had boldly stated his opinion that the efforts which the government was making would surely suppress the rebellion in sixty days' time.

The first battle of Bull Run very rudely dissipated any hopes founded upon the opinion of even so distinguished and thoughtful a public man as Mr. Seward. It became evident that the southern white people were substantially united; and that they had a large territory, not easy to be overrun, and capable of subsisting and supporting for a long period, all the armies that the new Confederacy could put into the field.

It was clear that their troops were fired with enthusiasm, and that they could fight to the last.

And yet even as late as in 1862, the administration, if it may be judged by its official acts, did not seem fully to realize these facts. It may be that it doubted whether the northern people could yet be brought to realize them.

It is, of course possible, that Congress and the Executive, while fully appreciating the magnitude of the contest which was then approaching the high-water mark of intensity, feared that, if too great sacrifices were demanded of the people, they might falter and consent to some sort of disunion for sake of peace.

The existence of some such fear may have induced the Government to take measures which no Government that did not

absolutely depend upon popular support, and which was not at the same time uncertain of possessing that support, would have been likely to have attempted.

It was determined to call for Volunteers for three years, or the war, and to call for militia from certain states to serve nine months. It is easy to see now, that this last call was a military, if not a political, mistake.

It proposed to draw newly raised troops into the service of the United States for a period just long enough to train them to be good soldiers, and then disband them at the moment they had arrived at a high point of efficiency.

It was true that many trained men might re-enlist, as many did, but the loss of disciplined organizations, was a serious disadvantage. That the policy was wasteful and short-sighted, if judged exclusively as a military question, seems certain.

But when it is considered in its political aspects it must be admitted that there is much to be said to qualify such a judgment.

Abraham Lincoln, as well as any man of his time, or any public man that has ever lived in this country, understood the peculiar character of the American people. He knew their virtues and he knew their limitations.

That they were resolute when their blood was up, and capable of endurance and patience, he surely well understood. But he did not fail also to appreciate that his countrymen are of all men, the most optimistic, the most easy-going, and the most hopeful. Foreigners call them vain, and a well-known English writer has said, "that the American nation is the vainest and the most generous on the face of the earth."* Mr. Lincoln himself though certainly as free from personal vanity, as any man that ever lived, may have shared to some extent the general opinion of his countrymen that the great superiority of the North in population and wealth, as well as the moral forces that underlay its cause, would give it a speedy triumph, without any approach to the exhaustion of its resources : and if the President did not himself share this confident expectation, he must have known that it

* Charles Reade.

existed, and that it was general : and that if the Administration was to take the attitude of an alarmist, it would lose the sympathy of the people and so be subjected to very great embarrassment, in practically carrying out measures more vigorous than public opinion was ready to sustain.

While it is possible that the reasons which have thus far been adduced to account for the action of the United States government in resorting to apparently halfway and inconclusive measures are purely conjectural ; there are other considerations relating to the attitude of foreign countries, which probably had a more direct bearing upon the action of Mr. Lincoln and his advisors.

They may very naturally have reasoned that to do anything which looked like calling for the last man or the last dollar might be interpreted abroad, if not at home, as a confession that the United States were at the end of their resources, at a time when their armies had made no very serious impression upon the revolted South ; and might thus supply the motive and the occasion for European intervention.

It could hardly have been supposed that military observers in Europe, especially those whose prejudices tended to make them favor the Southern cause, would be disposed, at this time, to believe that the overthrow of the Rebellion was assured. Grant, it is true, had won his victories in Tennessee, and was beginning the campaigns which resulted in a little less than a year, in the capture of Vicksburg.

A lodgment upon the coast of North Carolina had been made by Burnside at New Berne. But hardly anywhere else in the theatre of operations had the forces of the United States made substantial progress ; and the war had been going on for more than a year. McClellan's army had failed to take Richmond, and its only great victory had been that at Antietam : and this was rather a successful defence of Washington and the North, than an effective blow at the Confederacy. The object then of calling for troops, to serve for a short time may have been to announce in this way, not only to the country, but to foreign nations, that the American Government was far from doubting that its cause would triumph at no distant period.

It was no doubt necessary to keep up a bold front, and to show no signs of discouragement, or of lack of confidence. There was believed to be danger of intervention in favor of the South from both France and England. France, then under the rule of Louis Napoleon, a ruler absolutely devoid of moral, or political principle, and seeking only the aggrandizement of his dynasty, was placed in a position of jealousy and hostility to the United States.

It is now well known that, if he could have persuaded England to join him, the French Emperor was ready and desirous to establish a new power in America to counteract the influence and control the territorial limits of the great Northern Republic. A Southern Confederacy, owing its existence to him, might be depended upon to offer no resistance to the occupation of Mexico, which he, undoubtedly meditated as early as 1862, and which he subsequently undertook. That the full significance of the overthrow of the rebellion was at once recognized by Louis Napoleon, confirms this view.

Lee had hardly surrendered when the French troops were withdrawn from Mexico, leaving to his miserable fate the unfortunate Austrian prince, who had weakly permitted himself to be the instrument of a ruler, whose past record would appear to have demonstrated clearly enough, that neither oaths, nor promises, would ever restrain him in any political action that he deemed necessary to the attainment of his ends.

The danger of intervention by England in favor of the South was, probably, never very great. There was always a large body of Englishmen, that was outspoken in its sympathy with the North, and this body was fully able to deal with the sympathisers with southern secession. It was only when the British pride of nationality was aroused, which happened in the stoppage of the Trent by Captain Wilkes, and the seizure of the Confederate Envoys, that any serious danger of active intervention arose. Nevertheless, the fear of such intervention was always present to American statesmen, and it was a factor always to be taken into consideration in determining the public acts of the Administration.

It is not unreasonable, therefore, to suppose that the probable effect of the measures upon the public opinion of foreign nations, and especially upon the action of France and England, may have had deciding weight in the counsels of President Lincoln and his advisors, and may have convinced them that no policy should be proclaimed as that of the American Government which would imply any lack of confidence in the ultimate success of the National arms.

The Proclamation of the President calling militia into the service of the United States was issued in the summer of 1862.

Of these several regiments were from Massachusetts. The subsequent chapters of this work deal with the experiences and services of one of these regiments.

Camp Meigs, Readville

BY PRIVATE JOSEPH G. DALTON OF COMPANY F.



CAMP MEIGS was one of the ten camps of rendezvous formed in the State and mostly named after eminent American generals. It was doubtless so-called for Quartermaster-General Montgomery C. Meigs of Chattanooga memory and much important service. It was located in Norfolk County, about ten miles from Boston, a few rods from Readville Station on the Boston & Providence Railroad, within the limits of the town of Hyde Park, and three miles from Dedham Centre. It was upon a nearly level tract of high land bordering on Milton Street, of which our Regiment occupied a rectangular space of about eight or ten acres. To the south and east the field spread in a gentle slope to the Neponset River some three-quarters of a mile away, whose winding course forms the north-west boundary of Milton. It is a slow stream there about fifty feet wide, and unseen from the camp because of a belt of scrub oak and birch on the edge of the lowland. The Blue Hill Summit, a little east of south, and not far off on the other side of the river, was the prominent feature in the landscape, with its hilly range extending easterly.

Our barracks were ten parallel one-story buildings, about eighty feet long, of plain boards, with doors at each end, a spacious parade ground in front, and separated by a lane in the rear from the cook-houses. Near by in the same direction were the officers' tents and mess rooms and the buildings of the Quartermaster and medical departments. Other regiments were similarly housed on the west of us, leaving the view unobstructed to the east and south. This encampment formed the principal school of the soldier for volunteers in the eastern part of the State. Here several other nine-month's regiments, of which were the Forty-Second, Forty-Third and Forty-Fourth had preceded us by some weeks.

Camp of 45th Regt.
M.V.M.



at Camp Meigs,
READVILLE,
MASS.



ARRIVAL OF COMPANIES AT CAMP.

Early in September a part of the Forty-Fifth were gathered here; Company D came on the 12th, Company A on the 15th, and others at intervals. Company F was mustered into service on the 26th together with six other Companies, and one on October 7th. Many men were then hastening to enlist as only a few days remained of volunteering, for the paying of bounties was to cease and the draft to begin October 1st, afterwards postponed to the 15th.

Our field and staff officers and the last companies were sworn in on the morning of October 8, and we then became a United States Regiment, though still part of the State militia. Thereupon in the afternoon was the first regimental parade and drill. This, the birthday of the Corps had been very warm, eighty degrees even at its close. The sunset was the most splendid of the year and one of the most notable of a lifetime for its gorgeous variety of vivid and rare colors and contrasts, and their continuance for more than an hour.

If taken as symbolical, a sort of chromatic horoscope of our career, this was rather overdone, too bright and lasting for a short-term Regiment, and a future scene of action not where the war raged severest. Leaving fancy, I add here what other facts of the weather were recorded. Nearly all the latter part of September was fine, but on the twenty-eighth hard rain most of the day. The first ten days of October were clear and warm; the eleventh to thirteenth were rainy; the nineteenth, a bright day, and the last three or four days of the month were finest autumnal weather. The dampness of the ground in places and the frequent fogs affected the health of those on guard at night.

REGULATIONS FOR THE RENDEZVOUS OF THE FORTY-FIFTH
REGIMENT AT READVILLE.

Reveille at 5 A. M., when the Company Rolls will be called, after which the quarters will be put in order.

Breakfast at 6 A. M.

Surgeon's Call at 7 A. M., when sick men will be conducted to the Surgeon, or reported to him by the First Sergeants, if unable to report in person.

Guard Mounting at 7.30 A. M.

First Sergeant's Call at 8 A. M., when they will report to the Adjutant for orders.

Drills from 8.30 A. M. to 11 A. M.; drum practice at the same time.

Dinner at 12 M.

Drills from 2 to 4 P. M., or longer, at the discretion of officers conducting drills, or according to such orders as they may receive.

Tea at 6 P. M.

Retreat at sunset, when the Company Rolls will be called, and if ordered, there will be a dress parade.

Tattoo at 9 P. M., when the Company Rolls will be called.

Taps at 9.20 P. M., when all lights must be extinguished, except those at Headquarters and at the Guard Tent.

Morning Reports of Companies signed by the Captains and First Sergeants, must be handed to the Adjutant before eight o'clock every morning.

Each cook-house will be in charge of a non-commissioned officer appointed by the Captain of the Company.

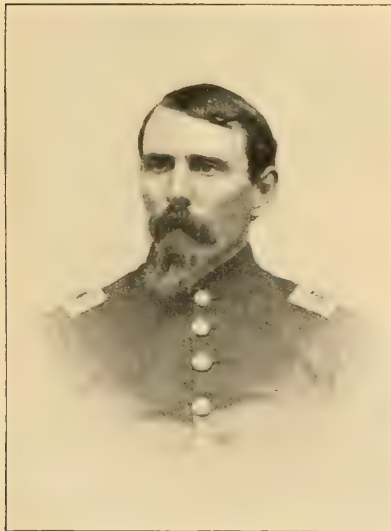
The greatest attention will be paid by all officers and soldiers to the *cleanliness* of the camp, and of its inhabitants..

The attention of all officers and soldiers is called to the following extract from the Army Regulations, which will be strictly observed in this Camp:

"Courtesy among military men is indispensable to discipline. Respect to superiors will not be confined to obedience on duty, but will be extended to all occasions. It is always the duty of the inferior to accost or to offer first the customary salutation, and of the superior to return such complimentary notice.

Sergeants with swords drawn will salute by bringing them to a present; with muskets, by bringing the left hand across the body so as to strike the musket near the right shoulder. Corporals out of the ranks, and privates, not sentries, will salute in like manner; and when a soldier, without arms or with side arms only, meets an officer, he is to raise his hand to the right side of the visor of his cap, palm to the front, elbow raised as high as the shoulder, looking at the same time in a respectful and soldierlike manner, at the officer, who will return the compliment thus offered.

A non-commissioned officer or soldier seated and without particular occupation will rise on the approach of an officer and make the cus-



LIEUT. J. FRANK EMMONS, CO. E
LIEUT. LEWIS R. WHITAKER, CO. C

LIEUT. THEODORE A. THAYER, CO. G
LIEUT. WILLIAM S. BOND, CO. B

tomary salutation. If standing, he will turn toward the officer for the same purpose. If the parties remain in the same place on the same ground such compliments need not be repeated."

Sergeant G. C. Winsor of the Company of Cadets, 1st Division, Mass. V. M., has been appointed to act as Adjutant, and private Francis A. Dewson of Company A of the Forty-Fifth Regiment has been appointed to act as Quartermaster of this Encampment, and they will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

Doctor Cleveland, of Tisbury, has been appointed Acting Assistant Surgeon, and will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

The Commanding Officer expects and believes that the conduct of the soldiers will be creditable to themselves and to the Commonwealth; that the inevitable hardships of camp life will be cheerfully and patiently submitted to, and that rapid progress will be made in discipline and drill.

By order of

CAPT. C. R. CODMAN,

Com'g Rendezvous of 45th Mass. Vols.

G. C. WINSOR, *Acting Post Adjutant.*

READVILLE, September 12, 1862.

RECRUITS FROM ALL THE WALKS OF LIFE.

The recruits came, of course, from many classes and occupations. A few had got some previous training either in the Militia or in the Home Guards which had been formed in many towns. These often had some military touches in their dress, and in their talk were ready to take almost any position, preferably one of command. Only the test of time proved whether they made better or worse soldiers than the rest. The majority were raw recruits, who came in their ordinary dress from their usual pursuits, from the field and plow, the workshop, the factory and railroad, the nautical trades, the country store and the city office, and were generally endowed with the patriotic spirit and sound qualities of character. The really bad element was but slightly represented in our Regiment. The average morale in the Forty-Fifth and the Forty-Fourth was unexcelled by any other of the Massachusetts Volunteers. The very young men were numerous, and I believe there were a few who were past the age of exemption

from service, but who had been enlisted through their manifest devotion and capability, capable also of "remembering to forget" the exact date of their birth.

The formalities and restraint of army discipline were irksome at first to many of these free citizens, who were slow to realize the necessity of outward respect and prompt obedience to the officers over them, of whom some were their familiar acquaintances, and the need of precision and system everywhere in the machine of war which they were to form. Frequent and animated were the discussions and criticism on these points, wherein those of some prior experience were influential toward the contented subordination that on the whole soon prevailed. Free men finding themselves voluntarily under despotic rule, each willingly gave up some personal rights for the general good. The confinement within the camp lines was relieved, particularly in the last week or two, by liberal allowance of brief furloughs so necessary to many who had enlisted at very short notice, and all were given a chance to settle their business and family affairs before a departure which might know no return.

REVEILLE AND THE BREAKFAST CALL.

Though the line of hills on the eastern horizon somewhat delayed the sunrise, our morning rise was none the less early, and the daily round began with the sounding of reveille at five o'clock, when to the rattle of drums the men were mustered and formed in line by the first sergeants in the company streets to answer the roll call, or inside the barracks in foul weather. Then being dismissed, they were busied in making up their bunks and putting everything about their quarters in proper order. Shortly came another signal from the drums, the welcome call to breakfast. For every meal, each man having a tin plate and cup provided by the Government, we marched in single file to the windows of the cook-houses, wherefrom ample slices of bread and meat, and the beans or rice, were passed to us, and our cups filled with tea or coffee. These beverages may not have been of the very best, but thinking of the vile decoctions we got soon after on board the transport, I am willing, at this late date, to call them first-

rate. The rations thus served were usually partaken of in-doors, and the meal made sociable in parties about the barracks. Soon after breakfast the drums were heard again, this time for guard-mounting to replace those on duty during the night, and a detail from each company were marched to the parade ground, the names of those to serve having been given out at roll call on the previous evening by the Sergeants.

GUARD DUTY.

It was at Guard Mounting that we got some of the best of our first lessons in method and promptness. The quick, sharp way of the Adjutant in inspecting our rifles made us soon expert in handling and catching them, to avoid bruised fingers or toes; and when his critical eye found anything amiss in dress or equipment, the culprit was likely to be put upon the "police" detail to do scavenger work and dirty jobs, and wield a broom or rake instead of a musket for that day. The cordon of sentries around the camp, about forty yards apart, were relieved every two hours—easy duty compared to the tedious four hours on Provost Guard at New Berne afterward. Post One, at the main entrance, was a coveted place for its liveliness, but with duties more urgent and varied than at the other posts, for in pleasant weather the stream of visitors was unceasing all day. No raw recruit was stationed there except in the early days of such duty, when once a very verdant man at that post did not act and speak up aright, and the guard failed to turn out on approach of the Colonel. After that, such a man was posted at some other part of the line where a larger number denoted his post and his role was more simple.

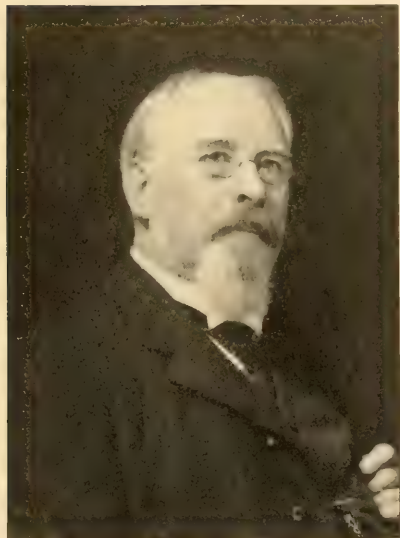
COMPANY AND REGIMENTAL DRILLS.

The next movement, in suitable weather (not actual rain), was the Company Drill. The drum-beat for this brought each company out, and all, save the men on guard were drilled by their Captains or Lieutenants for the rest of the forenoon until the recall was sounded shortly before dinner-time. Then again the lines marched on the cook-houses to the clattering din on the glittering tin things, signals of the sharp appetites for the principal feed of the day. The hour of noontide was the best oppor-

tunity for intercourse with visiting relatives and friends, and parents came to see their boys; brothers, sisters and cousins, or wife and children of the recruit came, often bringing home-made dainties to add to the camp rations, and all dining together in groups about the barracks,—groups lively indeed to the casual eye and ear, but betraying tokens of natural anxiety more and more as the day of separation drew near.

Our military training, so novel to most of us, was, in the pleasant autumn and on our own "native heath," much less arduous than the hard service we saw soon after in the enemy's country. Yet there was much to do and learn in the process of transforming new recruits into efficient soldiers. One principal work was, of course, the drilling: at first in marching and facing, by squads or by company, nearly every day and sometimes twice a day, and afterward in the manual of arms also. Strange to say, there was no target practice during our whole term, so that surely not one in ten of us was a fairly good shot with his weapon. The battalion and regimental drills, less frequent than the others, occurred in the afternoon under command of the Colonel or Lieutenant-Colonel. Being very important ones the strictest attendance of officers as well as men was enforced by Colonel Codman, many of the former needing instruction and practice as much as the enlisted men. To the latter these occasions gave a certain satisfaction when their own tutors got a touch of the same discipline and reprimand undergone by themselves.

The first drills by the Colonel in person were, I think, on the fourteenth and fifteenth of October. These drills closed about half an hour before the dress parade, in time for all to appear there looking their best. The dress parade concluded the evolutions of the day, and was enlivened by music of the full band, and made interesting by the company reports of the First sergeants, and the reading of papers drawn from his belt by the Adjutant, which might include marching orders or notice of a court martial, and confirm or refute the various rumors always afloat. Finally we march off, the band in advance, the companies going to quarters separately by tap of drum. The parade was



LIEUT. ABIJAH HOLLIS
LIEUT. THEODORE C. HURD



LIEUT. SAMUEL THAXTER, JR.
LIEUT. BENJ. H. TICKNOR

followed by supper, and all except the guard were at liberty within the lines until "taps" at 9 P. M., when lights in the barracks must be put out.

SOCIAL LIFE IN THE BARRACKS.

The evenings were passed in recreative ways and lively scenes in the buildings were common. In some were music and dancing, or games of cards, etc.; the familiar war songs of the time were sung by many voices, and the chorus being often caught up from one part to another, the whole camp rang with the inspiring strains. Religious meetings were also frequent in one or other of the buildings, and many joined in the services by speaking or singing. These were real union meetings, no one denomination prevailing.

Permission to pass the lines was often given, and in the leisure parts of the day we had various diversions, such as going in swimming at the river or a pond near by, when the weather was warm enough, as on September 27, October 7, 8 and 9, with occasional football games (the Colonel did not join in these, though good at it when in college), and gymnastic feats, where the stouter muscle of the sailor-man was oft excelled by the slim civilian. Some took long pedestrian trips in the vicinity, and the band playing on top of the big hill one day. We were sportive enough, but not so much so as a regiment within one of us, which decorated its barracks with Chinese lanterns, flags, and many gay devices, mottoes and ornaments, and while in the service got up a song-book, newspaper, magazine, debating club, concerts, and even dramas, balls, masquerades, and opera.

RELATIONS OF OFFICERS AND MEN.

In due course of time officers and men became well acquainted with each other and with their several duties, and the *esprit de corps* grew to a unity of purpose and fellow-feeling in a common interest and ambition to win a good record for the Regiment. Of the large number who met at first as strangers, individuals were soon influenced by sundry affinities or contrasts, and attachments began which lasted through the campaign, at least; or after often sharing each other's blankets and rations

and experiencing perils, hardship and adventure in the wild scenes of bivouac, march and battle together, resulted in friendships to be cherished during life.

A VISIT FROM GOVERNOR ANDREW.

On October 15th we were reviewed by Governor Andrew, who, with his staff and medical men, was on a tour of inspection of all the camps at Readville. On the morning of the twenty-second the Regiment marched to the railroad depot to see off for New Berne the Forty-Fourth, which had been at Camp Meigs since August 29th. One pleasant Sunday morning our Regiment attended service at the Park Street Church in Boston, and heard a discourse by our Chaplain, Rev. A. L. Stone, who afterward became endeared to all. Our first marching drill with muskets was on October 27th. About the twenty-ninth a case of varioloid appeared somewhere in the camps, and a general vaccination was ordered. Each company of us filed to the hospital where every man received the lancet and virus in his arm—fortunate those who suffered no worse wound or disease during the service. This operation had its compensation for who those “took” it severely, as they were excused from drill or got their leaves of absence at that time. On the twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth the new rifles and some clothing, such as blouses, gloves, etc., were distributed; on the thirtieth the height, weight, and a detailed description of each man were recorded.

MARCHING ORDERS.

We were now under marching orders and it was known that our destination was North Carolina, not the Army of the Potomac as had been supposed. November 1, each man's gun was stamped with a number to identify it as his special charge to keep, and to maintain in prime order and a high state of polish. We were armed with the Springfield rifles. The Forty-Fourth carried Enfield rifles captured in a blockade runner.

November 1st was a gala day. The Governor was again present with General Pierce, Commandant of the Post, and the grounds were *en fete* with our best display, and a throng of visitors in carriages and on foot. The occasion was chiefly the presen-

tation of a handsome blue silk banner to the Regiment from ladies, personal friends of the officers. Most of those present were visiting us for the last time.

GOOD-BY TO CAMP MEIGS.

The final days here were busy with the preparation for leaving, and early in the morning of November 5th blankets were rolled up and knapsacks packed. Many trifles that had accumulated in our quarters had to be left, or were cast into the fires, where the camp kettles hung, cooking our parting meal. The sentries on their well-worn paths were relieved for the last time, and at ten A. M. the Regiment was ready to march. We left the fire still burning by the guard tent, where at night we had smoked our pipes and tended the potatoes roasting in the ashes for our midnight lunch, or, wrapped in our blankets, feet to the fire, had slept till aroused to go upon guard at our several posts.

The deserted barracks remained in memory as the scenes of an active and mostly pleasant life, with comforts often lacking in camps occupied afterward. To the tunes of "Auld Lang Syne" and the like by the band, we marched to the station, whence the train bore us away about eleven A. M., and we embarked the same day, with the Forty-Sixth Regiment, on the iron steamer *Mississippi* for transfer to New Berne.

From Readville to Morehead City, N. C.

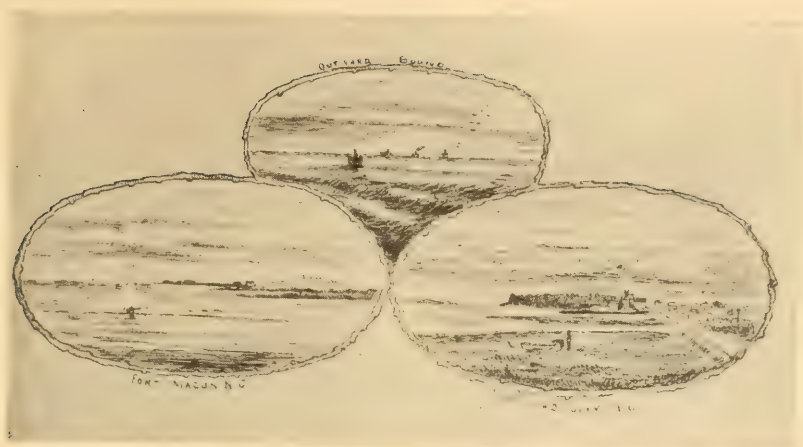
BY PRIVATE FRANKLIN H. DEAN, COMPANY A.



DOUBTLESS the least interesting portion of the experience of the Forty-Fifth Regiment is the history of its trip from Readville to Morehead City, N. C. Not that the passage was devoid of incident, but because it was evidently free from inspiration. Dull and eventless camp life sometimes becomes monotonous, but lying between decks in bunks, dark and comfortless, is stagnation.

MARCHING ORDERS AND DEPARTURE FROM READVILLE.

On the first days in November, it began to be rumored about Camp Meigs that "marching orders" had come. Many were the speculations as to the Regiment's destination, and various arguments were advanced to the effect that it must be, as each disputant presented his case, the Potomac, New Orleans, Texas, and New Berne. At last the official order was read at "Dress Parade" and general satisfaction seemed to prevail that New Berne was to be our destination. After this all was activity in our camp, and to the untried soldier it was the great question how all the accumulations of comforts of a month in camp could be transported in knapsack, haversack, or canteen, to a new camp facing the enemy in North Carolina. The sequel proved that these accumulations must remain behind for the benefit of those who were to follow us in the occupation of the Readville barracks. The last evening in camp was spent as had been the custom by the presence of many friends of the Regiment. "Taps" were sounded, and the boys slept for the last night where they first formed their army associates and friendships. On the morning of November 5th, the Forty Fifth Regiment fell into line, equipped for the march, and went directly to the little station on the Boston and Providence Railroad at Readville, where they boarded the train for Boston.



FRANKLIN H. DEAN, CO. A

ARRIVAL IN BOSTON AND RECEPTION ON THE COMMON.

After the usual delays attending such movements, the boys formed in line at the Park-Square Station, about noon, to march to the Charles-Street Mall on the Common. Drawn up in line to receive us, and accompanied by many past officers and members, was the Independent Corps of Cadets, who honored the regiment by performing escort duty for the day. Taking up the line of march, the Regiment came to a halt near the Beacon Street end of the Mall. The Parade Ground of the Common was roped off, and some five thousand or more people standing outside greeted the boys. The Boston Journal commenting said, "the men wore their new overcoats, and looked in fine condition." An abundant repast of sandwiches, cake and coffee had been prepared by Boston ladies, and appetites whetted by keen November air caused those good things to disappear in a very brief time. Then those who were fortunate enough to have family and other friends present managed to bid them "good-by."

Colonel Codman, having the natural and pardonable pride of a Bostonian in his own city, then put the Regiment through some manœuvres to the delight and applause of friends gathered outside the ropes. Then, forming the men in a hollow square, the officers stepped to the centre and John A. Andrew, to be known in all history as the War Governor of Massachusetts, stepped into the square and presented the Regiment with the colors of the old Commonwealth. Among the many inspiring utterances coming from his lips, Governor Andrew said in part—"I know, whatever future may betide you, the people of Massachusetts will always maintain in their hearts the unfailing certainty that the honor of the Commonwealth, the dignity of their own character, the fidelity of their own purpose will be fitly represented whether in the police or morals of the camp, or in the sharp conflict of the battle-field; wherever your swords are drawn, louder than the din of battle, let your exulting shout crown the hour of Victory; higher than our Eagle soars, let the flame of your patriotism ascend toward the skies and pure as the white field of the flag of the Commonwealth shall be the firmness of your patriotic loyalty. Go Sirs! Go Gentlemen! Go

Soldiers! The sympathy of the old Bay State accompanies you to the field, and the prayers of good men whom you leave behind you shall attend in every conflict, and the blessing of God himself be with you and our Holy Cause forever!" Colonel Codman said on receiving the colors, "The future will tell you how much we deserve the encomium you have passed upon us." After this the Regiment, under the escort, passed off the Common, marching through Beacon, Tremont, Court, State and Commercial Streets to Battery Wharf where the transport steamship *Mississippi* lay waiting to receive our command.

The sidewalks along the line of march were thronged with people, and the balconies and windows crowded with ladies who vied with each other in giving the Forty-Fifth Regiment evidence of their esteem and affection. The Transcript of that day said, "As the Cadet Regiment was marching through Tremont Street, Colonel Chickering's command, escorting the distinguished General Banks, moved along Washington Street, affording an excellent opportunity of viewing both regiments."

EMBARKATION FOR NORTH CAROLINA.

On reaching Battery Wharf, a strong guard was placed to keep the public away, and as quickly as possible, the whole Regiment, and three companies of the Forty-Sixth, with line officers, baggage, horses, etc., were placed on board, and, as the sun descended below the New England hills, the huge transport swung into the stream and steamed down the bay to its anchorage in President Roads. During the night the wind came squarely round to the east, and in the morning a severe storm was raging. The steamers *Mississippi* and *Merrimac*, which now lay near each other, had been fitted up with bunks, three tiers deep, with narrow aisles between the tiers, the whole space dimly lighted, and the means of ventilation anything but satisfactory. Added to this was the mysterious character of the rations dipped from a large caldron, and the tepid water, condensed for drinking, the tea, black in color and oily in taste, said by the growlers to be made from the black overcoats of our friends of the Forty-Sixth;

all this, with the rolling of the steamer, produced, in many, a nausea that was anything but romantic.

This state of affairs continued for five days, until the writer's condition reminded him of the Hibernian woman who said, "By me faith, I lay spacheless, six wakes in the hot month of Arugust, flat on me back, face downwards, and me only cry was—'wather, wather'." Some of the men soon discovered that by taking one of the lanterns that shed its dim rays on the scene, ascending to the deck and passing down a narrow staircase forward, they could have it replenished with oil, and themselves replenished with an abundant supply of ice water. Never before in the history of the lighting did lamps need replenishing so often! The *Boston Journal* of the 8th, said, "So many men having been gathered together in a small space scarcely any of whom have been at sea, has been productive of considerable sea-sickness and suffering among the men, and it has been desirable and necessary to cleanse and purify the vessels before proceeding to sea. One private, named Snell, who was sick when the Regiment embarked, died yesterday, and the body was brought to the city this afternoon."

The following "General Order" was issued by the Adjutant General—"The Forty-Third, Forty-Fifth and Forty-Sixth Regiments Massachusetts Volunteer Militia on board the transports *Merrimac* and *Mississippi* in Boston Harbor will be at once taken from their transports and placed in Forts Warren and Independence, and wherever accommodations can be found for them, where they will remain until the ships are cleaned of filth, and made ready again to receive the troops. Colonel Codman of the Forty-Fifth will promulgate this order to the officers commanding the Forty-Third and Forty-Sixth Regiments, and will see to the execution of it. General Schouler has gone down the harbor to personally attend to the condition of the men." The writer finds upon consulting the different authorities that this order was not carried out because of the unwillingness of the commanders of the forts above mentioned to receive the troops. The matter was finally adjusted by taking the Forty-Sixth Regiment to the city and quartering the men at Faneuil Hall.

The *Boston Journal* of the 10th said, "The all prevailing topic of this week is the condition of the troops on board the *Merrimac* and *Mississippi*, and a great deal of anxiety is felt and expressed for the comfort of the troops.

There are not two finer transport steamers in the employ of the Government than the *Merrimac* and the *Mississippi*."

In ordinary weather the steamers could have carried the troops embarked on them much more comfortably than the British soldiers were transported. As soon as the facts of the above-named "General Order" were made known, Quartermaster McKim took possession of the steamer *Saxon*, Captain Matthews, of the Boston and Philadelphia line of steamers, that was to have sailed Saturday at four o'clock, P. M. The freight was discharged, and she was quickly made ready to receive the Forty-Sixth Regiment. On the 18th, there appeared in the city dailies a letter from Chaplain Stone in reference to a sensational article appearing in the *Evening Express*, which represented the Forty-Fifth in a state of open rebellion. He said, "No statement could have been more unfounded in fact. Their cheerfulness, their harmony, their perfect obedience to orders, their un-murmuring consent to all that is disagreeable and trying in their situation, have been the delight and pride of their officers. There is considerable intelligence in these regiments, and not a few of the men are capable of wondering why they were hurried away from Readville, and packed on board a transport ship with hardly room to draw a long breath, to wait here four days for a convoy, the necessity for which was as well understood before they left as since. The commander of this vessel, the veteran Captain Baxter, remarked to-day at table, 'Well, Colonel, I must give your men the palm above all I have yet carried, for orderly and peaceful conduct on board, because they have been through severer trials than any others.'"

A pleasant incident associated with the Boston Harbor experience is worthy to be recalled. When the Swampscott boys enlisted, they suffered in common with others while waiting to make their trip to the South. Captain Blanchard, learning of their state, came home and related it to the people. Immedi-

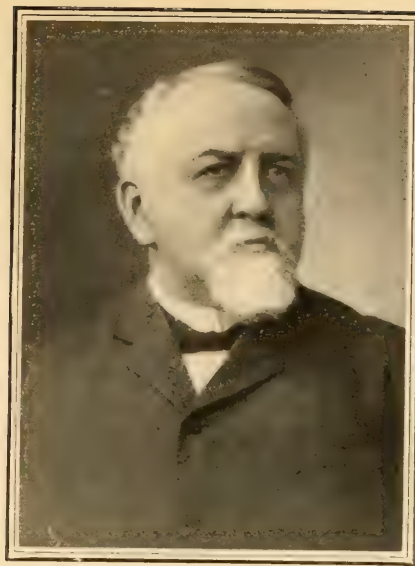
ately he collected a large store of goods, among them being many barrels of apples, which the farmers supplied. The Captain took them to Boston over the water, during a terrific storm. It was so bad that the crew asked many times to return, and thought he was crazy to venture further. He kept on, and successfully landed his cargo, which was greatly appreciated by the boys.

When the Forty-Sixth Regiment joined the rest down the bay on board the *Saxon*, the men were greeted with, "Did you dine at Parker's?" "How are the girls?" "Is Faneuil Hall in Dock Square now?"

Aggravating replies of an exaggerated character were given. One had a good night's rest, but didn't sleep a wink. On the 10th, the convoy *Huron* having arrived, the fleet was, towards evening, at last ready to sail. Shortly after a signal from the warship, the *Mississippi* led off the column followed by the *Saxon* a half mile distant, and close upon her was the *Merrimac*, and bringing up in the rear was the *Huron*, having on board ample means with a gallant crew to defend the fleet against Confederate cruisers. It was ordered that the fleet keep as close as possible to each other for the purpose of protection, should any danger occur.

The next morning we sailed past Gay Head, and by noon were out of sight of land. On the 12th, the sea was rather rough for landsmen, and considerable sickness prevailed. On the 13th, the sea was again calm. In the evening many of the comrades were on deck singing when the light of Hatteras appeared. At an early hour, those on deck caught their first sight of the low coast of Carolina. Previous to this a suspicious craft had been seen, and the transports had lain by awaiting developments. For this reason the vessels had changed position somewhat, the *Merrimac* having the lead upon entering the harbor of Morehead City, and taking on board the only pilot, she steamed towards the railroad wharf, closely followed by the *Mississippi*, both making a chase for the first occupation of the wharf. Luckily for the Forty-Fifth, the *Merrimac* struck a sandbar, and while struggling to get off, the *Mississippi* steamed by and reached the wharf in advance, much to the chagrin of the other

fellows. Nearly nine days had been spent in our narrow quarters, and the men set foot on Confederate soil with the greatest pleasure, to face an enemy whose power they knew not, and the exigencies of battle that none could foresee.



ALBERT W. MANN, CO. A



Camp Amory on the Trent

BY PRIVATE ALBERT W. MANN OF COMPANY A.



ON our arrival at Morehead City, North Carolina, November 14, 1862, there were no crowds of enthusiastic friends to welcome us, but on the wharf were a few whites, whose cold and stony countenances seemed in accord with the bleak and dreary landscape of sand and water that stretched for miles on either side of us. We disembarked at four o'clock, clambered on to platform cars, and started on our forty mile ride to New Berne. As we entered the woody district the signs on every hand indicated that we were in the enemy's country and that this railroad was closely guarded by our troops. There were numerous camps and picket stations, and here and there a blockhouse, commanding a road or a bridge. A swampy country extended for many miles on either side of the railroad track, covered with a heavy growth of pines, in whose depths were stores of tar and turpentine, about the only source of wealth in this desolate looking district. At eight o'clock that evening our train rolled over the long bridge which spans the river Trent, and we entered the town of New Berne. We were cold and hungry and appreciated the "hot coffee" provided for us by our friends of the Forty-Fourth, who had been awaiting our arrival.

Our wing of the Regiment had been assigned quarters for the night in a government warehouse, and to many of the boys no feather bed on the old farm ever seemed so inviting and comfortable as did those bags of oats on which we rested our weary bodies that first night in New Berne. We were up bright and early the next morning and took a brief stroll around the town, which we found to be pleasantly situated at the confluence of the Trent and Neuse rivers, its streets regularly laid out and shaded by graceful elms. Many of the old and well-to-do citizens left the town when it was taken by the Union forces, and their

large and handsome residences were taken possession of by the Government and occupied by the general officers of our Army Corps and the Provost Guard.

The city was one vast camp with but few white civilians. A few enterprising citizens remained and did a thriving business in various lines, often making serious inroads on the pocket-books of the Yankee invaders.

Before taking up the march for our quarters across the Trent, our Springfield rifles, which had been shipped to New Berne in cases were unpacked and delivered to the men. Then, in heavy marching order, we formed our regimental line and started for our camp ground, crossing the long railroad bridge and following the road along the edge of the river. On our way we passed the camp of the Seventeenth Massachusetts who were quartered in tents. They turned out *en masse* and greeted us with hearty cheers. After a tramp of a mile and a half, over a sandy road and under a hot sun, we reached the barracks assigned to us on the east bank of the river Trent. In my mind's eye I can see those long, rough wooden sheds, standing parallel to each other, and at right angles to the river, which we were to occupy and which would ever after be known to us as

CAMP AMORY ON THE TRENT.

In our fatigued condition it was a welcome resting place, a very haven of rest. In the rear of our barracks was the main road from New Berne to Beaufort, crossing the Trent at this point, over the county bridge, its approach guarded by Fort Gaston, a little earthwork. The river Trent formed one boundary of our camp ground. The officers' quarters were directly opposite, a short distance beyond the ends of the barracks. There were five rooms in each shed, one for each company. The detail for camp guard was made at once after our arrival and the guards posted. Then the command, "Break Ranks" was given and there was a grand scramble for bunks. The quarters for each company were roomy and comfortable, and a little later we each had large open fire-places around which we spent many pleasant hours in the long winter evenings. Our barracks occupied the

site of a former Confederate Cavalry Camp, and was originally a portion of a large cotton plantation, whose owner was an officer in the Confederate Army. Camp Amory received its name in compliment to Colonel Amory of the Seventeenth Massachusetts, commanding our brigade, which was composed of the Seventeenth, Twenty-Third, Forty-Third, Forty-Fifth and Fifty-First Massachusetts regiments. Our camp became more and more comfortable and pleasant with every day's occupation, but we soon realized that our long holiday was over and we were now engaged in the stern duties of soldiers in the field. A pleasant memory in the early days of our camp life there, is a little excursion that twenty of us made to the brick mansion, once the home of the owner of the plantation, having been detailed to get bricks to build a chimney for our barracks. It was only a few minutes' walk from our camp. The mansion house was a sad ruin, the front wall nearly demolished, the windows broken, and the bats flying in and out. In front of the house was a lawn, once finely kept, which sloped gradually down to the river, and scattered here and there were some noble old trees. In the rear were the negro quarters, also a large cotton press and cotton gin, all going to decay. Under the shade of a holly tree was a tomb from which I copied the following beautiful epitaph:

Here are deposited the remains of
 GEN. RICHARDS DOBBS SPAIGHT
 who departed this life on the 6th September, 1802
 Aged 44 years.

He is gone, lamented by the good and revered by the brave.

He is gone, loaded with the honors of his country and the benedictions of his friends.

So sleeps the brave who sink to rest
 By all their country's wishes blest.
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck his hallowed mold;
 She there will find a sweeter sod,
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands his knell is rung
By forms unseen his dirge is sung,
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps his clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
And dwell a weeping hermit there.

The tomb was built of brick, five feet high and twelve feet square, and there were the indications of a house having covered it at one time. History informs us that General Richards Dobbs Spaight was a delegate from North Carolina to the Convention which framed the Constitution of the United States, and he was one of the signers of that memorable document.

One of the bright spots in our life at Camp Amory was the arrival of the steamer from New York, bringing the mail for the soldiers in the department. It came to pass that the names of those steamers, the *Dudley Buck* and *Ellen S. Terry* became as familiar as household words. On one occasion, soon after our arrival, Captain Denny entered the barracks with three hundred letters for the members of Company A. I seem to hear the sharp, clear voice of Sergeant Barstow as he read off the names, and can see the eager, expectant look on the faces of my comrades. They were tender, encouraging messages which came to us from the loved ones at home, and it was an inspiration to right action to know that our friends in New England were thinking of us, praying for us, and at the same time sending us so many substantial tokens of their affection, for the cargo of every steamer from New York was largely made up of boxes for the Massachusetts boys in the department, and we of the Forty-Fifth received our full proportion. They were full of just such eatables as our good mothers knew we were particularly fond of, every one expressive of deep love, while tucked away here and there was a leaflet, a paper, or a book, showing their anxiety for our mental and spiritual welfare. While these good things lasted, the sutler's business, was almost at a standstill. Occasionally some of us were favored with brief visits from relatives and friends from the North. At such times the rigor of military discipline was somewhat relaxed by our kind-hearted Colonel, and we were permitted to enjoy their society for a while.

Life at Camp Amory proceeded according to strict military rules. When the "reveille" sounded there was no loitering in bunks, but an instantaneous gathering on to the floor of our barracks. Sergeant Barstow was a model of promptness and regularity, and in our opinion was one of the best Orderly Sergeants in the Regiment. His quick eye seemed to take in everything at a glance, and his clear ringing voice commanded instant attention.

Three days after our arrival we had a "general inspection." We were ordered out in "heavy marching order" as if we were going to leave our camp. Some thought we were going to New Berne, but we were halted out on the plain, half a mile from our barracks, and were reviewed by Major General Foster and Staff. Early in December in obedience to orders from headquarters, Colonel Codman detailed two companies for special service. Company C went to Morehead City, and on the following day Company G, under command of Lieutenant Thayer, left for garrison duty at Fort Macon. Several of the officers and men were also detached from the Regiment for special service. Captain Joseph Murdoch of Company G, went on Colonel Amory's Staff as aid, and Lieutenant Dewson as Brigade Quartermaster, his place as Regimental Quartermaster being filled by Lieutenant Emmons of Company E. Lieutenants Richardson of Company A, and Blagden of Company I, went into the Signal Corps and never rejoined their commands. The men were variously distributed, some on signal service, many as clerks at the various headquarters, assistants in the hospitals, teamsters, etc., thus materially weakening the Regiment in point of numbers by these heavy details.

Colonel Codman was a thorough and persistent drill master and seemed determined that we should become proficient in every movement laid down in the "tactics," and the Forty-Fifth earn the name of being one of the best drilled regiments in the department. Company drills were always in order for the forenoon, and in the afternoon regimental, and frequently brigade drills. There was an immense level field back of the officers' quarters, and Colonel Codman made the most of it, and we

tramped many miles over it in our daily drills. Fortunately the weather was favorable for such active out-of-door exercise, the days being quite mild, like our Indian summer in New England, but the nights were cold and damp. We shall never forget those brigade drills on those burning sands in company with the Seventeenth, Twenty-Third, Forty-Third and Fifty-First Regiments, Colonel T. J. C. Amory in command. Colonel Codman in the regimental drills had a very plain and direct way of addressing the line officers when they blundered, which greatly amused us "high privates" and increased our respect for his clear-sightedness. Just before sunset the day's duties closed with a dress parade, which was a very different exhibition from that given at Readville. Not only had the constant drilling improved the bearing and marching of the men, but our band, by constant practice had also made a great advance, and gave us some very good music.

When the Seventeenth Massachusetts was detailed for Provost Duty in New Berne, we were obliged by General Orders to furnish a detail for picket duty across the river. The preparations for this service were as extensive as if we were bound on an expedition, instead of a simple bivouac for the night. It was quite a different duty from that on the Potomac, and was in some degree a relief from the monotonous daily round of camp life. There were six stations across the river under the command of a Corporal. The Picket Guard with rations and blankets went out one morning and were relieved the next. There was no expectation that an enemy would approach in that direction, and yet one night we had a practical example of its great advantage as told by Sergeant Barry in "The Sergeant's Story." When relieved from our ordinary camp guard we had a little target practice and the best shot was exempted from guard duty for a while.

This routine of drill, guard and police duty, led many to think that our term of service would be an inactive one, but in the army, the "unexpected" frequently happens. These rigid drills and high state of discipline, were, after all, preparing us for the stern realities of war which we were to experience in a few

short weeks. These fears of inactivity were dispelled by rumors, which spread through the camp, that our Regiment would soon take part in an aggressive movement, and on the 8th of December, 1862, "Marching Orders" were read on "Dress Parade."

Early in January, after our return from the Goldsboro Expedition, we had a welcome visitor, in the shape of Uncle Sam's Paymaster, and we drew the munificent sum of \$19.95, our pay from September 15th, to November 1st. The paymaster's table was between the two lines of barracks, and close at hand was the happy Sutler, who scooped in a good full portion of the cash, for he had given the boys a pretty full line of credit. The sudden acquisition of so much ready money, gave some of us a desire to spend a portion of it, and two of us secured passes to New Berne. We were tired of "hard-tack" and "salt-horse," and even of the excellent baked beans, with which company-cook Davenport used to regale us; so we made a "bee-line" for Mrs. Morse's boarding-house on Middle Street, a restaurant well patronized by members of the Forty-Fifth. My comrades who have been there, will testify that it was a good dinner which she served to her patrons. The bill of fare included oysters, stewed chicken, ham, sausages, fish-balls, sweet potatoes, hoe-cakes, biscuits, and custard pudding, all for fifty cents. She was thoroughly "Secesh" in her sentiments, and used her tongue freely, but her sarcasm never spoiled our appetites. After dinner we visited the Masonic Hospital, and saw several of our Regiment who were wounded in the recent battles. These little excursions to New Berne and to neighboring camps, were pleasant features of our army life.

Our life at Camp Amory was full of incidents, amusing and entertaining. As we became better acquainted we took greater liberties with each other, and then the fun increased. It is no secret, that one member of Company A was pulled out of his bunk in the middle of the night, when he shouted with nightmare, rousing us all from sound slumber, then riding his nightmare he rushed out of the barracks onto the parade ground, followed by others, all in "undress uniform." The contrabands in

our vicinity of all ages, sizes and colors, and of both sexes, paid us daily visits in great numbers; and our camp was a veritable bonanza to them, for we were liberal purchasers of their pies, cakes, biscuits and sweet potatoes. There was old "Gatsy" with her sweet potatoes, pies and cakes, and "Caleb" with his long cotton bag full of dough bullets. They took our persistent and practical jokes good naturedly, knowing that we were their friends and protectors. Once in a while a runaway slave from within the Confederate lines found his way into camp, and would be taken before Colonel Codman. One came into camp just before we started on the Goldsboro Expedition, who reported that since sunrise of the previous day, he had travelled from Jacksonville, forty miles distant, and that there was a large Confederate force in that vicinity. A day or two after our return from the mud-march to Trenton, some of the results of that raid came straggling through our camp, a hundred or more contrabands, escaped from slavery. Once under the "Stars and Stripes" they could claim, and were entitled to our protection.

THANKSGIVING DAY IN CAMP

will long be remembered. The companies were formed during the forenoon, marched to the parade ground, formed battalion line, then hollow square, the men four deep. Colonel Codman then read Governor Andrew's proclamation, as follows:—

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

BY HIS EXCELLENCY JOHN A. ANDREW,

GOVERNOR.

A PROCLAMATION FOR A DAY OF PUBLIC THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE.

By and with the advice and consent of the Council, I do hereby appoint Thursday, the twenty-seventh day of November next, to be observed throughout this Commonwealth as a Day of Public Thanksgiving and Praise. And I do earnestly invite and request all the people of Massachusetts to set apart that day for the grateful and happy remembrance of the boundless mercies and loving kindness of Him, in whose name our fathers planted

this Commonwealth, and to whose services they consecrated their lives and devoted their posterity. "The Lord has established His Throne in the Heavens and His Kingdom ruleth over all." He is the Sovereign Commander of all the world, in whose hand is power and might; which none is able to withstand, and to Him only belong ascriptions of glory, who is the only Giver of Victory. Let our hearts therefore ascend higher than all the interests that entangle, all the doubts that bewilder, the passions that ensnare, and the prejudices that obscure, consenting to be led, illumed and governed by His infinite intelligence and love. In the meditations of the House of Praise let us take comfort, and be thankful for the numberless manifestations of heroic and manly virtue, which, amid the distractions of War, in the duties of the camp, and in the perils of battle, have illustrated the character of the sons of Massachusetts, and for the serene and beautiful devotion with which her daughters have given the dearest offerings of their hearts to the support of their country, and for the defence of mankind.

Let us not forget the bountiful bestowments of the year, filling the granaries of the husbandman, and rewarding the toil of the laborer, the enterprise, thrift and industry of all our people.

No pestilence hath lurked in the darkness, nor assailed us in the light of day. Calamity hath not overwhelmed us, nor hath any enemy destroyed.

Rising to the height of our great occasion, reinforced by courage, conviction and faith, it has been the privilege of our country to perceive in the workings of Providence the opening ways of a sublime duty. And to Him, who hath never deserted the faithful unto Him "who gathereth together the outcasts of Israel, who healeth the broken in heart," we owe a new song of Thanksgiving. "He showeth His word unto Jacob, His statutes and His judgments unto Israel. He hath not dealt so with any nation."

Putting aside all fear of man, which bringeth a snare, may this people put on the strength which is the Divine promise and gift to the faithful and obedient, "let the praises of God be in their mouth, and a two-edged sword in their hand." Not with

malice and wickedness, but with sincerity and truth, let us keep this feast, and while "we eat the fat, and drink the sweet, forget not to send a portion to him for whom nothing is prepared."

Let us remember that day the claims of all who are poor, or desolate, or oppressed, and pledge the devotion of our lives to the rescue of our country from the evils of rebellion, oppression and wrong, and may we all so order our conduct, hereafter, that we may neither be ashamed to live, nor afraid to die.

Given at the Council Chamber in Boston, this twenty-seventh day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, and the eighty-seventh of the Independence of the United States.

JOHN A. ANDREW.

By His Excellency the Governor with the advice of the Council.

OLIVER WARNER,

Secretary.

God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!

After the reading of this Proclamation, Chaplain Stone made an earnest and fitting address, taking for his text the One Hundred and Forty-Sixth Psalm.

At the conclusion of the Chaplain's address, Major Sturgis called for three cheers for home, and good old Thanksgiving, then three more and three more, all of which were given with a good will. Again forming our regimental line, we faced a newly erected flagstaff, and, at a given signal, the flag at the top was loosened and floated in the breeze; our band struck up "The Star Spangled Banner," and Colonel Codman called for three times three cheers for the "Stars and Stripes" to which every man responded heartily. We were then dismissed and had the privilege of passing our camp lines, keeping inside the picket lines. Long after "Taps" sounded that night we sat around the log-fire in our barracks, and thought and talked of home, and how we usually passed Thanksgiving Day in old Massachusetts.

SUNDAY IN CAMP

was not wholly a day of rest. In the forenoon, according to Army Regulations, there came an inspection, when our guns,

equipments and uniforms must be in the best possible condition. If the inside of the barrels of our rifles revealed an atom of dirt on the white glove of the inspecting officer, it called for a reprimand. To prepare for this inspection occupied the most of our Sunday forenoon. At three o'clock the "Assembly" sounded for "Divine Service." The band, stationed on the "Parade Ground," played the air of some familiar hymn and we marched by companies forming a hollow square enclosing the field officers and the band.

Then Chaplain Stone, with the same ease and reverence, that marked his manner in Park-Street Church, stepped forward, and with uncovered head, conducted the services, closed with the Doxology, "Old Hundred," sung by the whole Regiment.

The whole scene is photographed on my memory. I have a distinct recollection of a sermon he preached in January, 1863, just after our return from the Goldsboro Expedition, and of the practical application he made of the text which was from Psalm 66: XIII. "I will pay Thee my vows." His sermons were always interesting and of practical value. Without any long preamble he could touch and influence all hearts, and I am sure his memory is honored and revered by every man in the Regiment.

The loss of so many comrades in battle, and the illness of others, which in many cases proved fatal, naturally induced a deep seriousness among the members of the regiment.

Prayer meetings were held in the different company barracks, which were largely attended and very interesting. Many of the officers were in hearty sympathy with the movement, and some of them, at times, conducted the meetings.

A malarial fever carried off many of our comrades. In Surgeon Kneeland's article on the Medical and Surgical Department, he gives the cause of so much of the sickness at this time.

I have touched somewhat briefly on a few of the incidents and experiences which marked our life at Camp Amory.

As I have recalled them, doubtless many others have been in the minds of comrades, some of a personal, and some of a general nature, and perhaps more interesting than any here related, and more worthy a place in this Memorial Volume.

Looking at the picture from this distance of time, there are many lights and but few shadows. We were young, hopeful and patriotic, and, as a rule, accepted the trials and discomforts of army life in a philosophical spirit. If there was a "silver lining to the cloud," we had a few buoyant souls who were sure to find it, and they inspired the rest of us, who took a more sombre view of things.

I cannot close without alluding to the enlivening influence exerted upon us by those who possessed the gift of song.

There were many splendid voices in our Regiment, and in those long winter evenings, when the log fire burned brightly in our barracks, and we gathered around it for warmth and sociability, those clear voices rang out, in songs that were comic, songs that were pathetic, songs that were patriotic, songs tender and sacred that carried our thoughts and hearts back to the old homestead in dear New England. I believe they made us better, braver and truer men. The sharing of common dangers and hardships, bound us closely together in ties of comradeship. It is a peculiar tie which perhaps none of us can clearly define, but we do know that our hearts respond most quickly to a greeting from a member of the "Old Forty-Fifth."

The soldier's life is one of change. In the Civil War he had no fixed abiding place. Therefore we were not surprised when orders were read on "Dress Parade," January 24, 1863, detailing our Regiment for "Provost Duty" in New Berne.

And thus ended our ten weeks' sojourn at Camp Amory on the Trent.



MAJ.-GEN. JOHN G. FOSTER, COMMANDING 18TH ARMY CORPS
DEPARTMENT OF NORTH CAROLINA

General John G. Foster.



OUR Corps Commander, John G. Foster, Major General of Volunteers, was a native of New Hampshire and born May 27, 1823. He graduated at West Point in 1846, and was appointed a brevet second lieutenant in the Corps of Engineers.

Among his classmates were Generals McClellan, Couch, Gordon, Oaks, Reno, Stedman and Sturgis of the Union Army ; and Stonewall Jackson and Wilcox, of the Confederate Army. He served in the Mexican War, and was brevetted first lieutenant for gallantry at Contreras and Cherubusco, and as captain, for gallantry at Molino del Rey, where he was one of the party that stormed the Mexican works, and where he was severely wounded. In 1854, he was Assistant Professor of Engineering at West Point, became a captain July 1, 1860, and was brevetted major, December 26, 1860. April 23, 1858, he had charge of the fortifications in North and South Carolina, which duty he was performing when the Civil War broke out in 1861.

He was second in command in the garrison of Fort Sumter under Major Robert Anderson, and participated in the defence of that fort. After its surrender he was employed upon the fortifications of New York. October 23, 1861, he received a commission as Brigadier-General of Volunteers, commanding a brigade in the Burnside Expedition to North Carolina, and took a leading part in the capture of Roanoke Island and New Berne.

After the capture of New Berne he was made Governor of the place. In August, 1862, he was commissioned Major-General of Volunteers, and when General Burnside left North Carolina to join the Army of the Potomac, General Foster became the Commander of the Department, and on the creation of the Eighteenth Army Corps he was appointed to the command.

The following despatch was sent by General Foster after the Goldsboro Expedition :

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF NORTH CAROLINA

December 20, 1862.

MAJOR-GENERAL HALLECK,

General-in-chief, Washington.

My expedition was a perfect success. I burned the railroad bridge at Goldsboro and Mount Olive, and tore up several miles of the track of the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad. We fought four engagements, *viz*: at Southwest Creek, Kinston, Whitehall and Goldsboro, and whipped the enemy handsomely each time.

(Signed) J. G. FOSTER,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

By a General Order dated New Berne, January 12, 1863, the following named officers were announced as constituting the Staff of the Major-General Commanding:

Brigadier-General, Edward E. Potter, Chief-of-Staff; Lieutenant-Colonel Southard Hoffman, Assistant Adjutant-General; Captain James H. Strong, Aide-de-Camp and Assistant-Adjutant and Inspector General; Major J. L. Stackpole, Judge Advocate; Major John F. Andrews, Senior Aide-de-Camp; Major Edward N. Strong, Aide-de-Camp; Captain George E. Garrard, Aide-de-Camp; Captain Louis Fitzgerald, Aide-de-Camp; Captain Daniel Messenger, Provost-Marshal; Lieutenant-Colonel Herman Briggs, Chief-Quartermaster; Captain J. C. Slaght, Assistant-Quartermaster; Captain Henry Potter, Assistant-Quartermaster; Captain William Holden, Assistant-Quartermaster; Captain J. J. Brown, Assistant-Quartermaster; Lieutenant Joseph A. Goldthwaite, Acting Commissary of Subsistence; Lieutenant T. W. Farquhar, United States Engineer Corps, Chief Engineer; Lieutenant M. F. Prouty, Acting Ordnance-Officer; Lieutenant J. Myers, United States Ordnance Corps; Surgeon F. G. Snelling, Medical Director.

From July 15 to November 15, 1863, General Foster was in command of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina, and from December 12, 1863 to February 9, 1864, he commanded the Department of the Ohio. This command he was obliged to relinquish on account of severe injuries, resulting from a fall from his horse. After remaining on "sick leave" two months in Baltimore, he assumed command of the Department of the South, retaining it from May 26, 1864 to February 11, 1865. From August, 1865, to December, 1866, he commanded the Department of Florida.

He was made Lieutenant-Colonel in the Engineer Corps of the Regular Army, March 7, 1867, and brevetted Major-General of the Regular Army. He was mustered out of the Volunteer service September, 1866. "After thirty-two years of continuous service he retired to his home in Nashua, where, suffering for six months as a consumptive (a disease which had carried off most of his family) he died September 2, 1874, and was buried with military and civic honors due his rank and services.

"It was his fortune to hear the first gun that ushered in the Civil War, and when at its close the news arrived in Florida of the surrender of Lee and Johnston, he was still pressing marauding bands infesting that State." We take the liberty of quoting here the excellent tribute to his memory and services, by the Historian of the Twenty-Seventh Massachusetts Regiment.

"Major-General Foster was regarded as one of the most accomplished, brave and prudent officers in the army, and during his long and varied service never suffered a defeat on the field.

"He was endowed with wonderful foresight and fertility of resource, enabling him to provide for any emergency, so that his troops never were found in false or fatal positions. This was in part due to his military training, and in part to a trait asserting itself in all his acts, that what was worth doing at all was worth doing well. As a result, whatever field he entered, he became conversant with all its features and detail. As engineer on the coast defences of North and South Carolina, previous to the war, he had not only acquainted himself with the fortifications, but the topography of the surrounding country during the Rebellion. As commander of New Berne he built its fortifications *so well* that though the enemy several times drove the garrison into the intrenchments they never dared assault them. John G. Nicolay, private secretary to President Lincoln, commenting on the bombardment of Fort Sumter thirty-six hours, without the loss of a single life, says, 'Captain Foster, the accomplished engineer of the fort, by many expedients known to military science, had pushed its defences to a state of relative completeness, with the limited means within the fort. Most of the embrasures of the lower tier of casemates were closed, and here the garrison were securely housed.'

“His nature was more inclined to aggression than defence. By restless activity with a small force, he was able to inflict serious losses upon a larger one, and by surprises and reconnoissances, to hold them constantly on the defensive. He was a strict disciplinarian; but his genial nature cultivated a most cordial relation with subordinates. His wise, humane, and yet determined course, secured the fear and respect of both friends and foes.

His remains now rest in the Nashua Cemetery, a plain marble shaft, bearing the following inscription, marks his last resting place :

To my Husband,
JOHN GRAY FOSTER,
Lieut. Col. U. S. Engineers,
and
Brevet Maj. Gen'l United States Army,
Died at Nashua,
Sept. 2, 1874.
Aged 51.

Post No. 7, Grand Army of the Republic, Nashua, N. H.,
has the honor of bearing his name.



COL. T. J. C. AMORY, COMMANDING 17TH REGT. MASS. VOLS.
ACTING BRIGADIER GENERAL

Colonel T. J. C. Amory.

From Army and Navy Journal, October 22, 1864.



THE Army will read with deep regret the announcement of the death, at New Berne, N. C., on the 6th instant, of Colonel T. J. C. Amory, late of the Seventeenth Massachusetts Volunteers, and the Seventh Infantry. His disease was yellow fever, which reached a fatal termination a few days after the same malady had deprived him of his devoted wife.

Colonel Amory was graduated at the Military Academy in 1851, and was assigned to the Seventh Infantry, in which he obtained a first lieutenantcy in 1855, and in 1861, a captaincy. In the latter year he was appointed colonel of the Seventeenth Massachusetts Volunteers, with which regiment he took part in Burnside's North Carolina Expedition, where he remained stationed up to the time of his death.

Colonel Amory was a quiet, unobtrusive, cultured gentleman, and in every respect a fine soldier. During nearly the whole of his service in North Carolina, he was in command of a brigade or a sub-district equal to a brigade. He had been frequently recommended to promotion to volunteer rank more proportionable to the importance of his command and his worth as an officer, but for some reason he failed to obtain what was generally felt to be his due. But to one of Colonel Amory's temperament who was far more devoted to duty than to fame, the absence of the star from his shoulder was no great source of discontent or uneasiness. He earned what was better than rank, the respect and confidence of every comrade, officer and soldier in his command.

The Signal Corps.

BY GEORGE W. ESTABROOK OF COMPANY A.

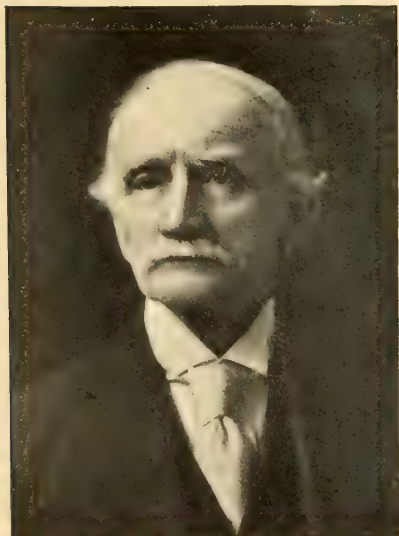
Entrance into the Corps.



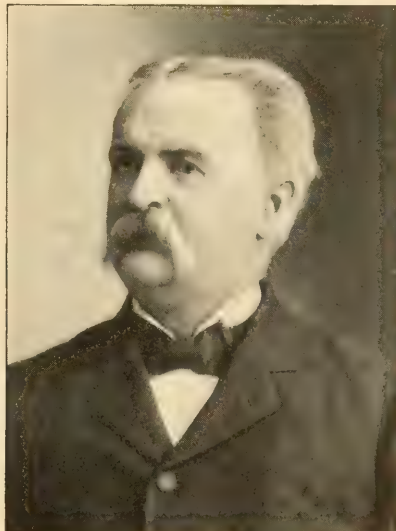
ONE day while at Camp Amory on the Trent, I had a summons from Lieutenant Pond of Company A, and on reporting, was told by him that a detail would soon be made from our Company for the Signal Corps and he asked me if I would like to be detached for that service. I had an old college friend in the Corps, and a member of another Massachusetts Regiment, a man whom I knew intimately and liked extremely. From what I had learned, it seemed as if there would be more liberty of action, that I could see and do more than would be possible as a private in the line, that the life would be more full of adventures than ordinary service.

I concluded to accept the offer, telling the Lieutenant that if he and the Colonel thought the Rebellion could be put down more easily and efficiently, I was willing to be detached for the service, and I reported at once for duty at the Corps Headquarters in New Berne. I don't remember where our officers were quartered, but we men were in an old building, which was used at one time as an undertaker's or a carriage-builder's shop, and located on one of the main streets of the town. It was a loose-jointed old structure, not nearly as tight as our barracks at Camp Amory, and no way of warming it except by a sheet-iron stove, and I recall how bitter cold it was there.

There were no commissioned officers there with us, but we all were in charge of one of the older men. There was no "Guard mounting" nor visible authority, and everything was done in a "go as you please" manner. The instruction and drill in our duties were given by older men, and but a short time was required to give us a fair inkling of their scope and to remove any illusions with which we regarded them, and our privileges and opportunities. In regard to illusions. First, I supposed we were



CORP. AUGUSTUS S. LOVETT, CO. A
GARDNER GILMAN, CO. A



GEORGE W. ESTABROOK, CO. A
THOS. W. SHAPLEIGH, CO. A

a mounted body, and so I believe we should have been, but there were not horses enough to go around, and thus I never had one. To be sure I did not know how to ride, and it was therefore just as well for me that I did not become a cavalryman, but I never regretted not being mounted. My friend Bancroft on the strength of the reputation the Corps enjoyed of being mounted, got on tick from the Sutler or some other person, a fine pair of top-boots, with spurs, and that was as far as he got, for he never had a horse, at least not while I was in the Department of North Carolina. He used to walk about a great deal, with those boots on, and presented a very gallant and martial appearance.

For arms, we had Colt's revolvers. I don't think I ever had occasion to fire mine. For uniform, cavalry jackets, as well as our usual regimentals, and cavalry trousers, with reinforced seats. The privileges of the Corps were quite substantial, as the Corps jackets commonly passed us all over the city during the day, and a written pass was easily obtained, running for an indefinite time. I do not think I was ever turned back by a sentry for want of a pass. We went out when we liked, and where we liked, after we had learned our work, doing pretty much as we chose, which was a very pleasant change from the monotony of camp.

THE FLAGS, TORCHES AND MANNER OF SIGNALLING.

I presume you are more or less familiar with the tools of our branch of the service, and to some extent with the method of their use, but a brief description may be of interest, and there may be some points you do not know about. Signalling with us was done by flags and torches, as messages were sent by day or night. The flags were of two sizes, four feet and six feet square, and were on jointed poles, twelve and sixteen feet in length. The flags usually had a colored square in the centre to distinguish them, I suppose, from other flags which might be used in the exigencies of the service.

Night work was done with torches attached to staffs, similar to those used with the flags. Beside the swinging torch, another and a larger one was placed on the ground before the operator to

indicate his position, and help in reading the motions by affording a fixed point relative to the swinging torch. The large torch held about two quarts, and the swinging torch about half as much. We used camphene for filling them, and had a gallon canteen for carrying it. The grounded torch was not to be let go out while a message was being sent, and filling such a one from a gallon canteen while a high wind was blowing, was often a necessary, and always a rather unpleasant incident of the night work.

The harder the wind blew the larger the flag had to be, as in a wind, it would double over itself and reduce the field exposed to the watchers at the other stations. Officers, of course, had field glasses for field work, but on stations, large spy glasses were used, which were fixed in place when the stations were far apart, as it would be hard to train them accurately. If the stations were not too distant from each other, the glasses could be lined by fixed marks in the home stations. I believe it is claimed that signalling has been done between points more than twenty miles apart, although I never saw it done. I have known of it being done between stations a dozen miles apart.

The first day after I reported for duty, I was taken into the yard back of our quarters by one of the old men, who gave me a flag and told me I must take position holding it erect before me, and when he called "One!" I must move it in a quarter circle to my left and return it to the upright position. This was a continuous movement, without pausing when the flag was at its lowest point. The order "Two!" required a corresponding motion to my right. There could be a I and II and a III and IIII made by making one, two, three or four of these left hand movements. There could not be a 12, though there might be a 14, which was made by the movement over a quarter circle to the left, and then by a half circle to the right. So 23 was made to right a quarter, and then to the left a half circle. Thus we obtained 1—14—142 or 143—141 without our making in fact more than four arcs of circles. At any time we were able to get thirty different and easily distinguishable movements, furnishing one for each letter in the alphabet, and four which were used for abbreviations, such as "ing" or "tion." There were com-

binations of five arcs used for numerals, but this was very seldom done, it being as easy and quick to spell the words out as to employ them.

There was another set of motions consisting of dropping the flag to the front. These were called 5—55—555, and they were employed to mark the end of a word, of a sentence, and of a message. The call to attract the attention of an observer was made by a continuous waving of the flag or torch from one side to the other until noticed and acknowledged by a similar swinging. Of course in signalling the operator faced the observing station, as otherwise the direction of motion could not be well distinguished by the observer. As you will realize, a constant watch had to be kept up by day and by night at all stations, changing the eye from glass to glass, or point of the compass to point of the compass at short intervals.

When we entered the Corps the idea prevailed that the privates were not to be instructed in the meaning of these various movements.

“Ours not to reason why,
Ours but to do, or die;”

or at any rate, ours was simply to obey orders. I suppose the theory was that a private would be more likely than an officer to betray the code, as it was called, that is, to tell the enemy what the motions meant, or perhaps to tell one another or others of our soldiers. This, I think, was very silly for reasons I will state. In the first place we soon found out that the older men knew the code perfectly, and could read the messages with ease whenever they could see them; but they could not tell us new men anything. I never knew whether this was because of jealousy of us or to retain their superiority, or whether they were ordered to observe such reticence. The principal objection to such a course was its absolute futility. It is true that to the uninitiated spectator who saw the swiftly moving flags, or watched the gleaming lines of light, the whole thing looked very complicated and mysterious, but it is in fact very simple, unless a cipher is used far more complicated than the system employed while I served, and requiring a key for its translation. Where a symbol is con-

stantly employed in place of a letter, the possession of a hundred or so words used consecutively in a communication is enough to work out a translation in a very short time. I think I could do it in a half hour or so.

Everyone has noticed how much more frequent the use of some letters is than others. Then the short words of common occurrence used, all contain at least one vowel, so from the little words, the "its," "has," "at," and "ises," one can soon determine which are the vowels, and after half a dozen letters are learned, the rest is very easy. For this reason, I say, unless a pretty complicated cipher is used, the communications are easily read by any intelligent friend or foe who is in a convenient location and is willing to take a little trouble. My friend Ingraham and I soon puzzled the whole thing out. I believe we first determined the meaning of 5s, indicating, as I said, the end of a word, sentence, or message. If I remember right, we next noticed that the preliminary orders were usually first—1 and then 14 then 5. This we guessed meant, as it actually did, "To" with the address of the message. "To" Captain "so and so," or Lieutenant "such a one." We never wrote anything down, but would remember the series of numbers between two fires (?) and try and piece out the word with what we already knew and guessed. I think we had it all in a fortnight. There were at that time, in all probability, messages sent in cipher, but I never knew of one to be used after I had picked out the code. I could always tell what the officer was sending as well as if he had handed it to me in writing, or told it and left me to send it. I remember one of the new officers calling the letter by name instead of its number once or twice like this "t," number "one." Of course we all remembered such give-aways.

I surprised one of the old men once by translating for him in a very short time, a page he had written down with a variation of meaning of numbers from that on the code. He thought it could not be done. Of course, as we got informed in our duties, we found things pleasanter, especially after we got so familiar with the code that we could tell the message sent. Occasionally we had news of interest. I was on duty one night in South Caro-

lina when a vessel came into Hilton Head Harbor, and the signal officer on board called up a station at headquarters, not my station. I was so located that I could see the torch motions perfectly well, and read that the monitors had crossed the bar into Charleston Harbor. Sometimes we caught an officer tripping in his grammar, or spelling, at which we were amused, and felt our self-complacency restored in some degree ; and that leads me to say that I thought then, and still believe, we could have officered the corps from the ranks fully as well as it was officered.

The men were a very intelligent set, more so than the average Massachusetts companies I think, and you must bear in mind that the corps was made up from regiments from almost everywhere. We had men from New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, and some from the Western States. One, a Pennsylvania Dutchman, a solid-looking man, but very bright, stayed in the corps and, I believe, rose to a Captaincy. He went on the Goldsboro Expedition and came back leading a blind mare which belonged to some rebel general, and which he gave to one of the officers who sent it North, using it for breeding purposes, as it was a very fine animal. It was said that he took a rebel Major or Colonel prisoner on the Goldsboro Expedition. He rode up to him and demanded his sword, and on getting that said, " Now give me your haversack," and he got that too, with cookies in it. He was a fine cribbage player, and I played many a game with him. Rogers was a capital man. He was frequently sent on duty alone, or with a man or two under him. No officer was more expert than he. Hardy of the corps was a bright old man. He had been on a New Bedford whaler in the Pacific for a long time, and could speak the Spanish language quite fluently, having picked it up in the South American ports.

I found the old men of the corps very good fellows, and we had a mutual liking for each other. Since the war, we have formed a Signal Corps Organization, and have an annual dinner for the New England Branch. My service in it was not very extensive. When the Goldsboro Campaign took place I was just being instructed in my duties, and the older men were so much

more experienced, they were sent and I was left behind in New Berne. After that, there was nothing of that nature in North Carolina.

In January I was sent with two or three other men under a Lieutenant down the railroad towards Morehead City. We were told to take three day's rations and our blankets, expecting to be gone only two or three days. Our station was set up on a stilt-like scaffolding, straddling the railroad where it made a curve, so we could look either way along the line. It was a very swampy and desolate place. Nearby was a block-house occupied by a company, or part of a company from one of our regiments. It was here I first saw blood shed. A soldier in the block-house shot a pig and gave me a piece of the meat. This was the *first*, and also the *last* blood I saw shed. This, however, was my good luck, and not due to the nature of the service. I believe that members of the Signal Corps were rather more exposed to capture, or being picked off by sharpshooters or guerillas, than those engaged in other branches of the service, for the nature of the duty requires that they should frequently be put into isolated positions with insufficient support, and their swinging flags and torches were an advertisement of their position by day and night, while an enemy, of course, feels that gobbling a post may seriously cripple his antagonist.


I remember that at this station we sent messages as to the arrival at Morehead City of government transports and ships of war. This was impressed upon me, because from there we were ordered direct to Morehead City and sent to Hilton Head, South Carolina, on the transport *Guide* with the Twenty-Fourth Massachusetts. I thought the men of that regiment a pretty tough set. We had no opportunity to get our things from New Berne, and we went to South Carolina with only what we had on, and blankets, except perhaps an extra pair of stockings and handkerchief or so. After landing, we were sent off into camp, and on station, and as the paymaster did not get around and we had no credit with any sutler, we had pretty hard times. While there I had a slight attack of fever, but not enough to send me to the hospital. After being there five or six months, I was sent back to New Berne, and rejoined the regiment.

In regard to the utility of the corps, I would say I believe it capable of being made of extreme advantage, if properly officered and manned. It should have for its officers not only good soldiers, capable of observing what is going on in the field and judging of the presence, movements and plans of the enemy from the indications which present themselves, but they should be men of scholarship and acuteness enough to readily use a pretty complicated cipher system, not easily puzzled out and capable of quick change. Such systems exist, but require ability of a peculiar kind in the officer using them, and I think a special education should be pursued by the practitioner. Of course in the field a single code must be used, as the information must be immediately available, and equally, of course, it is often of little importance if the enemy does know what is being said. When Sherman signalled Corse, and Corse sent his famous reply that he would hold the Fort, the facts so communicated were enough for each of them, and the Confederates might have known them without detriment to the communicants. Then in the attacking of fortified places, the attack on the fortifications of New Orleans by Farragut, for instance, the artillery fire was directed and regulated without its being necessary for the attacking vessels to expose themselves to the fire of the forts. Signalling, bear in mind, can be made like the eye or the ear. It bridges impassable spaces, and moves with the rapidity of sound and light. I regard a well disciplined and intelligent organization for this purpose as indispensable in modern warfare by sea or land, and I have no doubt such advances have already been made, that another war would find our forces far more completely and effectively assisted by it than it was while I was a member and knew of its operations.

Heroic Deeds of Heroic Men—The Expedition to Goldsboro

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

From Harper's New Monthly Magazine December, 1864, published by permission.

“N Tuesday, the 9th of December, 1862, a division of the army in North Carolina under General John G. Foster, received orders to put three days' rations in their haversacks, and prepare for an immediate march; but where they were not informed; neither was it supposed to be any of their business to inquire. Blind, unquestioning obedience is the law of the army. The rising of the sun on Thursday, the 11th, found these troops vigorously on the move from New Berne, directly west, towards Goldsboro, along what is called the Trent Road, a road running a few miles west of the River Trent and almost parallel with it. The force consisted of four brigades, composed of nineteen regiments. The line of march was formed by two hundred cavalry in advance; then followed the several regiments of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, while the rear was composed of one hundred and fifty baggage wagons. The entire line, in easy marching order, extended about five miles, filling the whole road.

It was a splendid wintry morning, mild and serene. As the vast army was beheld from an eminence moving along the winding road, with the fluttering of innumerable banners, and the gleam of burnished arms, the sight inspired the most phlegmatic with enthusiasm. The army numbered in all thirteen thousand infantry, eleven hundred cavalry, with fifty-one pieces of artillery. The troops that day marched eighteen miles over a heavy, sandy road, with occasional sloughs to wade, and, as night approached, they prepared for their encampment in a large plain of about three hundred acres, which they found opened in the forest.

As the twilight faded away hundreds of camp-fires, brilliant

with the blaze of the resinous pine, lighted up the scene with wondrous beauty. The soldiers drank their hot coffee from their tin cups, ate their frugal supper of hard bread, and the camp resounded with jokes and laughter as the most of them threw themselves down for a shelterless bivouac, with the sand for a mattress, and a knapsack for a pillow. Wearied with the long day's march the reign of silence soon commenced. All of the men were provided with rubber blankets which they spread upon the ground. Over that a woolen blanket was spread. And then, three cuddling together, with their feet to the fire and with their united three blankets and three overcoats spread over them, enjoyed more luxurious slumber than is usually found in ceiled chambers and on beds of down.

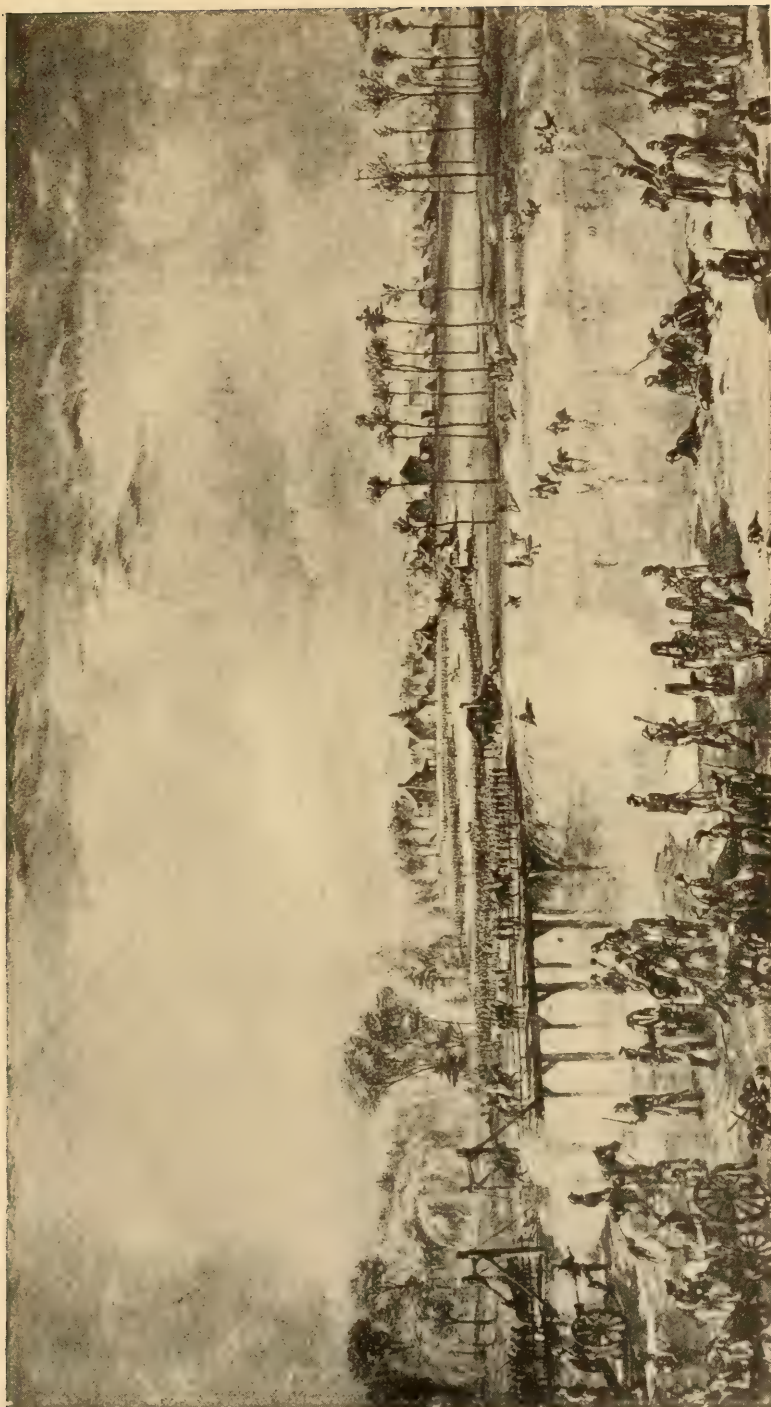
At five o'clock the next morning, Friday, the 12th, the drum beat the reveille, roused all from their slumbers. It was a bitter cold morning, so cold that the water in the canteens of the soldiers was found frozen. The icy ground seemed solid as a rock. The fires, from piles of pitch-pine, were immediately brightly blazing, the ever-welcome coffee was boiling, and after their breakfast of hard bread the soldiers were again upon the move. Marching rapidly along a level country covered with pine forests, and where few dwellings were found, at noon they reached a road turning nearly at right angles to the north. This road led directly to Kinston, one of the most important towns in North Carolina, situated on the northern bank of the Neuse, about forty miles above New Berne. The soldiers by this time had supposed that Kinston was their destination. But much to their surprise, they found that they were not guided upon that road, but leaving it on the right, pressed directly forward in a westerly course. The soldiers subsequently ascertained that which the officers already knew, that half-way between this crossing and the town of Kinston, there was a stream called Southwest Creek, where the rebels, in anticipation of an attack, had erected formidable intrenchments.

General Foster, one of our boldest and most efficient officers, sagaciously sent forward a small force of cavalry to deceive the rebels by the feint of an attack upon their elaborate

works at the creek. At the same time the main body pressed vigorously forward on the road towards Goldsboro, and with the setting sun sought their second night's bivouac, having effected a march of nearly twenty miles. The wearied soldiers, after a hurried meal, again threw themselves on the frozen ground and slept soundly. Scarcely had the morning dawned ere the beat of the drum aroused the slumbering host. They replenished their waning fires, in haste prepared their breakfast of fragrant coffee with hard bread, and at six o'clock the tramp of armed men and the rumbling of carriage-wheels again resounded through the solitude of the forest. All day long they continued their march, until about the middle of the afternoon, when, having passed several miles beyond Kinston, they came to another cross-road, which at a very sharp angle led back, in a northeasterly direction, toward that city.

The head of the long column turned sharply round and entered this road. By it they could cross the Southwest Creek at a point farther up the stream by a bridge which was feebly defended. The rebels, however, fearing this movement, and yet not daring to vacate their intrenchments on the main road, had sent forward a small force and burned the bridge. They had also placed two 12-pounders on an eminence on the north side of the creek, to prevent the reconstruction of the bridge or the floating of pontoons. Here the Union troops were brought to a stand. While the advance of the column waited for the artillery and the wagons to come up, pioneers were sent forward, under strong protection of artillery and musketry, to attempt to rebuild the bridge.

The creek was here but a few rods wide, with somewhat precipitous and densely-wooded shores. The road from that point to Kinston, a distance of about fourteen miles, ran all the way through an almost unbroken forest. A few pieces of Union artillery were sent ahead, to engage the attention of the rebel battery, while the Ninth New Jersey Regiment secretly forded the stream above and below, and rushed upon the hostile cannon from either flank so impetuously and unexpectedly that guns, horses, and men were all taken, almost before there was any consciousness of danger.



BATTLE OF KINSTON

It was Saturday night, the third day of the expedition. Again the troops bivouacked in the open air, but all night long working parties of engineers and pioneers were busy rebuilding the bridge. Before the dawn of Sunday it was completed, and at five o'clock the troops were again upon the march. As before, a body of cavalry led the advance along the narrow road, with pine forests on either side. They frequently encountered the pickets of the enemy, and in slight skirmishes, easily dispersed them. The cavalry was followed by a strong body of artillery, who shelled the woods wherever there was any suspicion that the foe might be lurking.

It will be remembered that the line of the army, filling the whole capacity of the road, occupied an extent of about five miles. At nine o'clock in the morning those in the rear of this long column heard the roar of the artillery among the advance, shot answering shot. It announced that the enemy had been found, and it sent an electric thrill through the eager host. Every man pressed forward. The whole army soon found themselves in a clearing of the woods of about twenty acres, on the right-hand side of the road. There was here opportunity for the army to deploy and make ready for action. The enemy were so effectually concealed in the woods that not a man could be seen; and their batteries, commandingly posted under the protection of an apparently impassable swamp, were constantly pitching their shells over the tree tops into the midst of our advancing troops. Six Parrot guns were brought forward by the patriots and placed in position to return the fire. It was a blind battle of invisible foes; but the two hostile parties had discovered each other's position, and bloody scenes were at hand.

The Ninety-Second and Ninety-Sixth New York Regiments filed into the woods on the left of the road, to charge the rebel batteries on their right flank. The Ninth New York plunged into the woods on the right of the road, to advance upon the batteries under shelter of the thicket, between the road and the swamp. The Forty-Fifth Massachusetts rushed boldly into the swamp itself, and toiling onward through a tangled net-work of roots and stumps, and up to their knees in mire, sought to trav-

erse it, that they might attack the batteries on their left flank. The swamp was densely covered with huge old trees, whose gnarled roots were twisted in all possible contortions beneath the ooze and slime of the bog. But a few moments elapsed before the whole forest was alive with the rattle of musketry, for the heads of each of these divisions had met the foe. Our troops keeping up a constant fire, steadily advanced, driving the rebels before them, who were fighting, Indian-fashion, behind stumps and trees.

At length the Forty-Fifth Massachusetts, who had penetrated the swamp, forced their way through it, and ascended a little knoll beyond covered with shrub oaks. But they had hardly formed in line before a shower of bullets, as well as shot and shell, came rattling in among them, a rebel battery having got their precise range. The Tenth Connecticut and One Hundred and Third Pennsylvania came up at the same moment, having followed through the swamp. The rebel guns (cannon) opened upon their left flank, raking their position. The fire of these guns was so concentrated and powerful *that it cut a perfect path, two rods wide, for some distance through the forest.* No flesh and blood could stand such a storm. The Union troops threw themselves on their faces and hugged the ground as their only protection. * They could not move in any direction without the utmost peril

While in this terrible situation they heard the well known cheer of their comrades announcing triumph on their left. The Ninety-Sixth and Ninety-Second New York had come up, flanked and successfully charged the rebel battery. At that shout the Tenth Connecticut, Forty-Fifth Massachusetts, and One Hundred and Third Pennsylvania sprang to their feet, and rushed to join their comrades in the charge. The rebels waited not for the impetuous onslaught, but abandoning everything, fled pell-mell for the bridge which crossed the Neuse, opposite Kinston, which was not far distant. The retreat of five hundred and fifty of the

* NOTE. The Forty-Fifth Regiment, however, had orders to and did continue to load and fire, while in this position.

foe was cut off, and they were taken prisoners. * The Union artillery came rushing up along the road, shelling the fugitives in their flight. The rebels, in their consternation, had no chance to destroy the bridge, and the patriot troops, following closely upon their heels, crossed the river and took possession of Kinston. The brunt of this battle—and it was truly a heroic fight—was met by the Forty-Fifth Massachusetts, Tenth Connecticut, and One Hundred and Third Pennsylvania, essentially aided by the Ninety-Sixth and Ninety-Second New York. Five Union Regiments drove six thousand rebels from their intrenchments.

The rebel prisoners stated that they considered their position quite impregnable, for they had not supposed it possible for any advance to be made through the swamp. They had consequently massed their forces to block up the passage of the road. The first intimation they had of the position of the regiments who had dashed through the swamp, was from the storm of bullets which swept their ranks. There was an old church near the range of the hostile batteries, which was thoroughly riddled with shot. As our troops occupied the ground vacated by their foes they found sixteen dead bodies in the church. The prisoners confessed they carried off as many dead bodies as they could, and had thrown them into the river to conceal their loss.

Most of the prisoners were South Carolinians. They were ferocious in their hate, declaring that they would fight forever. They said they had received orders from General Evans that morning to give no quarter. They had not entertained the idea that they could be beaten. Our troops found that the rigor of rebel conscription had stripped the country of every man capable of bearing arms. Many of the prisoners said they had been dragged away from their families without any process of law, and without an hour's delay. The general aspect of the region through which the army passed testified to the truth of these statements. Wide fields remained uncultivated, and in not a few cases ripened crops were left to perish unharvested. Vast barns and granaries were left entirely empty. On the most extensive plantations but few signs

* NOTE. The Forty-Fifth Regiment had charge of these five hundred prisoners.

of life were visible. A few aged negroes, too old to run away and too valueless to be removed, were loitering about, bewildered by the sudden and inexplicable change. Now and then a few women were found who had been left behind. They did not exhibit the ferocity which had been generally displayed by female rebels; they were generally anxious for the war to end on any terms, asserting they were living under a reign of terror, and that they had more to fear from the rebel than from the Union troops.

The retreating rebels had stripped the houses of most of their movable furniture and of all eatables. In the little dilapidated city of Kinston, desolation and starvation reigned. The women and children who alone remained all looked care-worn and hungry. Many of the poorer class came rambling through the Union camp, begging bread of the soldiers, and eagerly picking up the fragments which our surfeited troops had thrown away. The women, accustomed only to the brutal aspect and bearing of the Southern soldiers, expressed much surprise at the gentlemanly appearance and demeanor of the Northern troops. But three white men were found left in Kinston, and they were Union men who had hidden themselves from rebel rule. All the rest had been carried off, either voluntarily or involuntarily, by the rebels.

"On looking around the town, we found every evidence of our large and small shot having taken excellent effect. By the time two or three regiments had crossed the bridge, Major-General Foster dispatched Colonel Potter, under a flag of truce, to communicate with General Evans, and to demand a surrender of his forces. The flag was recognized. We found the rebel regiments retreating up the railroad and on the road, and in various ways, straggling or otherwise, towards Goldsboro. General Evans refused to comply, on high military grounds, etc. Soon after our artillery commenced anew to shell the rebels across the town, firing low, in fact so low, that some of the shells swept very closely over our heads.

General Evans then sent by a flag of truce, his compliments, etc., to General Foster, and requested a place of safety for the women and children, as he intended to return the fire from his artillery. Our artillery ceased firing, and the women and child-

ren that could be found, were conducted to a place of safety, when we found, on preparing again for action, that the bird had flown; that General Evans had succeeded, during the flag of truce operations, in safely conducting off what remained of his entire command. The Ninth New Jersey captured the regimental flag of a South Carolina regiment before crossing the Neuse bridge, and are now carrying it as a trophy of their gallantry. On the road after crossing the bridge, we found the following letter (it evidently had been dropped during the course of the enemy's hasty retreat;)

GOLDSBORO, December 14, 1862.

GENERAL EVANS:

All the men I have here have been sent to you. You received them last night. Rogers is nearly with you, four hundred strong. I understand from rumor that three other regiments are on their way here from Petersburg.

J. A. J. BRADFORD.

The rebels destroyed some eighty or ninety bales of cotton. This we found burning as we entered the town. Most of it belonged to a Scotchman named Nichols. Four companies of the Forty-Fifth Massachusetts were detailed to patrol the town.

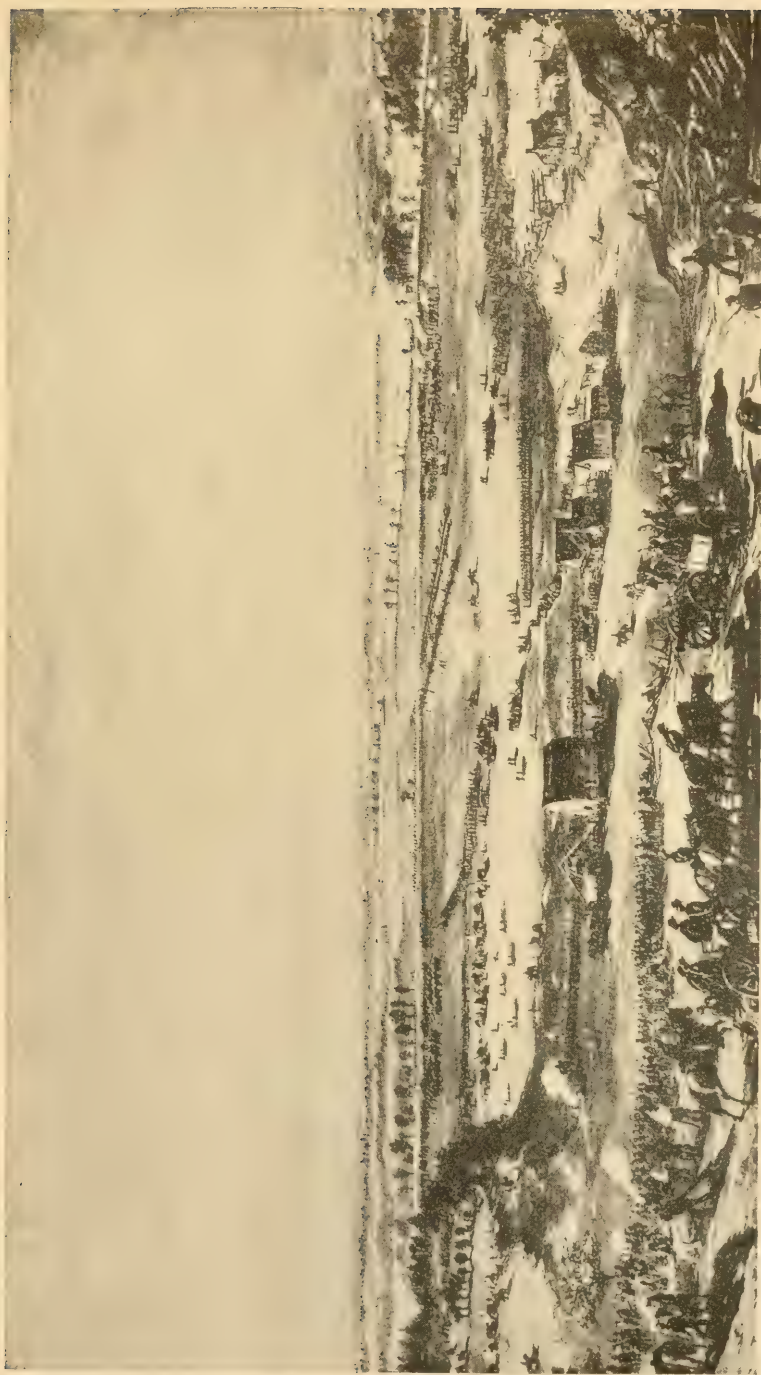
The battle of Kinston was fought on Sunday. These were strange scenes for our Puritan boys, who had been trained in the Sabbath-schools and churches of the North. The victorious Union troops passed over the bridge into Kinston, and encamped in a large field on the north side of the village, built their fires, boiled their coffee, and sat down to review the labors of the day. The Massachusetts Forty-Fifth lost eighteen killed and had fifty wounded. Large numbers had bullet-holes through their hats and part of their clothing. The Tenth Connecticut met with a still more severe loss, as did also the One Hundred and Third Pennsylvania and the Ninety-Sixth New York. The rebels lost, in addition to the prisoners we have mentioned, eleven pieces of artillery, a large quantity of small-arms and ammunition, and an immense depot of provisions, which they set on fire to prevent it from falling into the Union hands. The battle in the swamp lasted four hours. A young soldier of the Massachusetts Forty-

Fifth, who had never before been under fire, thus graphically describes his sensations in a letter to his friends :

“ When we first filed into the woods I would have given all I was worth to have been once more safely at home. But after the first shot was fired I could not restrain myself. I had no thought of any personal danger. The balls would whistle and hum over our heads, and every now and then a shell would explode and cover us with mud, and too often with blood. But it seemed to me as though something told me not to fear. I said one little short prayer for myself, thought of each one of you, imagined I heard the sweet church bells of Framingham, and shut my eyes for an instant and saw you all. It could have been but an instant, and then I thought of nothing but pushing the rebels out of the swamp. As we drove the rebels before us I cannot describe the exultation we felt that we had helped win a victory for the Stars and Stripes. But the sad times were at night, when we missed from the camp fires the faces of those whom we had learned to love, or when we went back to the woods to bury the dead or to save the wounded.”

Early the next morning—Monday the 15th—the army recommenced its march. Filing rapidly again back across the bridge they pressed along a road which skirted the southern banks of the Neuse, toward Whitehall, which was directly west upon the river, at the distance of about twenty miles. It required nearly five hours—from daylight until 11 o'clock—for the whole army to defile across the narrow bridge. They then, to prevent pursuit and the harassment of their rear, smeared the bridge over with tar and set it on fire. The structure, of wood, twenty rods long and forty feet above the water, was speedily enveloped in rushing billows of flame, and disappeared in smoke and ashes. Such a long line of troops, with its ponderous artillery and heavily-laden wagons, necessarily moves slow. But by vigorously pushing forward they traveled seventeen miles that day, and again bivouacked by the road-side, about three miles from Whitehall. The weary soldiers did not need beds of down to enable them to sleep soundly that night.

Tuesday, 16th, at 5 o'clock in the morning the troops were



BATTLE OF GOLDSBORO

again upon the march. They had been in motion scarcely an hour when the roar of battle was again heard at the head of the column. The cavalry and one battery were in the advance. As they were approaching the little village of Whitehall, which is on the south bank of the stream, they found that the enemy had stationed themselves on the opposite side of the river, having destroyed the bridge, and were strongly posted, with ten guns in battery on the opposite bank. The guns were protected by long lines of rifle pits. A brief but spirited conflict here ensued.

The conflict at Whitehall lasted about an hour and a half, one brigade only of the Union troops being called into action. It was found on almost all occasions that our artillery practice was far superior to that of the rebels. Not infrequently the Union batteries would take position in an open field and silence a rebel battery carefully intrenched, of the same number of guns. While this artillery battle was raging, the main body of the army moved rapidly along the road at a little distance from the river, to gain the stream at a point which the rebel guns did not command. While thus moving, a shell fell into the ranks of the Forty-Fourth Massachusetts, instantly killing four men. The patriot batteries at length silenced the rebel cannon, and our troops advancing to the river, destroyed two gun-boats which the rebels were building there. The village of Whitehall, which stood between the hostile batteries, was literally knocked to pieces. The dense woods which fringed the opposite bank of the stream were mown down by our deadly fire as the scythe mows the grass. For a quarter of a mile back from the river, and half a mile up and down the banks, scarcely a tree was left standing.

The shell is a terrible and remorseless engine of destruction. Nothing can be imagined more demoniac than the yell with which they swoop through the air. It is heard the moment the shell leaves the gun, and with the larger size, now often used, is so shrill and piercing that even if a quarter of a mile distant it seems directly upon you. Many of these massive bolts are hurled with such velocity that if they pass within ten feet of one's head they produce a vacuum which takes away the breath; and

as it whirs by the scream grows fainter and fainter, till it expires in a thundering explosion. The noise which these shells make is indescribable. There is nothing with which to compare it. It can only be imagined by those by whom it has been heard.

Having dispersed the rebels at Whitehall, our victorious little army, under their vigorous leader General Foster, without crossing the river, and with scarcely an hour's delay, pressed forward toward the west, still ascending the banks of the Neuse. Night overtook them twelve miles beyond Whitehall. Here they found their sixth encampment. Scarcely had the dawn of Wednesday morning the 17th appeared, ere the troops were again in motion. A party of cavalry had been sent in advance by a cross-road on Monday to a place called Mount Olive, twenty miles south of Goldsboro, to destroy as much as possible of the railroad there, and a long trestle railroad bridge. This enterprise the intrepid cavalry had successfully accomplished. They now returned to the main body, having ridden seventy miles in twenty-four hours.

The great object of this whole military expedition was to destroy the railroad running south from Goldsboro, which was the principal line of northern communication for the rebels. Like most villages in a slave-holding country, Goldsboro is an insignificant hamlet, not important enough even to be noticed in a general gazetteer. It is but little more than a railroad station, where the Wilmington and Weldon road crosses the Atlantic and North Carolina track. There was a costly high bridge an eighth of a mile long, which here crossed the river, which had been a long time in process of construction. It was an important object of the expedition to destroy this bridge. The rebels, fully appreciating its importance, made a vigorous stand for its defense. But General Foster on this expedition as much out-generaled the rebel officers in strategy and tactics as his soldiers out-fought the rebel rank and file in the open field. At eleven o'clock Wednesday morning, our soldiers were within five miles of the bridge. The rebels were found there in force, and the battle was renewed. A few miles below the railroad viaduct there was a small stream called Sleepy Creek, where there was a

common road bridge across the Neuse. A portion of the army was sent down to this bridge to make a feint, with as much noise as possible, of crossing at that point.

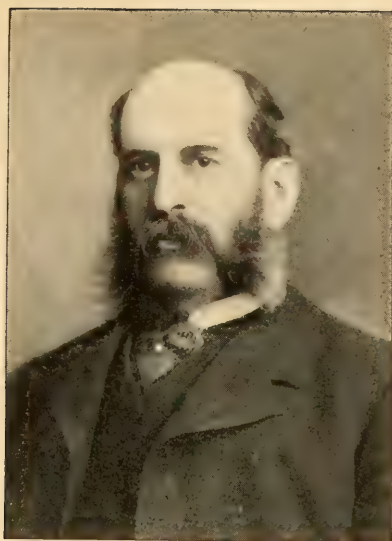
The rebels deceived by the supposition that it was our main object to seize the railroad junction at Goldsboro, had assembled a large force at this bridge, superior to our own, to guard the passage. General Foster adroitly compelled them to divide their force between this upper and lower point, and kept the river between him and the foe to prevent being overwhelmed by any sudden assault. To prevent the Union troops from crossing the river the rebels made their first stand at Kinston. Here, as we have mentioned, the Union troops drove them back, and destroyed the bridge. They next made a stand at Whitehall, destroying the bridge themselves. Here the patriots silenced their batteries and destroyed two of their gunboats. The rebels then drew back their forces to the vicinity of Goldsboro, and established themselves at the two bridges of which we have spoken, five miles apart. While a part of our troops followed down Sleepy Creek to the bridge the main body moved on to the railroad bridge, the object of the expedition.

General Foster had no wish to cross either of these bridges. He was well aware that there was a sufficient force of rebels on the other side, gathered from Wilmington, Weldon, Raleigh, and even Virginia, to overwhelm the force at his disposal. The assault commenced at both bridges at the same time. From eleven o'clock in the morning until three o'clock in the afternoon there was the continuous roar of battle. The rebels had taken position on the south side of the railroad bridge. They were however, soon driven in confusion from their position and across the bridge, and the bridge was utterly destroyed. The flames consumed its frame, and its buttresses were demolished by shot and shell. The great object of the expedition having been thus effectually accomplished, the army immediately commenced its return. The rebels now began to comprehend the true position of affairs. They had assembled in such force as vastly to outnumber the patriots. But there was a wide and rapid river, with all the bridges destroyed, flowing between them. In this emer-

gency the rebels went back, ascending the river about five miles, and crossed in the vicinity of Waynesborough. Then marching down the southern bank of the stream, they vigorously set out in pursuit of our leisurely retiring columns. They overtook the patriot rear-guard in the vicinity of Sleepy Creek.* As the rebels came on in solid mass the patriot batteries, in good position, remained quiet until they were within three hundred yards, and then with double-shotted guns, they poured in so tremendous a volley that no mortal strength or valor could breast it. Three times the rebel ranks were broken by the awful carnage, and three times they rallied anew to the onset. Finally they broke beyond recovery, and fled in wildest confusion back among the forests and the hills. Some prisoners who were taken said that they lost in this terrific storm of war, which lasted but a few moments, eight hundred men. It was a very bold attempt of infantry to storm batteries up to the muzzle of their guns.

The patriots now retired unmolested, and encamped Wednesday night on the same spot where they had encamped the night before. The next morning, at four o'clock, they were again upon the march, and thus they tramped along, singing songs of victory, until six o'clock Saturday night, when they encamped about six miles from New Berne. The Sabbath morning sun rose cloudless over the North Carolina pines. The day was mild and beautiful, as though nature had no voice or feature in harmony with the discord of war. The patriot troops resumed their march with waving banners and pealing bugles, and thus rejoicingly re-entered the camp from which they had marched but ten days before. They marched into their encampment to the dear old tune "Home Sweet Home." The distance these iron men had travelled, over often the worst of roads, and through a series of battles, was about two hundred miles."

*NOTE. The Forty-Fifth Regiment was the rear guard on that day.



CORPORAL CHARLES EUSTIS HUBBARD, CO. A



The Official Reports of the March to Kinston and Battle of Kinston

BY CORPORAL CHARLES EUSTIS HUBBARD OF COMPANY A.



THE story of our first expedition and battle, with its various incidents was written long ago, and our individual adventures are still fresh in our memories. It seemed to me, therefore, that the history of the expedition, as detailed in the official reports and correspondence of the officers, both Union and Confederate, would be more instructive and interesting than to repeat mere personal recollections of these eventful days.

I have accordingly copied such portions of the official records as pertain especially to the history of the march to, and the Battle of Kinston.

The Department of North Carolina was under the command of Major-General John G. Foster, then but thirty-eight years of age, and the forces at his disposal December 10, 1862, consisted of the following troops, viz. :

	Present for Duty Officers	Duty Men	Aggregate Present	Aggregate Present & Absent
First Brigade, Col. T. J. C. Amory ...	137	3456	4417	8010
Second Brigade, Col. T. J. Stevenson	113	3083	3802	6998
Third Brigade, Col. Horace C. Lee ..	148	3408	4141	7697
Unassigned	101	2426	3209	5736
	499	12,873	15,569	28,441

As General Foster deemed this number of troops insufficient, he had requested that re-inforcements might be sent him.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF NORTH CAROLINA,

NEW BERNE, November 18, 1862.

MAJOR-GENERAL H. W. HALLECK, General-in-Chief United States
Army, Washington, D. C.

GENERAL:

Referring to my report of recent reconnoissance, I have the honor to make the following statements. The enemy have much increased their

force and their activity in the State. We have engaged at different times in one way or another, seven old regiments, viz.: the Eighth, Tenth, Seventeenth, Twenty-Sixth, Thirty-First, Fifty-First and Fifty-Ninth North Carolina, and I am informed, by what I consider reliable authority, that Governor Vance has had a difficulty with President Davis, as regards conscripts, the consequence of which is that the Governor is raising or has raised, two brigades of conscripts, within assisting distance of Goldsborough.

Their artillery force I think to be inferior to mine as yet. There were at Tarborough sixteen pieces and I found threatening this town on my return ten other pieces. These, with the supporting force, retired on my return. And in the same connection I would state that I heard near Tarborough of the appointment of General Longstreet to the command of this Department. This report has since been confirmed both here and in the Richmond papers. In addition, Governor Vance in person was with the forces in Tarborough. I would respectfully remark that the above simple statements prove the reliability of my opening paragraph, and, in addition, show the determination of the enemy to withstand my advances in their rich country of the Eastern counties, and, also if possible, to diminish my hold on that section. On the other hand the weakening influences of the past malarious season, has so weakened the strength of my old regiments, that for hard, active service, I have, scarcely available one-half their nominal strength at the moment.

The new regiments, nine months' men, arrived here, viz.: the Third Fifth, Forty-Third, Forty-Fourth, Forty-Fifth and Forty-Sixth Massachusetts are good troops, but are new, and some have never had their arms, and I should wish some drill before trusting them in a fight. Admiral Lee has been here, and with him I had a full and free talk, and am happy to say that he fully coincides with me in my views as to co-operation, and as to force required. Referring to the above simple statements, I would most respectfully suggest, that, if possible, I should be allowed ten thousand old troops in addition to the few new troops ordered here, and would express my hopes and wishes that those old troops should be the men of the North Army Corps, with whom I have been associated, and of which corps I was the senior officer under General Burnside. The sooner I have the force, the sooner I will endeavor to perform my plans, and, I think, the views of the Government, viz.: the cutting of the railroad (Wilmington & Weldon), and the taking of Wilmington, and the works of New Inlet, and the mouth of the Cape Fear River. I most respectfully request, in addition to the officer recommended for promotion to Brigadier-General, that three regular Brigadier-Generals be sent me, and as a matter of choice, I would suggest General Gillmore, and if none be available, now appointed, call your attention to Captains _____, Morton and Casey of the Engineer Corps, and Lieut.

Col. Briggs or Captain D. W. Flagler, Ordnance Corps, as most acceptable to me. I would also ask an engineer officer, of which I have none, and an ordnance officer. I have received from General Dix a letter as to his co-operation with me in any attempt to cut the railroad communications, and would say that such co-operation would be most desirable as proved at Tarborough, where the re-inforcements came even from Petersburg. I can act, and he assist. If the line be cut south of Weldon, and he act and I assist, if at Weldon, which point he can reach more easily than I. I have the honor to be General, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

J. G. FOSTER,

Major-General Commanding.

General Wessell's Brigade, composed of New York and Pennsylvania Volunteers, was sent in response to this request.

The last of November General Foster went to Fortress Monroe to confer with General Dix as to the expedition, as appears from the following.

FORTRESS MONROE, VA., December 1, 1862.

GENERAL H. W. HALLECK, General-in-Chief, United States Army,
Washington, D. C

GENERAL:

I have just arrived here to confer with General Dix in regard to operating in offensive movements against the enemy. I shall return early tomorrow morning unless you wish me to remain longer to give me some special orders.

J. G. FOSTER,

Major-General Volunteers.

MAJOR-GENERAL J. G. FOSTER, Fort Monroe, Va.

I have no special instructions to give. Possibly the Secretary of War may have tomorrow.

H. W. HALLECK,

General-in-Chief.

MAJOR-GENERAL PECK, Suffolk, Va.

I expect an officer from General Foster to-night. If not too late you had better defer any strong demonstration until he arrives.

JOHN H. DIX,
Major-General.

MAJOR-GENERAL DIX, Fortress Monroe, Va.

The interview with General Foster today was all that could be desired. He is an old friend, and we canvassed matters fully. Have memorandum which will govern moves some day. I proposed to demonstrate strongly on a given day which he did not expect, and which pleased him very much. I very much desire that new troops should arrive before Wessell's Brigade moves.

JOHN J. PECK,
Major-General.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C., December 6, 1862.

MAJOR-GENERAL DIX, Fortress Monroe, Va.

The Adjutant General informs me that Jourdan has been restored. You speak of sending a brigade of your troops to General Foster. By whose authority is this done? General Foster asked for more troops but they were refused by the War Department. All available troops will immediately be wanted in your department.

H. W. HALLECK,
General-in-Chief.

FORT MONROE, VA., December 6, 1862.

MAJOR-GENERAL H. W. HALLECK, General-in-Chief.

When in Washington on October 30th you desired me to communicate with General Foster, and to co-operate with him in harassing the enemy. I wrote to him, but he being absent, did not receive my letter for some time and his answer did not reach me until November 27th. I advised you of these circumstances by letter of the 29th *ultimo*, and that I had sent an officer to him. He came here immediately, and on conferring with him, I agreed to let him have a brigade for ten days to attack Goldsboro and cut the railroad at that place.

I directed General Peck to meet him at Norfolk and arrange the time. The brigade under General Wessells left Suffolk yesterday to

march to Gates Ferry near Gatesville, where transports will be ready to receive it. I shall regret greatly, if, in this, I have mistaken your wishes or exceeded my authority. If it is not too late to recall General Wessells, if it be thought best and if I receive your order at once. I did not know that General Foster had been refused troops by the Secretary of War.

JOHN H. DIX,

Major-General.

MAJOR-GENERAL DIX, Fort Monroe, Va.

The temporary detachment of the brigade to assist General Foster is approved. Have all your other troops ready to move by the time the brigade returns, or before. The transportation will be mainly by water.

H. W. HALLECK,

General-in-Chief.

Before the expedition had started General Foster had quite a correspondence with General French, Confederate Commander of Department of North Carolina, regarding the conduct of the Union troops in North Carolina.

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF NORTH CAROLINA.

PETERSBURG, VA., November 27, 1862.

GENERAL J. G. FOSTER, U. S. A., New Berne, N. C.

DEAR SIR: During the march of the army under your command up the valley of the Rounda River in the early part of the month, many wanton acts of destruction of private property and many depredations were committed by the troops under your command. Negroes were forcibly abducted from their owners, many isolated houses in the village of Hamilton and Williamston were wilfully burned; parlors of private residences were used for stables; family carriages were taken to your camps, abandoned and destroyed; bedding was carried into the streets and burned, doors and windows broken, women were insulted by your soldiers, and robbed of all the money and valuables on their persons, and all their clothing and that of their children, except what they had on, was cast into the fire, or torn to pieces. In general terms, your soldiers committed many robberies, and practiced a wanton and malicious destruction of private property.

Having been over a portion of your line of march, and examined these evidences of destruction, I reported them to my Government, and

I am instructed to address you and inform you, that such outrages are considered as forfeiting the right of yourself and officers to be treated as prisoners of war, and to inquire of you, whether these outrages were committed with your knowledge and sanction.

The action to be taken in the case will depend on the answer you may make, and if no answer be returned in ten days after the delivery of this letter, it will be considered by the Government that you admit and hold yourself responsible for the acts charged.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

S. G. FRENCH,
Major-General Commanding.

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF NORTH CAROLINA,
NEW BERNE, December 4, 1862.

MAJOR-GENERAL S. G. FRENCH, Commanding Department of North
Carolina, Petersburg, Va.

GENERAL:

Your favor of November 27th I have the honor to acknowledge. I had previously received word from General Martin on the same subject, and as my answer to him covers most of the ground in yours, I beg leave to enclose a copy.

I beg to say in relation to postscript of your letter, that not a negro, to the best of my belief, was forcibly abducted from his owner, and, indeed I only suffered those to follow me who insisted upon so doing.

There were fifteen houses (says General Martin) burned at Hamilton; the fact I deplore. At Williamston, two were burned from the defect in the flue of the chimney, as shown by investigation, and one small house pulled down to prevent the spread of fire. Members of my staff were in each house and none of them saw horses in the parlors, though in one or two instances on piazzas. Family carriages (not over three) may have been taken to transport sick men, not to destroy or abandon.

That houses of peaceful citizens with the families in occupancy were entered, women and children insulted and robbed, I do not believe, as the Provost Marshal heard nothing of the kind so gross as you report. In respect to that part of your letter as to the treatment of any officers not as prisoners of war, I would say, that if after my letter your Government proposes to act on that principle, I beg that you will have me informed for the regulation of my own course.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. G. FOSTER,
Major-General Commanding.

[INDORSEMENT.]

RICHMOND, VA., December 10, 1862.

Respectfully forwarded for the information of the War Department.

G. W. SMITH, *Major-General*.

[INCLOSURE.]

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF NORTH CAROLINA,
NEW BERNE, N. C., December 4, 1862.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL J. G. MARTIN, Commanding.

GENERAL:

Your letter of November 25th inclosing an extract from the *Boston Traveller* describing the alleged depredations of the Army under my command in their late march up the country, I have received. In reply to your request to know whether these things were done by my order, I have to state that draught animals, and in some cases, carriages to be used as ambulances, beeves and pigs to subsist my men when short of provisions, and forage to subsist cavalry, were taken by my order.

Every other depredation was not only *not* done by my orders, but against them, and against the strongest efforts to prevent them. On the march we found all the towns almost entirely abandoned by their inhabitants, the houses, in some cases, cleared of their furniture, in others, partly so, and in some, not at all. I quartered my troops in the abandoned houses only. The principal cause of the depredations which I know were committed, was, I think, that so many houses contained apple brandy and which escaped the eye of the Provost Marshal. I trust sincerely, that in the future marches in this State you will be pleased to find a marked improvement, in all these respects, and I earnestly recommend that you urge all peaceable citizens to remain on their estates, as that course will aid me greatly in protecting their property.

I have the honor to remain, General, your obedient servant,

J. G. FOSTER,

Major-General Commanding.

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF NORTH CAROLINA.

PETERSBURG, VA., December 13, 1862.

MAJOR-GENERAL J. G. FOSTER, Commanding United States Army,
New Berne, N. C.

GENERAL:

Your letter of the 4th inst. inclosing a copy of one addressed by you to General J. G. Martin has been received. War, even when conducted

by the acknowledged rules of Christian nations, inflicts so many evils on society, that they should not be increased by the lawless acts of soldiers. It affords me much gratification to learn that the acts of depredation referred to in my letter, were not only not done by your orders, but against them and against your strongest efforts to prevent them, and it is to be hoped no future cause for complaints will be given by your forces.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

S. G. FRENCH,
Major-General Commanding.

HEADQUARTERS, 18TH ARMY CORPS,
NEW BERNE, N. C., December 27, 1862.

MAJOR-GENERAL S. G. FRENCH, Commanding Department of North Carolina, Petersburg, Va.

GENERAL:

Your favor of the 13th inst., received to-day. I most fully agree with you that war is most horrible in the misery and ruin it must cause, even when waged according to the acknowledged rules of Christian nations and therefore beg to call your attention to, and ask if it was by your approval, that in the recent attack on Plymouth, many houses and other buildings were fired, and to that extent families ruined and made homeless; that only want of time prevented other damage being done. I would also call your attention to the case of Mrs. Philips, who was shot dead by a Confederate soldier. On occupying the town of Kinston recently, the streets were found in many cases full of burning cotton, naval stores, etc., a destruction of property, which I do not know your approval or disapproval of. The effect was that one house was set on fire, and that it was only by the greatest efforts of officers and soldiers that a large portion of the town was saved from destruction. Trusting that by our united efforts the war within our Department may be robbed of some of its horrors, I am General, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

J. G. FOSTER,
Major-General Commanding.

UNION REPORTS:

December 10, 1862. General Foster reported to General Halleck as follows, *viz*:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF NORTH CAROLINA,
KINSTON, N. C., December 14, 1862.

GENERAL:

I have the honor to inform you that I left New Berne for this place on the 11th, but, owing to the bad roads and consequent delays to train, etc., I did not reach South West Creek (five miles from this town), till the afternoon of the 13th. The enemy were posted there, but by a heavy artillery fire in front, and vigorous infantry attack in either flank, I succeeded in forcing a passage and without much loss. This morning I advanced on this town and found the enemy strongly posted at a defile through a marsh bordering a creek. The position was so well chosen that very little of our artillery could be brought in play. The main attack, therefore, was made by the infantry assisted by a few guns pushed forward on the roads. We succeeded after five hours' hard fight in driving the enemy from their position. We followed them rapidly to the river; the bridge over the Neuse at this point was prepared for firing, and was fired in six places, but we were so close behind them that we saved the bridge.

The enemy retreated precipitately by the Goldsboro Road. Their force was about six thousand men with twenty pieces of artillery. The result is, we have taken Kinston, captured eleven pieces of artillery, taken four or five hundred prisoners and found a large amount of quartermaster's and commissary stores. Our loss will not probably exceed two hundred killed and wounded. I march tomorrow at daylight on Goldsboro. From that point I return to New Berne, whence I will make a more detailed report.

I am, General, with great respect,

Your obedient servant,

J. G. FOSTER,
Major-General Commanding.

To Major-General H. W. Halleck.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF NORTH CAROLINA,
NEW BERNE, N. C., December 29, 1862.

GENERAL:

Referring to my letters of December 10th, 14th and 20th, I have the honor to report that I left this town at 8 A. M. of the 11th, with the following forces, viz :

General Wessell's Brigade of General Peck's Division (kindly loaned me), Colonel Amory's Brigade, Colonel Stevenson's Brigade, Colonel Lee's Brigade, in all about ten thousand infantry; six batteries, Third

New York Artillery, thirty guns; Belger's Battery, First Rhode Island Artillery, six guns; section of Twenty-Fourth New York Independent Battery, two guns; section of Twenty-Third New York Independent Battery, two guns; total forty guns. The Third New York Cavalry, 640 men.

We marched on the first day on the Kinston Road about fourteen miles, when finding the road obstructed by felled trees, for half a mile and over, I bivouacked for the night, and had the obstructions removed during the night by the pioneers.

I pushed on the next morning at daylight. My cavalry advance encountered the enemy when about four miles from the bivouac of the previous night, and after a sharp, but brief skirmish, the enemy were routed with some loss. On arriving at the Vine Swamp Roads, I ordered Captain Hall with three companies of cavalry to push on, up the main Kinston road as a demonstration, while the main column proceeded by the Vine Swamp Road to the left, thereby avoiding the obstructions, and the enemy on the main road. Captain Hall encountered the enemy in some force, but after a severe fight whipped them, taking eighteen prisoners and killing a number of the enemy.

The march of the main column was somewhat delayed by the bridge over Beaver Creek having been destroyed. This was rebuilt and I pushed on, leaving a regiment, Fifty-First Massachusetts, and a section of artillery, the Twenty-Third New York, at the bridge to hold it, and to protect the intersection of the main road, and the road I was on, to support Captain Hall, and to prevent any force driving him back and occupying the cross-roads in the rear. The main column pushed on about four miles and bivouacked for the night. There was cavalry skirmishing during the day. On Saturday, the 13th, we again started, leaving the second main road, the one I was on, to the right, and leaving at this intersection the Forty-Sixth Massachusetts and one section of artillery, the Twenty-Fourth New York, to hold the position and feint on the second main road. We reached South West Creek, the bridge over which was destroyed, and the enemy posted on the opposite bank some four hundred strong, with three pieces of artillery.

The Creek was not fordable, and ran at the foot of a deep ravine, making a very bad position for us. I ordered a battery in as good a position as could be obtained, and under their fire, the Ninth New Jersey, which had the advance, pushed gallantly across the creek by swimming, by fragments of the bridge, and by a mill dam, and formed on the opposite bank. At the same time the Eighty-Fifth Pennsylvania of General Wessell's Brigade, forced a passage by the felling of trees, and fording about half a mile below the bridge, and engaged the enemy's left, who thereupon retired and deserted his breastworks. I had ordered the Twenty-Third Massachusetts of Colonel Amory's

Brigade, to cross at the mill to support the Ninth New Jersey, and also crossed the remainder of General Wessell's Brigade.

Colonel Hickman, with the Ninth New Jersey, advanced and was fired upon when about one mile from the creek, with cannister and musketry. The regiment charged at double quick, drove the enemy, took some prisoners, and captured a six pounder gun, caisson, etc., complete. General Wessell's Brigade bivouacked on the further side of the creek, with the Ninth in the advance. The balance of the command with the artillery remained on this side of the creek. The Ninth New Jersey, Company K, Third New York Cavalry, and Morrison's Battery, Third New York Artillery, had quite a skirmish with the enemy, but drove him, and encamped for the night. From the south side of the creek, I sent a company of cavalry to strike and proceed up the Kinston Road No. 2 (I was on No. 3.) The company proceeded on the road toward Kinston and found the enemy posted by a bridge which was prepared to be destroyed. The company charged them and they retired with some loss, destroying the bridge. The enemy's force at this place was estimated at one regiment, and four pieces of artillery. Major Garrard with three companies of cavalry and one gun in section of Allis' section of artillery, proceeded on a reconnoissance on a road leading to Whitehall. After following the road about ten miles and having met with no opposition they rejoined the main column. Sunday, the 14th inst., I advanced the column, and when about one mile from Kinston, encountered the enemy in strong force. They were posted in strong position in the wood, taking advantage of the ground which formed a natural breast-work. Their position was secured in their right by a deep swamp, and their left was partially protected by the river. The Ninth New Jersey was deployed as skirmishers and General Wessell's Brigade with Morrison's Battery, Third New York Artillery, was ordered to advance to the right and left of the road, the battery being sent to our extreme right, supported by one of General Wessell's regiments. Colonel Amory's Brigade was then advanced, the Seventeenth Massachusetts Volunteers being sent to support Colonel Hickman on the right, and two regiments, the Twenty-Third and the Forty-Fifth Massachusetts regiments, advanced up the road. My artillery, three batteries, I posted on a large field, on the right of the road, and about three-fourths of a mile in rear of our line of attack, the only position they could be placed in. I then ordered Colonel Stevenson's Brigade, with Belger's Rhode Island Battery, forward. The Twenty-Fourth Massachusetts Regiment supported this battery, and the Fifth Rhode Island, Tenth Connecticut and Forty-Fourth Massachusetts were ordered forward, the two former on the left of the road, and the latter on the right, to support the regiments there, in pushing the enemy and turning that flank.

The Tenth Connecticut advanced steadily to the extreme front, re-

lieving two of General Wessell's brigade, which were short of ammunition, and after receiving a terrible fire for twenty minutes, made a most gallant charge in conjunction with the Ninety-Sixth Regiment, New York Volunteers of General Wessell's Brigade, which with the advance already made (slowly but surely) of the entire line, forced the enemy to retreat precipitately for the bridge over the Neuse which they crossed, firing the bridge, which had been prepared for that purpose. Several regiments were so close, however, that about four hundred prisoners were taken from the enemy. One line was formed to the river and the fire extinguished before great damage was done.

The Ninth New Jersey and the Seventeenth Massachusetts Regiments and General Wessell's Brigade were at once crossed, pushed into the town and halted. I ordered the bridge to be at once repaired for the crossing of cavalry and artillery. General Evans retired about two miles from town with his command, and formed line of battle.

I sent a flag of truce to inquire whether he proposed to surrender. He declined. I immediately prepared to attack him, but knowing that he had three light batteries, and one section to start with, was unwilling to sacrifice my men, and waited for my artillery to cross. I ordered Batteries E and Third New York Artillery to shell the enemy with their twenty pounders (four in number) from the opposite bank, and crossed Colonel Amory's Brigade with all despatch, but before I could attack the enemy they had retired, and it being night by this time, I was unable to pursue, moreover my object was not accomplished.

The troops bivouacked in the field beyond the town that night, a provost guard was established for the protection of the town and all necessary precautions were taken. I sent Captain Cole, Company K, Third New York Regiment of Cavalry down the east bank of the Neuse to a work commanding the river. He reported it deserted with six guns in position, and the work to be of great strength.

I sent the Company back with teams to bring up the guns and blow up the magazine. Captain Cole being unable to remove the two heavy guns, one inch columbiad and one thirty-two pounder, destroyed them, and brought four field pieces complete. These with two others deserted by the enemy and one taken by the Ninth New Jersey, I sent to New Berne, under escort of Captain Cole's Company K, Third New York Cavalry.

I am, General, with great respect,

Your obedient servant,

J. G. FOSTER,

Major-General Commanding.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 81.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF NORTH CAROLINA,
NEW BERNE, December 26, 1862.

The Commanding General desires to thank the troops under his command for the new proof of their courage and steadiness afforded by the recent expedition. The Veteran Brigade of General Wessells and the troops of this department alike, did their duty as soldiers, *well*.

By order of Major-General J. G. Foster.

SOUTHARD HOFFMAN,
Assistant Adjutant General.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 18.

HEADQUARTERS EIGHTEENTH ARMY CORPS,
NEW BERNE, January 15, 1863.

In consideration of, and as a reward for their brave deeds at Kinston, Whitehall and Goldsboro, the Commanding General directs that the regiments and batteries, which accompanied the expedition to Goldsboro inscribe on their banners those three victories.

Kinston, December 14, 1862.

Whitehall, December 16, 1862.

Goldsboro, December 17, 1862.

The Commanding General hopes that all future fields will be so fought, that the record of them may be kept by inscription on the banners of the regiments engaged.

By command of Major-General J. G. Foster.

SOUTHARD HOFFMAN,
Assistant Adjutant General.

Officers killed:—Captain Henry A. Wells, Lieutenants William W. Perkins, Theron D. Hill, Tenth Connecticut, and Colonel Charles O. Gray, Ninety-Sixth New York, at Kinston, December 14, 1862.

Officers mortally wounded:—Lieutenants Jonn C. Coffin and John M. Simms of the Tenth Connecticut.

The foregoing list of casualties embraces the losses on skirmishes in the Kinston Road, December 11th and 12th, skirmishes at South West Creek, December 13-14, engagements at Kinston, December 14th, at White Hall, December 16th, skirmish at Thompson's bridge and engagement at Goldsboro Bridge, December 17th.

Report of Colonel Thomas J. C. Amory, Seventeenth Massachusetts Infantry, Commanding First Brigade, First Division of Engagements at Kinston, White Hall and Goldsboro Bridge, December 14, 16, and 17.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE, FIRST DIVISION.
DEPARTMENT OF NORTH CAROLINA, NEW BERNE, Dec. 21, 1862.

MAJOR:

I have the honor to submit the following report of the part taken by the brigade under my command in the several actions of the 14th, 16th and 17th inst. The First Brigade, consisting of the Seventeenth, Twenty-Third, Forty-Third, Forty-Fifth and Fifty-First Massachusetts Regiments (the last three being nine months' volunteers), marched from New Berne with the army under Major General Foster on the morning of the 11th inst.

The brigade numbered at this time nearly thirty-five hundred men. Of these, about one hundred were sent back on our second day out, being mostly convalescents from the hospitals who were found unfitted to continue the march. On our arrival at South West Creek on the 13th, I was ordered to form my brigade into two lines on the left of the road, detaching one regiment to line the bend of the Creek, the passage of which was disputed by the enemy.

I sent forward the Twenty-Third Massachusetts, which crossed at the mill dam, the bridge having been destroyed; this regiment remained on the opposite bank, and rejoined my command on the march the next morning. The Fifty-First Massachusetts had previously been detached with orders to remain at Beaver Creek guarding our rear; this regiment joined my command in the evening of the 14th.

On approaching the battlefield of Kinston on the morning of the 14th, by order of the Commanding General, I detached the Twenty-Third and Forty-Third Massachusetts to the right and left of the road respectively, in support of batteries.

The Seventeenth was sent to the extreme right to support Colonel Hickman, Ninth New Jersey in advance. While superintending that movement on the right, the Twenty-Third and Forty-Fifth were ordered forward in the centre, and opened fire in the wood, gradually advancing, as did the entire line, driving the enemy to the bridge. On the right I posted the Forty-Third to cut off the forces of the enemy on the river road from the bridge and a portion of these, some sixty in number, shortly after surrendered to Major Chambers, Twenty-Third Massachusetts. In this action the Forty-Fifth suffered most severely, as indicated by their return of killed and wounded, hereto annexed, together with the reports of regimental commanders, to which I beg leave to refer for particulars.

The different regiments of my brigade were, during most of the actions, scattered through the wood, or separated in support of batteries. All who came under my observation conducted themselves with commendable steadiness and gallantry.

Report of Colonel Charles R. Codman, Forty-Fifth Massachusetts Infantry, of Engagements at Kinston and White Hall, December 14th and 16th.

HEADQUARTERS FORTY-FIFTH MASSACHUSETTS MILITIA.

December 22, 1862.

LIEUTENANT:

I have the honor to report that eight companies of this regiment (two being on detached service) were engaged in two actions during the late expedition into the interior of North Carolina.

On the 14th inst., the regiment being on the march towards Kinston, I received orders from Major Hoffman, chief of the staff of the Commanding General, to advance into the wood on the south side of the Neuse River to support the troops of Wessell's Brigade, then engaged and said to be hard pressed. I was directed to act under General Wessell's orders. In compliance with this order, the regiment proceeded along the road until directed by General Wessells to file to the right, when it proceeded to enter a wood, which, as afterwards appeared, was exposed to a cross fire from the enemy.

Upon entering the wood the regiment opened fire upon the enemy, who were found to be in my front and whose fire, for a time, was very sharp. The regiment continued to advance, occasionally lying down to rest, and to avoid the enemy's fire, when hottest, and finding after penetrating the wood, that the enemy had fled. I should add that the Tenth Connecticut Regiment, during one of those periods, when this regiment was engaged, advanced gallantly through the wood to its assistance and both regiments penetrated the wood at nearly the same time.

The conduct of the troops was excellent throughout. The action continued for more than an hour, during which time the regiment suffered the loss of one Corporal, and twelve men killed, or who have died of their wounds, and one Sergeant, five Corporals and thirty-eight privates wounded. On the 16th, in the battle near Whitehall, this regiment was ordered by Colonel Amory, commanding the brigade, to form upon the Whitehall Road, to act as circumstances might require. By further orders from Colonel Amory, the men were directed to lie down. The regiment did not move from this place during the action except to take position a few feet in rear of the road, but, nevertheless, met with some casualties, sustaining the loss of one Sergeant, and three privates wounded. The conduct of the men in this instance was also admirable.

I beg to add that, from the statements of prisoners, and from other circumstances, I am satisfied that in the Battle of Kinston it was the fire of this regiment that first made untenable the position of the enemy upon the road on the south side of the Neuse River. The present effective state of the eight companies now in camp at New Berne is twenty-nine officers and 582 men, a total of thirty-three officers and 763 men.

I have the honor to be, respectfully,

CHARLES R. CODMAN,

Colonel Commanding Forty-Fifth Massachusetts Militia.

Lieut. E. T. PARKINSON, A. A. A. G., First Brigade, Department of North Carolina.

*Report of Brigadier-General Henry W. Wessells, United States Army,
Commanding Third Brigade, General Peck's Division of Operations,
December 5-21, 1862.*

No serious obstacles were interposed by the enemy until arriving at South West Branch, six miles from the town of Kinston, where it was found that the main road crossing the creek was well watched and strongly guarded both by artillery and infantry. A skilful feint having been made toward this point, the main body moved by an upper road crossing the creek, about half a mile below on a mill dam. The bridge was found to be partially destroyed, and the enemy covering it with two guns and a force of infantry. This position was at once reconnoitered by the Ninth New Jersey Volunteers with their usual intrepidity, and a crossing was effected by the mill, threatening the enemy's right. At the same time by direction of the Commanding General, I detached the Eighty-Fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers, Colonel Howell, with orders to force a passage below the bridge, by felling trees, or fording and engage him on the right. This difficult duty was handsomely performed. Howell's skirmishers, led by Captains Hooker and Phillips, pushed boldly through the swamp, engaged the enemy's battery under a shower of grape, and by a well directed fire of musketry, drove the cannoneers from the ground, and Hickman's advance appearing simultaneously from the left, the enemy fled, leaving one of his guns in our possession. The brigade in the meantime crossed at the mill, and being joined by the Twenty-Third Massachusetts Volunteers, moved forward about three miles and bivouacked for the night, the Ninth New Jersey Volunteers with Morrison's Battery, taking up a position about one mile in advance. On the following day, December 14th, the line of march was resumed at an early hour, and in the usual order. Colonel Hickman's skirmishers were soon engaged with the enemy's outposts, and to support

him, I directed the Eighty-Fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers to move through the wood on the left of the road, with a view to act against the enemy's right. A section of Morrison's Battery was also ordered forward, supported by the One Hundred and Third Pennsylvania Volunteers, Lieutenant Colonel Maxwell, with directions to take a suitable position and open fire. The Eighty-Fifth New York, Lieutenant-Colonel Wellman, was then thrown forward and to the right of the road, with instructions to engage the enemy on the flank, and press him vigorously toward the left. This regiment was soon followed by the One Hundred and First Pennsylvania Volunteers, Colonel Gray, with similar orders. In the meantime being informed that a portion of the Ninth New Jersey Volunteers were failing in ammunition, I directed the Ninety-Second New York Volunteers, Colonel Hunt, to move down the road and relieve or support Colonel Hickman, as circumstances might require. All these movements were executed by the several regiments with alacrity and precision deserving the highest praise. My whole brigade was now in position before the enemy's line; the fire was heavy and almost incessant; the wounded were being rapidly brought to the rear, and the enemy concealed by the wood, and posted behind an almost impassable swamp, maintained his position with stubborn obstinacy. All this time and on my application to the Major-General Commanding, I was reinforced in succession by the Seventeenth, Twenty-Third and Forty-Fifth Massachusetts Volunteers. These fine regiments took their positions with the coolness and precision of veterans, and the whole line was directed to advance and push the enemy at every point. The Major General Commanding, having arrived on the ground made further disposition of the troops, and conducted the affair to a rapid and successful termination.

Under my orders to advance, the whole brigade supported on the left by other regiments, moved gradually forward, covering towards the enemy's line of retreat, driving him from the church and throwing him back toward the bridge, over which the main body escaped, leaving several hundred prisoners in our hands.

The retreat of the enemy was closely followed by the Eighty-Fifth and One Hundred and Third Pennsylvania Volunteers on the left (the latter suffering severely in crossing the open field) while the Ninety-Sixth and Eighty-Fifth New York and the One Hundred and First Pennsylvania Volunteers charged from the right. The Ninety-Second New York moved along the road in support of the battery. The bridge was fired in several places by the enemy, and exposed to a destructive fire of artillery and musketry from the opposite bank, but every regiment including those from other brigades, seemed to vie with each other in emulation and pressed forward with unflinching determination. That gallant officer, Colonel Gray, Ninety-Sixth New York Volunteers, with his face

to the foe, and the colors of his regiment first on the bridge, fell mortally wounded in the hour of victory.

The flames were extinguished without serious injury to the bridge, and my brigade being formed on the opposite bank of the river continued its march through the village of Kinston and bivouacked for the night on the Goldsboro road.

Report of Lieutenant Colonel Wilson C. Maxwell, One Hundred and Third Regiment, Pennsylvania Infantry, of Engagement at Kinston, December 14, 1862.

HEADQUARTERS, ONE HUNDRED AND THIRD REGIMENT,
PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.
CAMP NEAR NEW BERNE, N. C., December 25, 1862.

Sir:

I have the honor to report the action of the One Hundred and Third Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers in the engagement at Kinston, Sunday, December 14th at 9.40 A. M. I was ordered to move my regiment forward as a support to one section of Morrison's Battery, having the right wing rest on the right, and the left wing on the left of said section, with orders to direct our movement with the battery. After advancing gradually for over fifty rods with said battery we halted, when the Ninety-Second New York Volunteers moved past us, and filed off in front of the right wing of the One Hundred and Third. After remaining not more than one hour in advance they fell back across the right wing and re-formed their line in our rear. At this time Captain Stewart, Assistant Adjutant General, came up and ordered me to move my regiment forward through a swamp of thick undergrowth and water from one to two feet deep and about twenty rods wide. Immediately after crossing said swamp we received a volley of musketry from the enemy's line, which we then learned, was but a few rods in our advance. We delivered a volley, lay down under cover of a small knoll, reloaded and fixed bayonets, rose, delivered another volley, and charged up over the bank. At this time an order from the Eighty-Fifth Pennsylvania, which was moving up in rear of the left wing, demanded us to cease firing into our own men. The enemy's fire in front of our left, was immediately directed on our right, making a connection with the fire from our strong line in front, a heavy cross fire, also we were in danger of a fire in the rear from the Forty-Fifth Massachusetts whose line was immediately in rear of our right wing. Under this combined fire, I gave the order to lie down and from this position we again rose, charged after the enemy some twenty rods, when the fire was completely silenced.

We were then ordered to halt and await the arrival of the battery. During this time the Ninety-Sixth New York moved the flank from our right and reached the bridge. From the time we first formed our line as a support to the battery, until we reached the bridge was from 9.40 A. M. to 2 P. M. Our loss during this time, out of four hundred and thirty actually engaged, was fourteen killed and fifty-eight wounded, some of the latter, mortally. During the whole of this time, all of the officers and men of the regiment behaved in an exemplary manner, showing entire coolness. I will mention that when we made our first charge the Tenth Connecticut overlapped our extreme right, two companies from the second charge, we moved past their line, passing their left. Accompanying this, you will find a complete list of the killed and wounded made from the Surgeon's report.

I have the honor to be, sir, respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

W. C. MAXWELL.

*Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding One Hundred
and Third Pennsylvania Volunteers.*

To Captain Andrew Stewart, Assistant Adjutant General, Third Brigade,
Peck's Division.

*Report of Lieutenant-Colonel Horace A. Manchester, First New York
Marine Artillery, of Naval Operations on the Neuse River,
December 12-15.*

HEADQUARTERS, MARINE ARTILLERY.

NEW BERNE, N. C., December 16, 1862.

SIR:

In accordance with your instructions, on the 12th inst., after waiting until 4 P. M. at Willis Landing, and learning that your boats could not reach me for want of water, I proceeded on the Steamer *Allison*, accompanied by the Steamers *Ocean Wave*, *Port Royal*, *Wilson* and *North State* to ascend the Neuse River on a reconnoissance toward Kinston. At dusk I anchored in the neighborhood of Lee's Landing, about twenty miles from New Berne by the river, making all disposition for defence in case of attack. At daylight on the 13th, got under way and with much difficulty and labor, worked our way up to within two miles of Kinston, meeting with but slight opposition from the guerillas on shore, by whose fire, one man of the *Allison's* crew was seriously wounded. About two miles from Kinston upon a turn in the river, we suddenly found our boats in face of a 10-gun battery and penned up within the banks of the river about one hundred feet wide.

I immediately ordered the *Port Royal*, *Ocean Wave* and *Wilson* to retire, the *North State* now having arrived, and interposed the *Allison* between the battery which had opened fire and the boats. The boats had to be backed down, as the river would not admit their turning, and it took twenty or thirty minutes.

We replied to the enemy's fire with one Parrott gun, the first fire being within cannister range. These shells were exploded within the batteries with apparent effect, as the enemy ceased their fire for some time after. It was sunset when the firing commenced and it became dark so soon that I was scarcely able to get the boats under the protection of the trees, before we were left to grope in total darkness. The enemy's shell exploded over and around us, with but little damage. The *Allison* received three shots, one taking off the top of the pilot house; the next passing through the roof and through the smoke stack, and the third, cutting away some fender and light work. Our boats were moved in double line, hay, beef, bread, etc., being packed along the sides. The guns were put into battery on the decks, and bags of oats spread over the decks. In this position we waited until morning in expectation of the enemy's appearance. Several attempts were made to reconnoitre our position in the early morning, which were promptly defeated by the sentinel's fire. A reconnoissance was made on theirs by Lieutenant Doane, but little information gained. Soon after taking up our position for the night, we heard heavy firing a few miles to the westward of us, which continued about an hour. At daylight the next morning, upon examination, I found the largest boat on the bottom and that the water had fallen during the night over nineteen inches. I immediately ordered a lighter boat to hitch on to the *Ocean Wave* and drag her off, and then drop down the river to deeper water. This was a slow operation, as we had to go stern foremost and our boats often grounded. The forenoon was consumed in getting five miles. Here we found the *North State*, and learned that a force of the enemy was about three miles below to dispute our passage down. We turned all our boats but the *Ocean Wave*, and dropped down, two miles farther, when we succeeded in turning her. The *North State* was sent forward to find the enemy's position, the others following, to shell them out. About a mile from an old dam, at a turn where the water was swift, we found the first party, after one of their number had been tumbled into the water by a shot. Occasional firing was kept up by the enemy for five miles, when we came upon a party lodged behind a log house. They stood but one fire from our Parrotts and ran, leaving, as we learned, several of their number killed and wounded. Here we learned from a contraband that a party of seventy had crossed early that morning to obstruct the river at Oldfield Bank Landing, and that, by the addition of others, we might expect to meet one hundred and forty men there.

We proceeded at once to the place, the enemy keeping up an occasional shot at us. Here we found them in possession of both sides of the river and occupying the turn, so as to fire in the stern of our boats. They opened on the *Ocean Wave*, with a volley, which was returned with interest, and the other boats seeing their position for the fire, opened with grape and cannister with such effect that the last boat coming up could find no one to fire at. The boats after a brief delay passed on to Street's Ferry, where meeting the boats of the Navy, reported to you. In the last fight, Edwin J. Perkins of Artillery was killed, another of that regiment, and a member of the Signal Corps were seriously wounded. Our loss was one killed, and three seriously and several slightly wounded. Of the enemy, one was shot from the bridge and fell into the water, and two were blown to pieces on the bank. At the log house, thirty men are said to have been in it, when two 30-pounder Parrotts loaded with cannister were fired through it at a distance of two hundred feet, and at the Oldfield Bank, the fire of the *Ocean Wave*, *North State* and *Port Royal* was direct and within four hundred feet of the enemy. The *Ocean Wave* and *Allison* are somewhat disabled, both by shot and contact with trees; the *North State* has lost her rudder. The other boats are in good order for use.

Respectfully,

H. A. MANCHESTER,

Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding, Marine Artillery.

Commander A. Murray, U. S. Navy.

CONFEDERATE REPORTS.

*Report of Major-General Gustavus W. Smith, C. S. Army, Commanding
Department of North Carolina and Southern Virginia, of
Operations, December 13-18, 1862.*

PETERSBURG, VA, December 13, 1862.

"The force of Suffolk is believed to be still strong and threatening. Evans has been fighting all day in advance of Kinston, principally artillery. We were retiring slowly and at night the enemy were near the bridge at Kinston. Evans called for reinforcements. One regiment started from here at 8 o'clock, and one more will start at 6 o'clock in the morning from this place, and one from the Blackwater. I will probably not leave this place.

Is there anything from Fredericksburg?

G. W. SMITH, *Major-General.*

HON. JAMES A. SELDEN, Secretary of War.

GOLDSBORO, N. C., December 15, 1862.

I arrived here at 3 P. M. The telegraph with General Evans is cut off. By latest information he was at Falling Creek, six miles this side of Kinston. Enemy now estimated at thirty thousand, and scouts report reinforcements constantly arriving from New Berne. Governor Vance is here. He tells me that all accounts agree in stating that our troops behaved admirably in the engagement yesterday.

G. W. SMITH, *Major-General*.

Hon. James A. Selden, Secretary of War.

HON. JAMES A. SELDEN, Secretary of War.

P. S. A good many of Evans' troops were cut off, and are now coming straggling in across the river. The heavy guns in the battery at the obstructions below Kinston had to be abandoned when General Evans fell back. They had previously beaten back the gunboats. The two hundred men composing the garrison with the field battery, retired toward the North and arrived here with their pieces last night. General Evans has not furnished me with an estimate of his losses.

Reports of Brigadier-General Nathan G. Evans, C. S. Army, Commanding Brigade of Operations, December, 13-17.

KINSTON, N. C., December 14, 1862.

General Foster attacked Kinston yesterday with fifteen thousand men and nine gunboats. I fought him ten hours. Have driven back his gunboats. His army is still in my front. I have only four regiments and will await his attack this morning. I think I can hold my position.

N. G. EVANS,

Brigadier-General.

General S. Cooper.

HEADQUARTERS, EVANS' BRIGADE.
NEAR GOLDSBORO, N. C., December 20, 1862.

MAJOR:

I have the honor to submit the following report of the action of the troops under my command in the recent engagements near Kinston, White Hall, and the railroad bridge near this place.

On Saturday, the 13th inst., the enemy approached Kinston in con-

siderable force, and attacked the line of our forces under the immediate command of Colonel James D. Radcliffe, North Carolina troops, who had taken position in the west side of Southwest Creek. At 10 o'clock I arrived on the ground and assumed command, and ordered Colonel Radcliffe to take command of the left wing, at the crossing of the upper Trent road. The enemy was then attacked at Hines' Mills, while he attempted to cross the creek. After a sharp engagement of an hour I fell back toward the Neuse River, keeping line of battle, and arresting his approach about two miles from Kinston bridge. He then attacked in considerable force, but retired after an engagement of ten hours. I rested on my arms that night in this position, the enemy ceasing fire after nightfall.

"On the morning of the 14th (Sunday) being informed by Colonel Radcliffe that the enemy was approaching his position, I directed him to open fire, while I would attack his left. I ordered an immediate advance, and soon became engaged with my whole line, with the enemy in heavy force, supposed to be about twenty thousand men.

The action lasted three hours, when ascertaining his greatly superior force, I retired with my command across the Neuse Bridge, when the enemy pursued with heavy fire, stormed the bridge, and drove me back to the town of Kinston, capturing about four hundred, including a number of sick prisoners. Reforming my line with the additional reinforcements of Colonel S. H. Rogers, Forty-Seventh Regiment North Carolina troops, in a commanding position in the rear of the town, I again awaited the attack. About 3 P. M. Major-General Foster sent his staff officer, Colonel Potter, to summon us to surrender, which I promptly declined. In an hour he commenced shelling the town, but hesitated to renew his direct attack. Taking advantage of my position I retired in column to Falling Creek, where the Major-General Commanding had forwarded me additional reinforcements. At this point, a very strong position, I encamped for the night.

Report of Colonel Peter Mallett, North Carolina Battalion, of Engagement at Kinston, December 14, 1862.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., February 20, 1863.

GENERAL:

Confinement to my bed for the last two months will, I trust, be sufficient apology for the delay in reporting to you the part taken by my command in the battle at Kinston, Sunday, December 14th, 1862. I arrived at Kinston by railroad, Sunday morning at 7 o'clock and immediately reported to, and was ordered by you to take position with my

battalion, consisting of eighteen officers and men in rifle pits on the bank of Neuse River to support a South Carolina Battery commanding the county bridge.

At 8.30 we were in position, and in a few moments musketry firing commenced on the left of the line of battle, which was formed on the west bank of the river, and at 9 o'clock the first gun was fired by the artillery.

At 9.15 I received an order through one of your aids to march at double quick across the bridge. You ordered me to take my command through the field on the right of the White Hall road, and engage the enemy. We passed through the field, under a fire of shell from the enemy (losing one man) to the distance of a quarter of a mile, to a fence on the edge of a swamp, on the other side of which the enemy appeared to be in force. Here we engaged the enemy for some time, but the principal point of attack appeared to be the church, known as Harnet's Chapel, on my left where was stationed a section of Starr's battery, supported by the Sixty-First Regiment North Carolina troops under Colonel Radcliffe.

At length the firing upon my part of the line ceased almost entirely. Being anxious to charge the enemy and drive him back, I sent Lieutenant Little to the section of artillery on my left, to ascertain the real position of the enemy, and of our forces, it being impossible to charge through the swamp in my front. About the time of Lieutenant Little's return (without any accurate information) I received by courier a written order from you as follows, "Colonel, Let me know if the enemy are in your front. If not, join me at the bridge."

At this time there being no indication of the enemy in front, I drew off in good order, and returned to the bridge, but to my surprise you were absent, leaving no order, or instructions for me. Observing that the South Carolina battery commanding the bridge, had been removed, and the bridge apparently deserted, I considered you were waiting for me on the east side, and retreating toward Kinston, I proceeded across the bridge. In a few moments, after crossing, I was met by an officer of your staff with orders to go back.

This order I promptly obeyed, marching again at a double quick through the same field to my former position under the enemy's artillery, and was almost immediately hotly engaged with his infantry. In about an hour I was with eighty to one hundred men from the Sixty-First North Carolina, Lieutenant-Colonel W. S. Evans, commanding, who took position on my right. The enemy made a vigorous charge at this time on my left and was as vigorously repulsed. Old veterans would not have met the foe with more coolness and determination than these newly tried men. He appeared determined to force his way through my lines. At the church I ordered Lieutenant-Colonel Devane

to reinforce my left. He took his position promptly and did good service, and I here take pleasure in testifying to his coolness and undoubted bravery.

With his assistance, and the company of my right flank, commanded by Lieutenant MacRae, also ordered to the left, we held the enemy in check for some time. My ammunition now began to fail, and after sending repeatedly to the rear, could not be replenished. Apprehending an attempt to turn my right, Captain MacRae acting as my lieutenant-colonel, was directed to observe closely and give me immediate notice of any advance in that direction. He reported the enemy in force, but no attempt was made to flank me, owing, I suppose, to the impenetrable swamp between us.

At this time having held the enemy in check for about three hours, looking in vain for reinforcements, the section of artillery near the church retired, I since have learned, for want of ammunition.

Immediately after, Lieutenant-Colonel Devane sent us word that the enemy was flanking us on the left, and withdrew his men toward the bridge. Finding myself alone, and the enemy pressing upon us, I ordered a retreat, which was made in good order, the men continuing their fire with effect. At the bridge I intended to make another stand, but on approaching it found it on fire, and crowded with men endeavoring to cross. A panic ensued. The enemy pressed upon us from two directions at double quick in large force, and the bridge, the only means of escape. While endeavoring to keep the men back, fearing the bridge would fall every moment, I was wounded in the leg and obliged to relinquish the command to Captain MacRae whose self-possession and bravery should not be left unnoticed.

Being under a heavy cross fire, from an overwhelming force, my men and ammunition exhausted, and the bridge impassable, I advised Captain MacRae to surrender. The enemy now directed his fire upon the retreating troops on the Kinston side. The enemy's force was between twenty thousand and twenty-five thousand men, with seventy-two pieces of artillery. General Foster admitted to me that we had repulsed three of his veteran regiments with a loss of one hundred men, since ascertained to be about two hundred and fifty.

I regret to report the loss of two of my best officers, who fell at the close of the engagement, Lieutenant J. J. Reid, commanding Company A, fell by my side near the bridge, and Lieutenant J. H. Hill, commanding Company C, while retreating on the Kinston side. Both led their companies gallantly through the entire engagement. Braver or more gallant young men never drew a sword. Our loss was seven killed, twenty-two wounded, eight missing, and one hundred seventy-five taken prisoners. After diligent search and inquiry for Adjutant E. N. Mann and Lieutenant R. K. Williams, I am reluctantly forced to include them in the list of killed.

Officers and men, nearly all of whom were under fire for the first time, behaved with the coolness, determination and bravery of veterans. It would be almost invidious for me to discriminate but I cannot refrain from mentioning the conspicuous gallantry and bravery of Lieutenant J. R. McLean, commanding Company F.

Enclosed please find a list of killed and wounded. Twelve killed and thirty-four wounded.

Hoping I may be allowed to engage the enemy under more favorable circumstances, I am General,

Your obedient servant,

PETER MALLETT,
Colonel Commanding Battalion.

RETURN OF CASUALTIES IN THE UNION FORCES.

Compiled from nominal lists of casualties, returns, etc.

COMMAND.	Killed		Wounded		Captured or Missing		Aggregate.
	Officers	Enlisted Men	Officers	Enlisted Men	Officers	Enlisted Men	
10th Connecticut	3	8	6	83			100
3rd Massachusetts				2			2
5th "				7			7
17th "		1	4	25		2	32
23rd "		12	2	53			67
24th "		1		7			8
25th "		1		3		1	5
27th "		1		2			3
43rd "		2		1		1	4
44th "		8		13			21
45th "		18	1	58			77
46th "		1		3			4
51st "				2			2
9th New Jersey		5	1	85		4	95
3rd N. Y. Cavalry				6		4	10
3rd N. Y. Light Artillery							
Batteries B, E, F, H, I, and K		5	2	25			32
New York Light Artillery							
24th Battery (section)		1					1
N. Y. Marine Artillery		1		2			3
85th New York				3			3
92nd " "		3	1	15			19
96th " "		1		5			7
85th Pennsylvania		1		8			9
103rd "		16	1	52			69
1st R. I. Light Artillery							
Battery F		2		5			7
5th Rhode Island		1		3			4
Total	4	88	19	468		12	591

The Return March from Goldsboro.

BY PRIVATE FRANK A. FIELD OF COMPANY A.



YOU have already learned that the Expedition to Goldsboro started from New Berne early in the morning of December 11th, 1862, the force consisting of the three branches of the service, Infantry, Cavalry and Artillery, about twelve thousand strong, and an army train large enough to carry "our knitting work and slippers." We started for a ten days' tramp with three days' rations in our haversacks, and seven days' in the army trains. Our cartridge boxes, haversacks, etc., were loaded: and with these our rifles, overcoats and blankets; it could also be truthfully said, that we were loaded, but I am happy to state, not in the "Gold Cure" sense. The object of this expedition (as we afterwards learned) was to keep the confederate forces in North Carolina so busily engaged, that they could not reinforce General Lee's Army in Fredericksburg, where General Burnside was preparing to attack them. Battle was offered wherever and whenever we could get at them. On our outward march, the careless use of fire arms by the confederates in the battles of Kinston, Whitehall and Goldsboro made, at times, the return march of those engaged in the fights a something of very doubtful quantity. However, after five days' marching and fighting, the column appeared before Goldsboro, had a fight, did the work it was sent to accomplish, destroyed the bridge, etc., and on the afternoon of the fifth day started on the return trip. In starting from Goldsboro, the confederates, whom we had fought and driven, didn't seem to be perfectly satisfied with our short sojourn and came across the river and attacked our retiring column. The challenge was quickly accepted by the Federal forces. The second engagement seemed to put a quietus on their ideas of insisting upon our accepting more of their hospitalities in the way of shot, shell, and infantry fire.

I remember, comrades, as no doubt you do, when the word

came down the line that the object of the expedition had been accomplished, and we were ordered to take up our line of march for New Berne ; at that time, we were in a short strip of woods and had just fairly got started, when the word came that the rebels had crossed the river and attacked our forces. Of course, the return order was countermanded and orders given to advance on Goldsboro. The movement not being done very quickly on account of our long line stretching down through the woods, Colonel Codman put us through a sharp drill in the manual of arms at that point. Our Colonel was a good one, and meant, and did keep the regiment up to the mark of duty and discipline every time. The second engagement did not last a great while, as the confederates were soon settled, and then we began our return march in earnest.

We soon went into camp, as it was getting along towards night. Of course, the rail fences around our camp paid tribute in the way of furnishing wood for camp fires, and rations of hard tack and coffee were at once in order. As near as I can remember, the boys slept pretty soundly that night, as they were pretty tired after the marching and fighting of the previous days. Our camp was in an open cornfield. The snoring of the regiment in an ordinary hall might be objectionable, but on that particular night it doubtless proved a gentle lullaby to those North Carolina owls roosting in the trees nearby, enjoying the brilliancy and novelty of the scene, and picking their teeth by the light of our bivouac fires. Next morning "Reveille" was sounded early, our blankets were rolled and rations taken care of, and then we started on our tramp.

The thrilling incidents of the outward march were not reenacted, as we had in the three fights shown the enemy that we were equal to the occasion of taking care of them, and for that reason they probably concluded to let us alone on our return trip. I remember that when we arrived at Whitehall where the fight occurred at the fork of the roads, at the foot of a small hill in a clump of trees, I saw Colonel Codman standing by the new made grave of Color Sergeant Parkman. He felt most keenly, as did all the regiment, the loss of our noble and brave color sergeant.

The position of the regiment in that fight was in a large field at the foot of a small hill. We were supporting the Twenty-Third Massachusetts, which was stationed on the opposite side of the road, in the woods where we first took up our position, but later were ordered over the fence and further back. We went over and under that fence pretty lively, as we were under a very heavy fire. Had our favorable position of lying down been interfered with by the driving back of the Twenty-Third Regiment—which regiment bravely held its ground—both regiments would have been badly cut up, as we were in direct line of the fire of the confederate batteries, and also had a battery of our own stationed in our immediate rear, raining shot and shell over us into the confederate ranks and stronghold. Our position was a very trying one, as we could not fire a shot, and had to lie very close to the ground to prevent being like a pepper box, full of holes.

On the return trip, as on the advance, chickens and other live stock that attempted to stay the onward march of our column, were, of course, taken care of, as the army claimed the right of way. The result of that claim was that our bivouac fires put some of the aforesaid live stock in shape to add greatly to the material strength of individual members of the corps. When we arrived at the battle field of Kinston, we learned of the death of comrade Elbridge Graves of our company, who was shot in that action, and of whom it can be said, that his company and the country could claim no comrade more honest, true and faithful. We also learned that the dead of that action had been buried, and the wounded were sent to the hospitals at New Berne.

We had been ten days on the march, and in three short engagements, and the boys looked worn and tired as we entered New Berne. I remember noticing some of them coming in chafed and footsore, looking more like old men of seventy, leaning on their staffs, than young men temporarily used up by the fatigues of the march. The Invalid Corps which had charge of our camp during our trip, received us with open arms. The boys soon began to wash up and dig themselves out, so as to be ready for the

active duties of camp life ; also to be in readiness for further orders from headquarters, which were liable to come at any moment for another expedition, tramp or fight. From this ten days' experience we learned that war had its light and dark shades by which the makeup of the individual soldier and the army as a whole could be tested as regards manhood, heroism and patriotism. An army in active service is an excellent place to learn the exact measure of its component parts whether taken individually or collectively.

Cavalry Operations on the Expedition to Goldsboro.

COMPILED BY PRIVATE ALBERT W. MANN OF COMPANY A.



WHILE we were engaged with the enemy before Kinston, the cavalry were busy in another direction. Captain Jacobs, with his company of the Third New York Cavalry and some light (Third New York) artillery, advanced on another road, to the right of the main column, and attracted as well as distracted, the attention of the enemy. Captain Jacobs came upon a regiment of rebel infantry, engaged them, drove them off with artillery, and then charged his men across, thereby saving quite an important bridge. Another diversion was created by Major Garrard, who sent on another road with a portion of his battalion of Third New York Cavalry, one piece of Allis' flying artillery and two or three light field pieces. By this means General Evans was so mystified, regarding our order of movements, that he could not bring the entire force under his command into operation in such a manner as to unitedly affect our main column.

After our main column had entered Kinston, Captain Cole of Company K, Third New York Cavalry, was ordered to proceed down the river to the blockade, and where a battery had been erected to play upon our gunboats if they attempted to ascend the river. Captain Cole, on arriving at the place—a sort of half circular fort with breastworks, a mile and a half long—ascertained from a negro that the rebels had moved six brass pieces about six hours before he reached there; that they had more guns there; and that a guard had been left to protect them until they could be secured, the rebels not having horses enough to get them all away. Captain Cole attempted to surround the fort and capture what there was remaining in it, when the guard discovered his force and decamped for the woods without firing a shot. Company K charged on the fort and took possession

thereof, capturing everything in it. The armament remaining was found to consist of seven guns, including one eight inch Columbiad, two thirty-two pounder iron guns, and four six-pounder iron guns. The four latter were found to be loaded, primed and ready to be fired, but the brisk movements of Captain Cole and his daring company prevented the execution of the latter deadly operation. Company K and its commander were highly complimented by the Commanding General for their gallantry on this occasion. A small amount of provisions, clothing, etc., was found in the fort, which was left. The four six pounders were brought away; the Columbiad and the thirty-two's being too heavy to be removed, were spiked and the carriages burned. Captain Cole reached Kinston about midnight with the trophies.

The next morning at five o'clock he received orders from General Foster to return to New Berne with the seven pieces—two brass and five iron—captured with other trophies. The two brass pieces were the same captured from us at Little Washington three months previous. On his way down, Captain Cole captured eight rebels and brought them into New Berne.

December 16th, under cover of the action on both sides, Major Garrard, with his command, pressed on past Whitehall, and made a rapid march (a distance of over twenty miles) to Mount Olive Station, a small place situated on the line of the Wilmington & Goldsboro Railroad. Before reaching the town, they passed through a swamp and then struck a turpentine path and after a full gallop of a distance of over four miles, came out at Mount Olive Station at three o'clock in the afternoon. This action was a perfect surprise to the people of the place. The ticket agent was selling tickets; passengers were loitering around waiting for the cars, the mail for Wilmington laid already on the platform, and a few paroled prisoners were in readiness to go to Wilmington, probably to fight again. As a matter of course, for the time being Major Garrard put everybody under arrest. The telegraph wire was immediately and afterwards effectually cut and destroyed by Captain Wilson of the Third New York Cavalry. Mount Olive is seventeen miles from Goldsboro. Captains Wilson and Pond with their respective commands, of the Third

New York Cavalry, were sent seven miles in the direction of Wilmington, to destroy an extensive bridge and trestle work. This they accomplished with great labor, after a few minutes' skirmish, and joined our main force at dusk. In connection with the destruction of the bridge and trestle work, they also destroyed the track and set fire to the cross ties in several places.

At Mount Olive Station, among the private papers of the Postmaster, was found the following :

" *Whereas*, we the people of the counties of Wayne and Dublin have seen a proclamation from the black republican President, Abraham Lincoln, calling for seventy-five thousand men, (and a call made on North Carolina among the rest,) for the purpose of subjugating brethren of the Confederate States, who are asking nothing but for their rights to be respected and their institutions let alone, the interest of North Carolina being identified with the said Confederate States, we, as her citizens, deem it highly necessary to express our views to the world, irrespective of former party ties; therefore

Resolved, that the example of our patriotic forefathers is too plainly set before us to be unmindful of our duty. We know the cause of the Confederate States to be the supreme interest of North Carolina; therefore, we pledge our fortunes, our lives, and our most sacred honors, in the maintenance of the said cause.

Resolved, that, for the aid and furtherance of said cause and the defence of our homes and our rights, we will form a military company for the purpose of drilling that we may be the better prepared to defend our homes and our country.

Resolved, that we call upon all good citizens to sustain us and give us their aid for the support of our company.

Resolved, that the manly and patriotic courage of His Excellency, John W. Ellis, in ordering our forts taken and held by troops of this State, and his independent denial of troops to Abe Lincoln to sustain him in his diabolical policy, meets the entire approbation of this company and this community."

While this was being done, Captain Jacobs with a company of the Third New York Cavalry, and one piece of Allis' Flying Artillery, was sent three and a half miles in the direction of Goldsboro, on the line of the railroad, to destroy the track, some culverts and a bridge. Just as Captain Jacobs reached the three and a half mile point, the mail train from Goldsboro came rattling down. The engineer on the train, in coming around a sharp

turn, observed ahead a heavy, dark smoke, and immediately whistled down brakes and reversed his order of proceeding. Notwithstanding this, Captain Jacobs was enabled to bring his piece of artillery into such a position as to give the retreating train the force of three shells. After doing his work, and well and ably developing the bump of destruction in North Carolina, he joined Major Garrard at Mount Olive Station at sundown. The force at Mount Olive Station in the meanwhile had taken up a large extent of the track, destroyed the switches and did all the damage they could; then about eight o'clock they set out for a change of base, made several strategetical movements through woods and swamps, and reached the great army about midnight, having cut across, as explained above, without moving on any main road more than five minutes at a time. We had hardly left Mount Olive Station, when the enemy came down as near as he could with a so-called "Merrimac Railroad Car" and shelled the woods for quite a while. A newspaper correspondent who accompanied the cavalry on this little raid says: "On leaving Mount Olive I paused for a moment to behold the sight presented to our view. I saw the railroad apparently on fire for miles in extent, huge fires of ties and warping rails, and the blank amazement that was but too evident in the faces of our now released prisoners. The woods were bright and radiant with the reflected light; our hidden road was also illuminated, and all nature seemed changed, as the light reflected on the waters in the swamp, if not to one of beauty, at least, to a great degree of attractiveness. As we left the place, the boys gave three cheers for the Major's success, and later he was highly complimented by General Foster on making his report of this action."

"In the battle of the bridge at Goldsboro, the rebels had, as prisoners report, between eight and ten thousand troops engaged. We never had over one-third of our force engaged. While the battle was progressing at the bridge, Major Fitzsimons, with his battalion of the Third New York Cavalry, made a dash against Dudley Station, on the line of the Wilmington Railroad, five miles from Goldsboro railroad bridge, took several rebel pickets prisoners, captured and destroyed a train of four

cars, took up three miles of the railroad track, burned some trestle-work, a bridge and some little et ceteras, including a most complete destruction of the line, and joined the main column without loss to his command. The Major also repeated a similar experiment at Everett Station, on the line of the same railroad. Major Garrard with his battalion of the Third New York Cavalry, went (while the main army was moving) early in the morning to Tomkins' Bridge, over the Neuse River. He took with him a section of Ransom's Twenty-Third New York Artillery. On arriving in the vicinity of the bridge, Captain Jacobs, with his company of cavalry, was ordered to charge down to it. He did so, found the bridge in flames, and received fire from the enemy. The Major immediately opened fire with his artillery, and at the same time dispatched a messenger to inform General Foster with regard to his position, condition, etc. As soon as General Foster received the information, he re-inforced the Major with four pieces of artillery from Angell's Battery and the Forty-Third Massachusetts Regiment under Colonel Holbrook. After a fight of over two hours they silenced the enemy's heavy guns and musketry and returned to the main column with a loss of one killed and four wounded. Before leaving, our forces could go anywhere in that neighborhood, along the bank of the river without being fired at. The rebels had eight pieces of artillery and four regiments of infantry at this bridge. About ten o'clock Allis' Flying Artillery and Companies G, A and D of the Third New York Cavalry, in attempting to join the main column from another direction, were attacked by two pieces of the rebels' artillery, and, as is supposed, about a regiment of rebel infantry. In less than fifteen minutes our artillery silenced that of the enemy.

In the account of the engagement at Goldsboro railroad bridge, no mention is made of the fact that the enemy, on finding that our troops were outflanking them by wading through a mill-stream, hoisted the gate at the mill and let the water rush down with astonishing impetuosity. By this means one or two of our men were drowned, while the others still pushed on, with the water up to their armpits, regardless of the difficulty. On our

return march we learned by flag of truce from the rebels at Kinston, that their loss was between eight and nine hundred, and that the two South Carolina Regiments that charged Morrison's Battery, lost in that charge three hundred and fifty men. Their color bearer was shot three times.

In the Eighty-Sixth Pennsylvania, one of the privates at the battle of Kinston had a pack of playing cards in the breast pocket of his coat. A musket ball from the rebels passed clear through the pack, hardly bruising the skin."

The Confederate Account of the Goldsboro Expedition.

FROM CONFEDERATE MILITARY HISTORY, VOLUME IV.

Edited by General Clement A. Evans of Georgia.



DECEMBER 11th, 1862, two days before the battle of Fredericksburg, General Foster left New Berne, N. C., with a force of ten thousand infantry, six batteries having in all forty pieces of artillery, and six hundred and forty cavalry. On the 13th, Foster had reached South West Creek not far from Kinston. The confederates had destroyed the bridge, and Colonel Radcliffe's Sixty-First North Carolina Regiment was posted on the west side to delay Foster's advance.

The Ninth New Jersey and Wessell's Brigade crossed over the creek and after an engagement of about an hour General N. G. Evans, commanding the confederates, was obliged to withdraw. He took position on the Neuse river about two miles from Kinston bridge. To oppose Foster's ten thousand men, General Evans had the Seventh, Twenty-Second, Twenty-Third South Carolina Volunteers and Holcombe's Legion, also South Carolinians; in addition, he had the Sixty-First North Carolina Regiment, Mallett's North Carolina Battalion, and Boyce's South Carolina, and Starr's and Bunting's North Carolina Batteries, in all two thousand and fourteen men. While Evans was moving from the creek to the river, a fleet of small gunboats that had come up from New Berne to attack the works at Kinston, under Commander Murray, endeavored to get in reach of the works. Owing to too low water, only one of the boats, the *Allison*, came into action, and Colonel S. D. Pool's Battalion of heavy artillery soon drove it back.

BATTLE OF KINSTON.

On the 14th, General Evans with his South Carolina Brigade on the left and the North Carolinians under Radcliffe on the

right, awaited Foster's attack. Foster sent in Wessell's Brigade and batteries, supporting Wessell's by Amory's Brigade, and then by Stevenson's Brigade. The odds were, of course, too great for Evans, and after two hours and a half of stubborn contention, he was forced back across the bridge and followed so closely, that, at the crossing, four hundred of his men were captured. Evans reformed his broken lines, and was joined by the Forty-Seventh North Carolina Regiment which had just arrived, under Colonel S. H. Rogers. General Foster sent in a demand for the surrender of the Confederates, but, of course, General Evans promptly declined compliance. General Evans retreated to Falling Creek. General Foster did not pursue but recrossed the river and continued on towards Goldsboro.

BATTLE OF WHITEHALL.

On arriving at Whitehall, eighteen miles from Goldsboro, General Foster found the bridge burned, and General B. H. Robertson of General Evans' command, posted on the opposite side of the river ready for battle. General Robertson having under his command the Eleventh North Carolina, Colonel Leventhorpe, the Thirty-First, Colonel Jordan; six hundred dismounted cavalry men from Ferrebee's and Evans' regiments, and a section of Moore's battery, under Lieutenant N. McClees, had been sent to burn the bridge. General Foster sent forward the Ninth New Jersey Regiment, followed by Amory's Brigade and eight batteries took position on the river bank. A heavy artillery and infantry fire commenced at nine thirty on the 16th. General Robertson says in his report: "Owing to the range of hills on the Whitehall side, the enemy had the advantage of position. The point occupied by his troops being narrow, not more than one regiment at a time could engage him. I therefore held Leventhorpe, Ferrebee and Evans in reserve, leaving the artillery (two pieces,) Thirty-First Regiment, and two picked companies in front. The cannonading from the enemy's batteries became so terrific that the Thirty-First Regiment withdrew from their position without instructions, but in good order. I immediately ordered Colonel Leventhorpe forward. The alacrity with which

the order was obeyed by his men, gave ample proof of their gallant bearing, which they so nobly sustained during the entire fight, which raged with intensity. The conduct of this regiment reflects the greatest credit on its accomplished and dauntless commander." The two guns of McClees were no match for the many batteries across the Neuse, but he served them with coolness and gallantry. Captain Taylor, of Foster's Signal Corps reported that "the fire from the Eleventh was one of the severest musketry fires I have ever seen."

Colonel W. J. Martin, historian of the Eleventh Regiment, says of the conduct of his regiment: "Posted along the river bank, from which another regiment had been driven back, it was pounded for several hours at short range by a terrific storm of grape and cannister, as well as musketry; but it never flinched and gained a reputation for endurance and courage which it proudly maintained to the fateful end." The Eleventh Regiment that thus distinguished itself was the first regiment organized in North Carolina, and while known as the First North Carolina, fought in the Battle of Bethel. General Robertson reported his loss at ten killed and forty-two wounded. The Federal loss eight killed and seventy-three wounded.

BATTLE OF GOLDSBORO.

After this brush with Robertson, Foster moved on towards Goldsboro, his main object being to burn the railroad bridge there.

At and near the bridge were stationed General Clingman, with the Eighth, Fifty-First, and Fifty-Second North Carolina Regiments, under Colonels H. M. Shaw, W. A. Allen and J. K. Marshall; Companies B, G, and H, Tenth Artillery, acting as infantry under Lieutenant-Colonel S. D. Pool, and Starr's Battery. Other troops were in the vicinity, but for reasons not now apparent, were not moved to the bridge in time to assist the men engaged. The Sixty-First Regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel Devane arrived on the field during the engagement and reported to Brigadier-General Clingman, in time to take part in the afternoon action.

When General Foster reached a point near Goldsboro he ordered five regiments to move down the railroad track and burn the bridge. A regiment was sent with them to protect the flank. General Wessell's Brigade was advanced to be in supporting distance of the advance. The Federal regiments and artillery attacked promptly. All the Federal artillery seems, according to Foster's report, to have been engaged at the bridge. The attack fell principally on the Fifty-First and Fifty-Second Regiments, on the south side of the bridge, and on Pool's four companies on the north side of the bridge. Starr's two pieces opened. The two regiments were unable to hold their own, broke, were reformed again by General Clingman, and then driven back to the county bridge. As these regiments were in retreat, Lieutenant George A. Graham, of the Twenty-Third New York Battery, rushed gallantly forward, and in spite of the efforts of Pool's men to reach him with their rifles, set fire to the bridge. General G. W. Smith reported that as Clingman's Regiments fell back, General N. G. Evans arrived on the field with his South Carolina Brigade and assumed command. By his direction the Fifty-First and Fifty-Third supported by Holcombe's Legion, made a charge against H. C. Lee's Brigade, of which that officer said: "A portion of the enemy, instantly, with loud cheers, charged up the hill towards the battery, and bore up steadily in the face of a well directed and most destructive fire. . . . The enemy, meanwhile, had been staggered by the crushing fire of the batteries, and at sight of my supporting regiments broke and fled in disorder to the woods. His retreat was covered by a heavy fire from the battery on his right which inflicted on my command a loss of three killed and nineteen wounded." "This battery," as Colonel Lee calls it, was one gun of Lieutenant Fuller's section of Starr's, the other gun was overturned. Lieutenant Fuller acted with great coolness, and showed a soldier's aptitude for finding and striking the enemy. General Clingman said of the determined manner in which Lieutenant Fuller fought his solitary gun: "Lieutenant Fuller with the greatest gallantry continued to reply until darkness put an end to the contest."

After the afternoon engagement General Foster withdrew his troops and returned to New Berne. The total Federal losses during this expedition was five hundred and ninety-one killed and wounded.* The total Confederate loss, as reported by General Smith, was three hundred and fifty.

What some of the southern papers had to say about our Expedition to Goldsboro, at the time.

The *Raleigh State Journal*, of the 18th. inst. (December, 1862,) states that nine regiments and two batteries of artillery arrived there on Tuesday, and several brigades are on their way. By this time the force in and around Goldsboro is sufficient to battle, if not capture the invaders.

The *Richmond Examiner* states the Confederate forces at Goldsboro, on Wednesday evening (December 17th,) to be about seventeen thousand, with reinforcements hourly arriving and expected. General Smith is represented as sanguine of success, and it is reported, that General Lee telegraphed him that he could spare him, if necessary, thirty thousand men.

The railroad south of Goldsboro has been torn up for some distance by the enemy, and all communication with Wilmington is cut off.

A later dispatch to the *North Carolina Standard* states that the enemy have disappeared from south of Goldsboro.

The Richmond papers of the 20th, state that an official dis-

* NOTE. It is evident the loss reported by General Smith refers only to killed and wounded, for in the Confederate account of the battle of Kinston—a loss of four hundred men by capture is acknowledged.

patch was received at the War Department yesterday, from General Lee, stating that there were symptoms that the enemy were retiring to the Potomac.

GOLDSBORO, N. C., Dec. 19, P. M.

Colonel Fremont, Chief Engineer on the Wilmington Railroad, has arrived from Wilmington. He passed over the entire track on a hand car, and says he can repair all damages in two days, and the bridge over the Neuse, in six or eight. All quiet here.

A reconnoissance last night by a squadron of the Third North Carolina Cavalry, under Captain Canoway, found the enemy encamped about two miles below Whitehall.

Rumor in the streets this morning says reinforcements passed Kinston, on the south side of the Neuse river, to succor their skedaddling friends.

The Personal Experience of a Comrade Wounded in the Battle of Whitehall, December 16th, 1862.

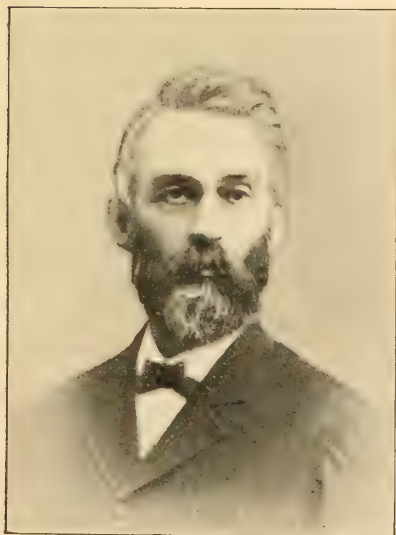
CORPORAL LUTHER F. ALLEN OF COMPANY A.



THE day after the Battle of Kinston, December 15th, after burning the bridge, we marched on along the river road towards Whitehall. A night's rest in bivouac, and we resumed our march the next morning and soon heard the roar of battle in our front.

The location of the battle field of Whitehall was on a level piece of ground with slight elevations on our left and rear. As our Regiment was being brought into position, our worthy Colonel saw, or thought he saw, something out of order, and immediately began to put us through a drill to straighten us out, and I distinctly remember one of his orders, namely, "On the right by files into line," and the way it was executed was lively indeed, and must have pleased our Captain, as it was done "with a snap," the air meanwhile, being heavily impregnated with shot and shell. Soon we were stationed immediately in front of one of our batteries, as support, in case of a sudden charge of the enemy.

This position was one of great peril, as this Artillery Duel, as it is called, was in full play, and the noise of the combined batteries, composed of forty-six guns, was something awful. We could feel the windage of every shot that passed over our heads, and it was soon found necessary for our gunners to train their guns for lower fire, and we were ordered to "lie down," which we did very quickly, as the iron hail was growing fiercer every minute. It is needless to say that not a man had any objection to obeying the order. As soon as we were stretched on the ground, it seemed as if the artillery had gained a great advantage, and were bound to make the most of it, for they worked their guns for all they



HENRY R. THOMPSON, CO. A
CORP. LUTHER F. ALLEN, CO. A

DANIEL W. FISHER, CO. I
L. HENRY WHITNEY, CO. A

were worth and the noise was enough to satisfy any one. We were soon made to understand that we were not on a "picnic."

While in this position, I was struck on the neck near the spine by a piece of a three or four inch shell, which paralyzed me as far down as my waist, and to my finger's ends, so that I did not know when it was done. As I gradually came to consciousness, I found that I was bleeding freely, with a pool of blood under my chin, and my clothing soaked with blood. I found near my head a piece of iron about a third of a shell, which was, no doubt, the cause of my trouble. After examining it, I threw it away. I immediately spoke to Captain Denny, and he detailed Orderly-Sergeant Barstow and Comrade Merriam to help me to the rear a little way, where members of the Band took me on a stretcher still farther to the rear, and placed me in a gravel pit, where the wounded were being cared for, and where I saw our noble Color Sergeant, Theodore Parkman, dying from the effects of a shot in the head.

After this episode the Regiment was ordered to fall back behind a rail fence so that the artillerymen could train their guns still lower. I can remember the position of but one other regiment, that of the Twenty-Third Massachusetts, which was on our left and in advance, lying flat on the ground, as we were. Soon after the Third Rhode Island Battery occupied our first position, and began to pour a deadly fire across the river. While in our first position I saw the working of the Signal Corps, stationed on rising ground at our left, where they could see the position of the enemy and signal to General Foster and Staff who were on the right, and in advance just out of the line of fire.

HOW WE GOT BACK TO NEW BERNE.

As I said before, I was placed in a gravel pit with the other wounded men. When the firing ceased, two comrades of Company A came to the rear to find me, and seeing an ambulance near they helped me into it. I had just got comfortably fixed, when the driver came along and said I must get out, as that was a New Jersey ambulance, so that I was put on the ground again,

and laid there until about dark when I was taken to a small house where the surgeons were busy as bees, attending to the wounded, who were there in great numbers. I was placed on the floor of a small room with two other men, one of whom I soon found was a New Jersey artilleryman, named Manchester. After the worst cases were disposed of, the surgeon and a helper dressed my wound at about 9 P. M. The next day, Wednesday, the 17th, we were loaded into one of the empty army wagons that were coming back from the front, not very comfortable vehicles, but all that could be had.

I was put in with two other men. One was named Johnson, a Third New York artilleryman, who had lost both hands by the premature discharge of his gun, and the other a Dutchman, of the One Hundred and Third Pennsylvania, whose back was broken by a falling tree.

Having the use of my hands, and the other men being completely used up, I attended to them, as best I could, but there was little to do, as neither of us had anything to eat or drink, and our appetites were becoming ravenous. We jogged along in our United States gig until we reached the burned bridge at Kinston, where a hospital had been improvised in the building nearest to the bridge. Here many who had fallen out from various causes together with wounded men, were being cared for. As we halted here for a rest, some of the men came out to see us, and among others, Comrade Wilmonton of Company A., whose feet were so chafed that he was unable to march farther. He was acting as nurse. I asked him if he had any "hardtack," and he went into the house and brought out one whole tack and a few pieces, which I soon divided and fed to Johnson, the Dutchman and myself. We called it a treat. Soon the train of wagons began to move again toward New Berne, and continued down the Neuse road until darkness came upon us when the train stopped in the road, and the drivers unhitched their horses, put up their feed troughs, at the back of the wagons, fed their horses and fastened them there for the night.

With this train was a small army of those who were disabled in various ways, but could travel and look out for themselves.

These were soon busy building fires and making coffee for their supper, but there was none for us in the wagon. The sight of the road for a long distance was weird in the extreme, with men moving about the fires, the wagons in the midst of the road, and with all, no noise, as we were in the enemy's country, without a guard.

Finally we began to get settled for the night, but as our driver had captured a young goat the day before, and its continued bleating did not conduce to sleep, we were ready to put an end to its little life. All things have an end, and so that night wore away and we began to move again. Continuing the march without rations, we reached a small house near the river, where we were to wait for steamers, that were coming down with wounded men from the front. At this house, which had no conveniences for taking care of wounded men, we waited one day and two nights. The nurses detailed to care for us found that the owner of the place had a small pig and some corn meal, so we fared sumptuously on boiled pork without salt, and corn bread—a fare that we would loathe at home, but hunger made it a sweet morsel.

Many of the men were camped in the yard by the day, but as darkness came on they filed into the house and packed it full. On Saturday, December 20th, two wheelbarrow steamers arrived about 10 A. M., from up the river, and we were placed on board wherever we could. The boat was so crowded that the nurses could move around only by stepping over and between men, who were lying wounded on the deck in every conceivable manner. The worst cases were cared for in the cabin, where one or more died, on the passage to New Berne.

I was fortunate in getting a seat on the rail of the boat, and found a Manchester man, George A. Brown, Jr., a member of the Twenty-Third Massachusetts, who was disabled by a shot striking under his feet in the ground, making it impossible for him to march further. Food was scarce, and if ever in my life I was hungry, it was on the 20th of December, 1862. The captain of the boat was a pompous individual, trimmed in gold lace, but so intoxicated he did not seem to know what he was doing. We

steamed along very well for a while, when the boat with its load of suffering men struck the shore, and swung around in such a manner that the trees on the bank scraped the poor fellows on the deck like a brush harrow. The captain swore, and gave his orders in a thick voice, and then the boat would reach the opposite bank and strike in the same manner. This went on for some time until a negro, who was sober, took the helm, then we proceeded all right until about nine o'clock in the evening when we arrived off the city of New Berne. Here there were no wharves for such steamers, so we all had to be taken in boats to the shore. I was fortunate in getting ashore in one of the first boats, and my Twenty-Third Massachusetts friend, being posted in the city, directed me to the Foster General Hospital while he went to his camp beyond the city.

This hospital, a fine stone structure, was originally the headquarters of the Masonic Fraternity of the State of North Carolina. I went to the office, and one of the attendants asked me if I was to be in Bennett's Ward. I said "Yes, I guess so," not knowing or caring who Bennett was. I was numb and cold, and weak from loss of blood and as hungry as a man could be, so this man told me to go into the kitchen, and the cooks would give me something to eat. The sight of that kitchen, with a large cauldron of beans, hot and steaming for the wounded, who were expected to come in at any moment, the warmth of the room, the great dipper of stewed beans, will never be forgotten to my latest day.

After getting warm and doing justice to the ample meal, I went back to the office and was put to bed in Bennett's ward, his first arrival. As my clothing was taken off my vest was like a piece of tin, and would stand upright, being saturated with blood.

The next day, Sunday, General Foster and his young daughter called and had pleasant words for the men. This ward was the hall of the Grand Lodge of Masons. Its walls were covered with the emblems of the Order painted very artistically. The ceiling, dome shaped, was covered with paintings and gold stars and was a pleasanter sight than bare walls. In a short time all the beds throughout the building were filled.

In the *Boston Evening Transcript* of January 22, 1863, appeared the following beautiful poem, which is inserted here, as an appropriate place. It was signed "Co. A. 45th Mass." The author is unknown but it is generally believed that it was written by the late Lieutenant George E. Pond of Company A.

A Soldier's Letter.

" Our van had pressed onward the whole weary way,
The boys were all hopeful, and some few were gay,
As we neared the thick wood which covered the foe,

We halted at last;
And pulses throbbed fast,
As each felt the cold dread
That before the day fled

Some one of our number in death might lay low.

Soon the artillery passed by at full speed;
Soon followed the horsemen, each urging his steed;
Then while we at the front stood waiting the sign,

Up rose the Soul's prayer!
" Oh God! my life spare!"

Now shoulder to shoulder,
Each brave heart grew bolder,

As "Forward," came thundering along the line.

We had heard this same order the long march through,
But now it was freighted with import anew;
The Onset was ours; who the End could foretell?

All death fear was gone,
All thought of self flown,
And not a step faltered,
And not an eye altered,

As we closed in the track of our pioneer shell.

How the next command thrilled us, "Advance and Fire!"
With the enemy's shot whizzing faster and nigher;
One sole duty was ours, to hear and obey.

We loaded and fired.
We loaded and fired.
My good limbs did their part,
But my spirit dispart

From the terrible Conflict sped far away.

I was with you, dear friends, in the old hallowed spot,
I traced each loved feature, each scene unforget.
You were sad, my heart was o'erflowing with joy.

My smiles met your tears.

Hopes mingled with fears.

You dreamed not, dear brother,

Dearest father and mother,

That near you was hovering your own soldier boy.

Well, the battle was fought - we carried the day;
The whisper now ran, "Who had fallen in the fray?"
In low accents, the name of poor 'Graves' was given,

Of our bravest and best,

One had gone home to rest;

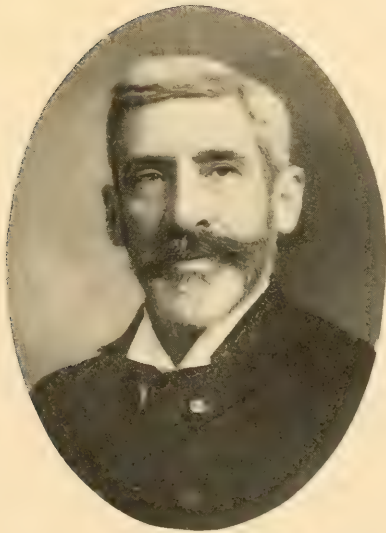
And the while we marched through

Conquered Kinston, we knew

Our beloved young Comrade had passed into Heaven."



THE HALT—



CORP. ALBERT A. CHITTENDEN, COMPANY A

Regimental Colors and the Color Guard.

BY CORPORAL ALBERT A. CHITTENDEN OF COMPANY A, A MEMBER
OF THE COLOR GUARD.



ABOUT the middle of September, 1862, in response to this notice, and others similar to it, several companies recruited for the Forty-Fifth Regiment, M. V. M., were occupying new barracks at Readville, Mass.

HEADQUARTERS, COMPANY G, FORTY-FIFTH REGIMENT, M. V. M.
TREMONT TEMPLE, BOSTON, September 12th, 1862.

Sir:

You are hereby ordered to report at this Office, on Monday, September 15, promptly at 1.30 P. M., to proceed to Camp at Readville.

As there may be a delay in getting Government Blankets, each man is advised to bring one, and an overcoat. He will also bring his Surgeon's Certificate. Also 2 woolen shirts and 3 pairs stockings.

Per order of

CAPTAIN STURGIS.

NOTE. Company G afterwards became Company A.

The barracks at Readville were soon equipped with flagpoles, each flying a national flag contributed by the several companies. Every morning there was a friendly competition as to which company should have its colors first at the peak, after the firing of the sunrise gun. Some of these flags are still in existence. Company A had the pleasure, at a recent reunion in Boston, of seeing their old Company flag brought from St. Louis by Orderly-Sergeant Barstow, to whom it was donated upon our muster out. The 1st day in November was a very busy and interesting day at Camp Meigs, being the occasion of the gift from lady friends of the Regiment, of a Massachusetts State Banner. The following is a copy of the correspondence and a description of the occasion.

PRESENTATION OF COLORS TO THE CADET REGIMENT.

The largest number that has yet visited Camp Meigs, at Readville, attended yesterday, Saturday afternoon, November 1, 1862, to witness the presentation of a beautiful Regimental State flag to the Forty-Fifth Cadet Regiment,—a gift from the ladies of Massachusetts; of which the following correspondence affords an explanation:—

BOSTON, Oct. 30, 1862.

COL. CHARLES R. CODMAN, Forty-fifth Regt. Mass. Vols.

Sir:

It is our pleasing duty, on behalf of nearly one hundred ladies (whose names we will send you in a day or two,) to offer to the regiment under your command a stand of regimental colors.

We hope it may give the regiment as much pleasure to receive them as it gives these ladies to offer them.

Will you please name a day and hour when it will be convenient to receive these colors at your camp with the usual formalities?

Rev. Dr. Lothrop will make the presentation.

Respectfully yours,

F. H. PEABODY, }
E. W. KINSLEY, } *Committee.*

BOSTON, Oct. 30, 1862.

MESSRS. F. H. PEABODY and EDWARD W. KINSLEY.

GENTLEMEN,—In behalf of the Forty-fifth Regiment of Massachusetts troops, I beg to thank you, and, through you, the ladies you represent, for their kindness and thoughtfulness in desiring to present a stand of colors to the regiment.

That such a kindly thought has been entertained, is a source, I am sure, of the greatest pride and pleasure to every officer and soldier under my command.

In their name, I accept the standard; and, in compliance with your request, would designate Saturday next, Nov. 1, at three and a half P.M., as the day and hour for making the presentation.

Very gratefully and truly yours,

CHARLES R. CODMAN,
Colonel commanding Forty-fifth Mass.

The donors were from all parts of the State; and many, with their sympathizing friends, were present to witness the ceremony. Governor Andrew and a number of military gentlemen were in attendance; com-

prising General Samuel Andrews ; General Pierce, commandant of the post ; Colonels Burrell, Holbrook, and Holmes, with members of their staffs.

The regiment was formed in three sides of a hollow square, on the parade-ground, at four o'clock ; and the Rev. Dr. Lothrop, on behalf of the ladies, presented the flag in the following eloquent speech :—

REV. DR. SAMUEL K. LOTHROP'S ADDRESS.

COLONEL CODMAN,—It is with mingled pleasure and anxiety that I find myself honored with the duty of presenting to you, and, through you, to the regiment you command, this standard in behalf of the ladies whose subscriptions have procured it, and of whose patriotic principles, of whose interest in your welfare, and of whose sympathy in all you may do or dare, suffer or sacrifice, in your country's cause, it is a noble emblem and a blessed testimony.

It is expected of me that I should say something appropriate to this occasion. Yet what language, what forms of speech that rhetoric could coin or mortal lips utter, can be so eloquent or so impressive as the stern facts of which this presentation is the indication, or the circumstances, solemn and touching in their appeal to all our hearts, under which it is now made ?

Our country is at war,—a war within its own borders ; at war with a portion of its own citizens ; at war to preserve its institutions from destruction, its government from overthrow, its union from being broken and severed : and no language can add to the force with which this fact appeals to every thoughtful mind and patriotic heart. You and the officers under your command have felt the force of this appeal, and have been organized, under the authority of the Government, to serve in the Volunteer Army of the United States ; all of you, I believe, from the most patriotic motives, and many of you, as I know, at large sacrifices of personal interest and convenience, and from a deep sense of duty,—deep enough to triumph over all the strongest and tenderest affections of your hearts.

From my long connection as chaplain of the Independent Company of Cadets,—at whose suggestion and through whose influence this regiment has been raised, and out of whose ranks it has been so largely officered,—I have, from the beginning, felt a deep interest in its character and success as a military organization. I know, as you do, how gladly, when this enterprise was first started, some of the officers of that old and honorable corps would have given themselves to this service, and taken the places which naturally belonged to them in this regiment, had they not been restrained, some of them by physical infirmity, others of them by domestic relations of such a character, that to join you would have been the neglect and the dereliction of a higher

duty. I know also, what you do not, and what your modesty may have concealed from you, that there is no man whom the commander and the superior officers of that corps would have so confidently designated for the responsible post you occupy, as yourself. They know that you are a good soldier, of some experience, well instructed in military tactics, in the discipline of the camp, and competent to command men. They know you to be just, firm, considerate, independent, reliable. They know and believe that you will watch over these one thousand men, and take care of them in all the ways and in all the interests in which, as their commander, it is your duty; and that, whenever the dread hour comes,—as come it soon may,—you will lead them into battle, cool, calm, with undaunted courage, and with that fear of God, that fear of failing and shrinking from duty, which shall banish all other fear from your soul.

While I thus allude to the confidence reposed in yourself, I may congratulate you on the material of your regiment,—the officers and men whom you have to command. I know very many of them. I know the high tone of their character and the purity of their principles. I know their substantial worth as men, as citizens, and as Christians. I know and have observed the order, the dignity, the temperance, the manifest conscientiousness, that have prevailed, and been exhibited in this camp from its formation. I know, what many outside do not, that you may go through these barracks in the evening, and that often you will hear the voice of prayer,—not from the reverend chaplain (though his voice, God Almighty bless him in his work! will never be wanting either in prayer or instruction), but from the men, who are brothers in arms and brothers in Christ; and I tell you, sir,—I speak it not professionally, but from a deep conviction, founded on the philosophy of human nature,—that the men who pray are the men to fight. They fear God; in a righteous cause, they fear nothing else; and surely this is a righteous cause.

I may not detain you to dwell upon the character of this war, nor is it necessary: but I may be permitted to say very briefly, that if ever there was a rebellion utterly, absolutely, without any justifying cause, in any oppression endured, any wrong done by the Government to those who have instigated it,—if ever there was a rebellion ignoble and unworthy in its objects, it is this. If ever there was a political crime worthy the sternest condemnation of the civilized world, and against which the cry of outraged humanity should go up from all corners of the earth, it is the crime of disturbing the peace of thirty millions of people, and deluging this continent with blood and tears; it is the crime of attempting to overturn this Government, to break up and destroy the union of these United States, and to raise on its ruins and over a large portion of its territory a government, which, from its very nature and institutions, must be adverse to the liberties and progress of mankind.

The thing has grown upon us so gradually, that its wickedness does not shock us as it ought; and the Government, and the people at the North, seem to me never to have been moved by the feeling of intense Christian indignation against the authors and abettors of this war which they would be justified in feeling, and which they must feel before they can go into it, and conduct it with the energy that will triumph. There should be on your part a fixed, earnest, indomitable determination that this crime shall not prosper, that this rebellion shall not succeed, that this Government and country shall not be broken up and ruined; and, however dark the present hour,—and it is not dark to the hopeful,—however gloomy our prospects,—and they are not gloomy to those who trust and have faith,—and whatever of failure or defeat may have overtaken our arms—and yet they have done much and often triumphed nobly,—we must not give way to despondency, nor seek to effect by compromise what should be done by force, or reach through policy what should be achieved through victory. If millions of treasure have been expended, millions more must be spent if need be; if thousands and tens of thousands of lives have been sacrificed, thousands and tens of thousands more must be ready for the sacrifice if demanded. No amount of treasure that can be calculated or measured, no amount of treasure, whether of money or of life, is to be put in the balance against the awful necessity that rests upon us to rescue our country from the grasp of this gigantic Rebellion, the success of which, if permitted, will be to the shame of our manhood, to the dishonor of our principles, and we know not what amount of misery, degradation, and ruin to our country.

Shut up to a terrible necessity, with sharp and terrible passages of conflict before us, God commands us now, as, long ages ago, he commanded through Moses, “Say to the children of Israel that they go forward.” You and your officers and men have understood that command, and are ready to obey; and the hour of your departure is at hand. I need not say to you, that departure is a matter of as deep interest to us as to yourselves. You are our friends, our neighbors, our fellow-citizens. Among you are, to some of us, fathers, husbands, sons, brothers, bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh. Our hearts go with you; our tenderest sympathies will follow you. Our prayers shall ascend continually to the Almighty for your safety,—earnestly, for your safety,—but more earnestly that you do your duty well and bravely: for there is something of the Spartan mother in all our hearts; and we would rather have any of you brought home dead upon his shield, than know that you had failed in duty,—had saved life, but tarnished it with an unmanly cowardice and a base dishonor.

You will fight under the banner of the Union,—the glorious Stars and Stripes,—that good old flag which carried our fathers through the

Revolution, and in whose grand folds there still slumbers the power of a free people. But you will fight also under a Massachusetts flag for the preservation of the Union and the honor of the old Bay State; and we ask you to carry with you all that inspiration which comes from the associations and memories that enrich the history of our State,—from the Rock at Plymouth, from the plains of Lexington and Concord, from the shaft on Bunker Hill,—and unite it with that which the names of Saratoga, Yorktown, and Trenton, and Marion and Moultrie, and all other names glorious in our country's annals, may impart.

Therefore the banner which I present to you is a State banner. On one side it bears the arms of the State, with the motto, whose deep significance we are at this moment illustrating, "*Ense petit placidam sub Libertate quietam*:" on the reverse, the pine-tree, the device on the coin and the flag of the old Colony, with the motto, "God speed the Right!" Let the motto give strength to your arms, and energy to your hearts; and, whenever the banner is unfurled to the breeze, let it be a holy incentive to such noble courage and faithful duty as shall ever guard it from dishonor. Let it speak to your hearts of home, of kindred, of honor, of country, with a power that shall make you irresistible over all enemies. As you take this banner, sir, henceforth let the cry of your regiment be,—

"Onward, then, the pine-tree banner!
Let it kiss the stripes and star,
Till, in weal and woe united,
They for ever wedded are.

We will plant them by the river,
By the gulf, and on the strand,
Till they float, and float for ever,
O'er our free, united land!"

As the flag, at the close of the speech, was unrolled, the regiment greeted it with clapping of hands, and the band played a patriotic air. Colonel Codman, receiving the flag from the hands of Dr. Lothrop, spoke as follows:—

COLONEL CODMAN'S REPLY.

I accept from your hands, sir, in behalf of the mothers, wives, and sisters of the officers and soldiers of the regiment, this beautiful banner. We could not have received our colors from a more acceptable source. The sympathies of the women of Massachusetts must always be prized by her soldiers; for, sir, this is a war for women as well as for men, for the

poor and the rich alike, for Protestant and for Catholic, for the native-born and the adopted citizen. It is emphatically the people's war. The cause of the people is at stake: their right of self-government, and all their rights, are the issues of the hour.

You present this standard to a regiment devoted to that cause, fighting as they do for the unity and nationality of the country; determined as they are, that, by the blessing of God, there shall be, as there has been, but one nation between the St. Lawrence and the Gulf of Mexico; and that all men, all combinations of men, and all social and political institutions, that stand in the way of this cause, shall be put down by force of arms.

We go, sir, to the seat of war, prepared, every one of us, to do our duty; to meet any fate that may befall us, confident of the final success of our arms and the triumph of the right.

Once more, sir, I thank the ladies for this banner. It may float over many a well-fought field; and, before you see it again, it may be tattered and torn. Be assured, however, that to whatever perils we are exposed, and through whatever dangers we may pass, among our pleasant and most inspiring memories will be the recollection of the incidents that mark the close of this glorious autumn day.

After a salute by the band, the regiment presented arms. Colonel Codman gave the banner into the hands of the color-sergeant—Theodore Parkman, of Company H,—saying he trusted in his courage and fidelity to maintain the flag and the honor of the Forty-fifth Regiment.

The flag is an elegant specimen of skill. It is of blue silk, fringed with orange. Its inscriptions are as described by Dr. Lothrop in his address, with the addition, "Presented by the Women of Massachusetts."

After the presentation services, the regiment performed sundry marches and military evolutions on the field; concluding with a fine dress-parade,—a fitting close to a very interesting occasion.

*List of Names of the Subscribers for the Purchase of the Regimental Flag
presented by the Women of Massachusetts to the Cadet Regiment,
Forty-fifth M. V. M.*

Mrs. C. R. Codman, Boston.	Mrs. B. C. Clark, Boston.
" O. W. Peabody, "	" H. J. Gardner, "
" Russell Sturgis, Jr. "	" T. W. Tuttle, Dorchester.
" Daniel Denny, "	" S. P. Dexter, Boston.
" Daniel Denny, Jr., "	" John Jeffries, Jr., "
" Geo. P. Denny, "	" Dr. John Jeffries, "
" H. A. Rice, "	Miss C. A. Jeffries, "
" J. C. Howe, "	" A. M. Jeffries, "
" James Lawrence, "	Mrs. Dr. John Homans, "
" F. W. Lincoln, Canton.	Miss H. B. Homans, "
" H. P. Kidder, Boston.	" S. W. Clark, "
" W. H. Davis, Milton.	Mrs. John M. Forbes, Milton.
" Charles Larkin, "	" T. B. Wales, Jr. Boston.
" Moses B. Williams, Brookline.	" Daniel Kimball, "
" Jacob Wendell, Jr., Boston.	" Alvah Burrage, "
" Samuel R. Payson, "	" G. W. Wales, "
" Edward W. Kinsley, "	" W. G. Brooks, "
Miss M. L. Kinsley, Springfield.	" Edward W. Codman, "
" S. A. Kinsley, "	Miss Leslie W. Codman, "
Mrs. John Stetson, Boston.	Mrs. C. H. French, Canton.
" E. O. Tufts, "	" F. H. Peabody, Boston.
" C. C. Holmes, Milton.	" Gardner Brewer, "
" J. M. Call, Jamaica Plain.	Miss Brewer, "
Mrs. T. P. Rich, Boston.	Miss T. C. Amory, "
Miss Susan D. Rogers, "	Miss A. A. Pinkham, "
Mrs. Edward Wigglesworth, Boston.	Mrs. W. F. Whitney, "
Miss S. N. Wigglesworth, "	" Thomas Lee, "
" M. G. Wigglesworth, "	" L. M. Keith, Newtonville.
Mrs. C. H. Parker, "	" J. Worcester, "
" George Hayward, Jr., "	" John A. Bird, Boston.
" G. M. Dexter, "	" C. D. Homans, "
Mrs. Frank Hodgkinson, Jamaica Plain.	" Samuel H. Hunneman, "
" Otis Rich, Boston.	" Jno. H. Hunneman, "
" H. W. French, Easton.	" Francis A. Dewson, "
" Oakes Ames, "	" Mary E. Badger, Newtonville.
" John Lowell, Brookline.	" Julia Rice, Greenfield.
Miss Olivia B. Lowell, "	" T. B. Wales, Boston.
Mrs. Curtis B. Raymond, Boston.	" M. A. Wales, "
" J. B. Palmer, "	" B. Welles, "
Miss Lothrop, "	" A. L. Stone, "
Mrs. A. D. Weld, W. Roxbury.	" M. L. Hale, "
" John Brooks Parker, Boston.	Miss Anna E. Rousseau, "
" John E. Thayer, Brookline.	Mrs. Manton Eastburn, "
" W. H. Lane, Newtonville.	Miss Adi Bigelow, "
" R. B. Forbes, Milton.	Mrs. Horatio Bigelow, "
" J. H. Wolcott, Boston.	" James Horswell, "
" R. H. Bond, Jamaica Plain.	Miss Carrie Churchill, Boston.
Miss L. O. Bond, "	" Alice L. Hale, Newburyport.

Miss S. E. Bond, Jamaica Plain	Miss E. T. Parker, Roxbury.
" M. L. Bond, "	Mrs. S. K. Bayley, Milton.
Miss Annie Jackson, Boston.	" Joseph Murdoch, Roxbury.
Miss Sarah G. Dalton, "	" J. W. Sever, Boston.
Mrs. A. A. Shapleigh, "	" J. Sturgis Nye, Hingham.
Miss H. N. Shapleigh, "	" T. W. Gray, Boston.
Mrs. W. C. Appleton, Roxbury.	" E. F. Thayer, "
" Stephen Winchester, Boston.	" G. H. Thayer, "
" J. H. Cunningham, "	" C. H. Dalton, "
" Jos. N. Howe, "	" G. W. Freeman, "
Miss Emma Livermore, Cambridge.	Miss S. Freeman, "
Mrs. George W. Blagden, Boston.	" Marian Freeman, "
" Ed. S. Philbrick, Brookline.	" Thatcher, "
Miss Winsor, "	Mrs. Alpheus Hardy, "
Mrs. H. W. Pickering, Boston.	" J. N. Borland, "
Miss R. W. Pickering, "	" Hayward, "
" F. G. Pickering, "	" Walker, "
Mrs. Geo. F. Woodman, Jamaica Plain.	" Wheelock, "
" George Woodman, "	" D. A. White, Milton.
" S. A. Dix, Boston.	" J. M. Morison, "
" C. T. Appleton, "	" J. S. Eldridge, Canton.
The Misses Appleton, "	" C. W. Scudder, Boston.
Mrs. Ellen T. Hobart, "	" Fred Cunningham, "
" Mary French, "	Miss R. G. Russell, Milton.
" W. S. Leland, Roxbury.	Misses Bursley, Brookline.
" Nathan Appleton, Boston.	Miss Loring, "
Miss Appleton, "	" Stevenson, "
Mrs. W. A. Bangs, "	" Atkinson, "
" A. D. Williams, "	" Hale, "
" G. B. Upton, "	" Shattuck, Boston.
" E. E. Hale, "	Mrs. Chas. L. Andrews, "

On November 5th, after fifty days spent at Readville Camp, we started for the seat of war. An account has already been given of our reception in Boston, and of the presentation of the National Colors and the White Flag of the State, on Boston Common, by Governor Andrew. December 10th, 1862, at Camp Amory on the Trent I was detailed as a Color Corporal from Company A.

At "Dress Parade" the evening previous, we had received "marching orders;" we were to start in thirty-six hours with three day's rations in haversacks.

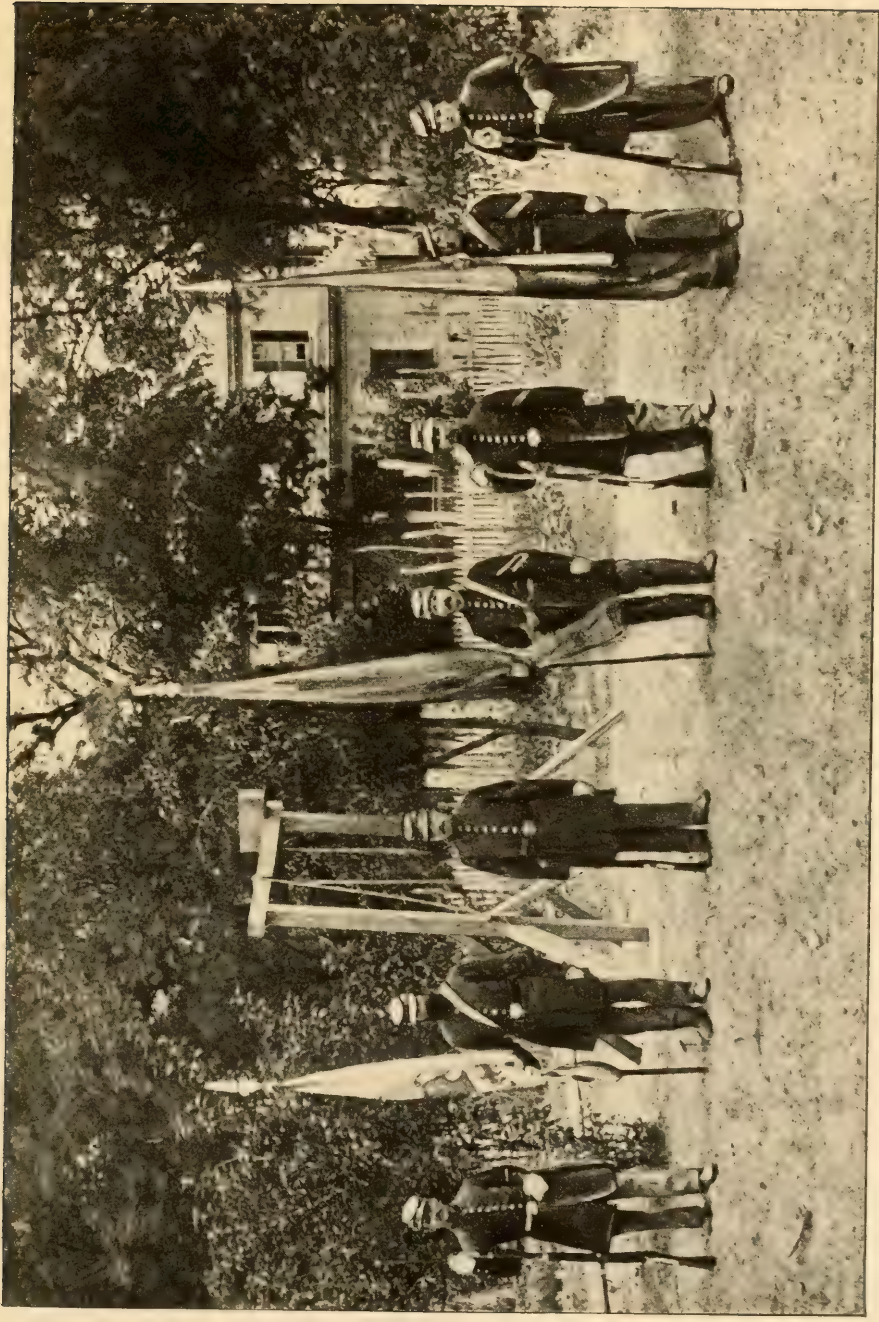
December 11th, 1862—This morning, "Reveille" sounded and battalion line was formed at a very early hour. We left camp in a chilly, foggy mist, which appears in this country as soon as the sun goes down, and continues until the sun burns it off late

in the morning. Upon the left of the Color Company, and forming part of it is the Color Guard, composed of a Corporal from each company, who carry their muskets with bayonets fixed, for the better protection of the Colors, and the Color Bearer, who ranks as a Sergeant. The Color Company is the right centre company, bringing the colors in the centre of the regimental line. My place was on the right of the rear rank.

In our Color-Sergeant, Theodore Parkman, I found a very able and agreeable person, who fully merited all the commendation and honor that had been bestowed upon him. The Color Guard with our comrades on the expedition had a long weary march in the sun, with overcoats on and loaded with our Springfield rifles, dipper, canteen, haversack containing three days rations, forty rounds of cartridges, rubber and woolen blankets, rolled horse-collar fashion. We were veritable mules and were only too glad to lie down and rest, when the order came to halt at noon.

That night we camped in a large corn-field. Sergeant Parkman and I arranged to share blankets that night, so after gathering some rails, cornstalks, coarse grass, etc., I spread my rubber and woolen blankets on them, leaving his blankets and waterproof coat to cover us with. We ate our supper and then turned in with feet toward the rail fire.

Friday, December 12th.—Early this morning we were again on our way, marching a long distance through the road opened by the pioneers, the night before, the Confederates having felled forest trees to impede our progress. This evening we took a road to the left, off the main road, marching till late, at a quick pace through a swampy country, camping near a planter's house. Each of the Color Guard returned to his own company for the night. While securing some rails for fuel, and to lie upon, I got confused and lost my way back to the regiment, and was calling out "Company A, Forty-Fifth" when a cousin A. H. of the Forty-Third Massachusetts, near whose bivouac it seems I had wandered, came up, and called me by name, recognizing my voice. We had not met for years and neither of us knew that the other had enlisted.



THE COLOR GUARD

Saturday, December 13th.—Again on the march and in the middle of the forenoon we could hear firing in front, which proved to be our artillery shelling the woods.

Later we came to an opening where our cavalry had had a skirmish with the Confederate troopers. Our cavalry, the Third New York, with reins on their horses' necks, revolver in one hand, and sword in the other, had put spurs to their horses, and dashed upon the enemy. We marched into a field, passing a building on our left, where were surgical instruments and stretchers which had been used. We formed line of battle with other regiments, expecting a battle immediately, but the regiments in front, and then our regiments laid down and many were soon asleep. Sergeant Parkman, myself and others wrote in our diaries.

Sunday, December 14th.—We were early on the march this morning, often on the "Double Quick," through a country which apparently had been flooded. Firing was distinctly heard in the advance at ten o'clock. As we passed Major-General Foster and Staff, who were dismounted, I heard him say to one of his aides, "Go in with this battalion and see that it is properly placed." Soon the Regiment was in the swamp and under fire in the battle of Kinston, which lasted for three or four hours. After the battle we crossed the bridge and marched into Kinston, where our Regiment was detailed for "Provost Duty," which kept us awake about all night.

Tuesday, December 16th.—We reached Whitehall, our Regiment being the Advance Infantry, where we supported a battery on our right, changing front in the road by the order, "On right, by file into line," when we were ordered to lie down. Later we fell back behind a rail fence skirting the road, that we might have some protection, and move out of the range of the Confederate fire.

Another of our batteries that was in our rear across the field, were ordered to depress their guns more, answered that "they were already firing under the Colors of the Regiment in front," meaning our Regiment. It was a great artillery duel. The air was full of shot and bursting shells. One, about a 4-inch shell,

struck the ground in front of the Color Guard, bounded and struck our Color-Bearer, Sergeant Parkman, in the left temple, and passing over the rear rank, landed near Colonel Codman, when we pushed it farther to the rear. Fortunately it did not explode. Upon finding our Color-Sergeant injured, the Colonel ordered his removal to the rear. Color-Corporals Brooks, Keating and myself lifted him and carried him to the rear of the line.

Upon reaching a dry water-course we had to rest when the other two went for a stretcher. I remained with the Sergeant, standing a conspicuous mark for the Confederate Sharpshooters, the zip of whose bullets I was only too conscious of. With the stretcher we carried our burden more comfortably. We took him to the Field Hospital, where the surgeon after an examination, and applying some lint to the wound, said he could do nothing for our Color Bearer. I do not think he was conscious after being struck. When Chaplain Stone appeared, I took the Sergeant's watch, keys and diary and handed them to the Chaplain, and then with sad hearts we all returned to our place at the Colors. As the Colors fell from the hands of Sergeant Parkman, they were seized by Colonel Codman who gave them to Color-Corporal Green to carry. That evening the Color-Corporals were ordered to appear at headquarters when Colonel Codman designated Sergeant Green as color bearer.

December 30, 1862.—Orders were read on "Dress Parade" of the appointment of Major-General Foster as commander of the Eighteenth Army Corps, and of the First Brigade to be composed of the Seventeenth, Forty-Third, Forty-Fifth and Fifty-First Massachusetts Regiments, Colonel T. J. C. Amory, Commanding.

January 1st, 1863.—Major Sturgis with others started for Kinston and Whitehall, under a flag of truce, to recover the bodies of Sergeant Parkman, Elbridge Graves and others, to be sent home.

Color-Sergeant Ebenezer Green left camp with his company which had been detailed for service at Fort Macon, and therefore did not officiate as color bearer, until after his company's return to the regiment.

January 25th, 1863.—Orders were read on “Dress Parade,” detailing our regiment for “Provost Duty” in New Berne. Upon our arrival in town the captain of the Color Company H, was ordered to escort the regimental colors to headquarters, preceded by the band, the color bearers marching between the platoons. Upon our arrival the color bearers flanked by a lieutenant and sergeant deposited the colors at Colonel Codman’s headquarters, after which the guard was dismissed, they seeking their several companies, which were quartered in dwelling-houses. As the color corporals were required to be always ready to accompany the colors, they were exempt from guard duty, but were frequently detailed for other duties. The provost marshal ordered a public bell to be rung daily at 12 M. and 8.45 P. M. After the latter hour passes were to be examined and the negroes must be in their quarters. Colonel Codman thought a color corporal could ring the public bell, and on February 9th, Lieutenant Emmons, the acting regimental quartermaster, detailed me as “Bell Ringer of New Berne,” with instructions to apply for a pass and a key to the Baptist Church on Middle Street. After a little practice and instruction from a fellow corporal, I became quite expert in ringing a set bell, holding it inverted on the long and short rope.

Hd. QRS. 45th, MASS. REGT.

NEWBERN, Feb. 9th, 1863.

SPECIAL ORDER

No. 15.

Corporal Chittenden of Co. A, is hereby detailed to ring the bell at the Baptist Church at 12 o’clock M. and 8.45 P. M. until further notice.

By order of Col. Codman,

G. C WINSOR,
Adjt.

PROVOST MARSHAL’S OFFICE,
NEWBERN, N. C., Feb’y 10th, 1863.

Please deliver the Key of Baptist Church on Middle St. to Corpl. Chittenden who has been detailed to ring the Bell at 9 o’clock.

GEORGE F. WOODMAN, LIEUT.

To His Excellency
GOV. STANLEY.

Dep. Provost Marshal.

I have not the Key, I never have had it.

10th, Feby. 1863.

EDW. STANLEY,
Brig. Gen.

PROVOST MARSHAL'S OFFICE,
NEWBERN, N. C. Feb'y 10th, 1863.

Guards will pass Corp'l Chittenden until 9½ O'clock P. M. until further notice.

GEORGE F. WOODMAN, LIEUT.
Dep. Provost Marshal.

As a result of this new occupation, or duty, the occupants of our room in Company A's quarters, eight of us, christened our quarters, "The Bell Ringer's Mess." While quartered in town, we had many visitors, and many a larder was emptied, and many a time the last cent was spent to entertain these friends. Fresh oysters were easily obtainable, and with pies, cakes, oranges, figs and lemonade, we could spread quite a repast.

February 23rd.—Upon the return of the regiment from battalion drill today, General Foster saluted our Colors, taking off his cap—the regiment coming to "shoulder arms" from "right shoulder shift," as they marched by him.

February 25th.—Was a grand review of the Eighteenth Army Corps. The marching by company front and dipping of the colors, were executed by our regiment in a very creditable manner.

April 1st. 1863.—Ordered to have forty rounds in our cartridge boxes.

April 5th.—Went to church this afternoon with guns and equipments, and listened to Chaplain Stone. During his sermon he stopped and gave notice that the Third Regiment M. V. M. were under marching orders and waited for those present, members of that regiment, to retire.

April 25th.—Our regiment was relieved from provost duty by the Forty-Fourth Regiment, M. V. M. After our line was formed General Foster appeared, receiving the salute due his rank, when he expressed his appreciation of the manner in which

the Forty-Fifth had performed their duty. Upon leaving our quarters the "Bell Ringer's Mess" left a floral arch in the room.

WELCOME
44th,
COMPLIMENTS OF
COMPANY A,
45th.

with the names of the eight occupants appended.

In the fight at Dover Cross Roads—owing to Company H having been sent on special service that morning, Company A acted as Color Company in the centre of the deployed line and on the roadbed of the railroad. Owing to the absence of Colonel Amory, Colonel Codman was in command of the Brigade, and ordered Lieutenant-Colonel Fellows of the Seventeenth Massachusetts to hold his regiment in readiness to support the deployed line. Colonel Codman ordered Company A, Forty-Fifth by "platoons into line" then "first platoon, Ready, Aim, Fire, lie down," repeating these orders to the second platoon then "Rise up, first platoon, fix bayonets, forward, double-quick march!" but were soon halted when were repeated the loading and firing, and the whole deployed line received the order to "Charge, Double Quick!" Company A and the color guards rushed forward along the railroad, over loose sleepers, burnt crooked rails, etc., Captain Denny reaching the works among the first, the colonel and the guard close up. The color bearer, Corporal Keating, waved the colors from the highest point, then planted the staff in the earth. The colors were the Massachusetts State Flag, the United States Regimental Flag having been sent North to be inscribed with "Kinston, Whitehall and Goldsboro." We had just fairly got down into the works when the Confederates fired a volley at us from the woods on our left, which was returned with vigor.

After supper that night I turned in under our rubber blanket roof, lying on a Confederate blanket, made of carpet lined with cotton cloth, which I had been sitting on while making my coffee, although unknown to me then. Private Hoffman

of Company K was Colonel's Orderly the day before and had slept with the color guard, so as to be near the colonel, and had slept next to me.

He had taken this blanket from one of the dead Confederates inside the earthworks, and brought it back with him. He proposed to spread it so that I might have the use of it with him. At first I had a feeling of repugnance, but finally thought it would be much more comfortable to use it, although not without a feeling of pity for the poor fellow, though a Confederate, who used it probably the night before.

May 18th.—This evening General Wild, his aid Colonel Beecher and Mr. Edward W. Kinsley, were in camp and we had some fine singing in Company A Street.

May 23rd.—Just after roll call tonight we were hurried up to Batchelder's Creek to reinforce the Fifty-Eighth Pennsylvania whose camp had been attacked and their colonel killed.

May 26th.—The regiment in full dress turned out to escort, with others, the remains of Colonel Jones to the steamer, the line being formed at Captain Messenger's, the Provost-Marshal's house. Colonels acted as pall-bearers, General Foster marching in the procession.

May 31.—Had taken exceptional pains in cleaning my gun and equipments for the rigid inspection and review to take place this afternoon, when I received orders to carry the blue banner. Upon our return the regiment was complimented for the precision of its marching by "Company front" and the color bearers for the accuracy of their salute in the regular and even-dipping of the three colors.

June 24.—The regiment broke camp, proceeded to Morehead City and embarked for Boston. On Boston Common we received a great ovation and an artillery salute; whereupon many of the comrades dropped to the ground as they had been accustomed to do in the enemy's country, but quickly got up laughing.

Several years after the war, on the occasion of the dedication of the Soldier's Monument on Boston Common, September 17th, 1877, the three Forty-Fifth Regimental Flags were carried by Color-Corporals Keating, Dakin and Chittenden. Since then the

National and State Flags have been in Doric Hall, State House, the State Blue Banner, mounted and framed is placed on the north wall of the Cadet Armory Drill Hall, near which hangs the portrait of Color-Bearer Sergeant Theodore Parkman.

The members of the Color Guard were, Color-Bearer, Sergeant Theodore Parkman of Company H ; Color-Bearer, Sergeant Ebenezer Green of Company I ; Color Corporals Albert A. Chittenden of Company A : George Tucker of Company B : George F. Woodward of Company C : George L. Haines of Company D : John W. Brooks of Company E : Arthur Dakin of Company F : Nathan Warren, (afterwards on detached duty) and George G. Adams of Company G : Charles S. Russell of Company H : John W. Keating of Company K ; of the above only two, Corporal George L. Haines of D, of Sandwich and Corporal Albert A. Chittenden of A, of Boston, are now living.

A Sketch of the Life of Theodore Parkman.

BY ALICE PARKMAN CARTER.

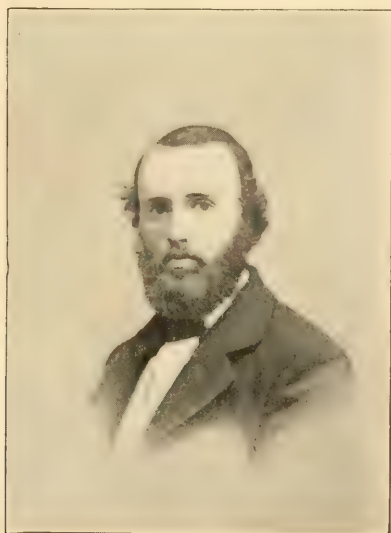


THEODORE PARKMAN was the eldest child and only son of John Parkman. His mother's maiden name was Susan Parkman Sturgis. He was of the purest New England blood, and belonged to a Boston family, but was born in Paris, on January 22nd, 1837, and owing to his father's profession as a Unitarian minister, his son spent nearly his entire life away from Boston in Greenfield, Mass., in Dover, N. H., and Staten Island, New York.

In 1857, Theodore graduated from Columbia College, and after two years' study of chemistry, went with his father to Germany, and spent a year at Göttingen under the famous chemist, Professor Wöhlen. In 1860, he took his degree of Doctor of Philosophy, and afterwards studied for another year at the University of Heidelberg, under Professor Bunsen. It was during the year at Heidelberg that Theodore's happy life was marred by the gathering shadows, in the dear country beyond the sea, where the fear of civil war became a certainty by the Spring. It was expected however, to be only a question of a few short months, and there seemed no reason therefore for Theodore to break up his studies and hasten home, though news reached him that many of his young friends and relatives who were on the spot when the war broke out, had entered the army, and had already been sent to the South. Among the relatives was his own first cousin, Robert G. Shaw, and his intimate second cousin Henry S. Russell. In October, 1861, the family returned to America, and settled permanently in Boston, and Theodore entered the Scientific School at Harvard, in order to be able to work in the laboratory. His education as a chemist was now finished, and he was waiting for an opportunity to use it practically. It was this short stay of less than a year at the Scientific School which gave his family the great happiness, in later years, of seeing his name on one of the marble tablets in Memorial



REGIMENTAL COLORS. 45TH REGIMENT M. V. M.
AND BLUE BANNER



COLOR-SERGT. THEODORE PARKMAN

Hall, and of having his portrait accepted to hang close to that of his cousin, Colonel Shaw.

Theodore would have liked to enter the army soon after his return from Europe, and all that kept him from doing so was the knowledge that he was his parent's only son, upon whom they depended to be the head of the family when they themselves should have left their three young daughters, one of whom was, at this time, only twelve years old.

The time was near however, when he felt he could no longer refuse the call of his country. In the summer of 1862, there were terrible reverses before Richmond, and one day in August, the papers brought the news that President Lincoln had issued a call for three hundred thousand more men. It was at that time that James Gibbons of New York wrote one of the most famous of the War poems, "We are coming Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more," and Theodore Parkman was one of the three hundred thousand who gave their answer "We are coming."

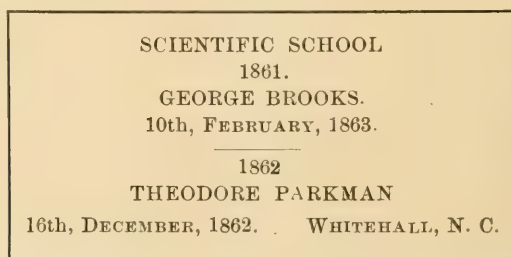
The day that the news came he said nothing of what was in his mind, but the next morning he quietly said to his family that he felt that he must go. His parents made no opposition, terrible as was their dread of losing their only son. His father began at once to make inquiries about getting him a commission, and was told that there would probably be a good deal of delay. When this was reported to Theodore, he said without hesitation, that he wished to go as a private soldier, for that the need was for men immediately and not later. This resolution was also not opposed by his parents, and won their respect for their son's judgment and conscience, though he was not yet twenty-six years old. His father only asked him, "Are you quite sure that you realize the life of a private? I suppose you might have to dig all day in the trenches, or help to clean the camp." Theodore answered, with a quiet smile, "Well, you know, father, I am not going for the fun of the thing." That was all. A man with a more ready flow of language, would have enlarged upon his feelings, and talked of duty, patriotism and self-sacrifice, but Theodore was not a talker. In one of his last letters from North Carolina he wrote to his mother, "You know I was never much of a hand at expressing my feelings," and it was true.

So after making the supreme sacrifice, well realizing the possible consequences, he only expressed the fact by saying that it was not done "for the fun of the thing." Immediately after coming to this decision, he began to drill, and passed his medical examination, which to his amusement took place in the steeple of the Park Street Church, that being a conveniently private place, far from the world below, where the Examining Surgeon could meet the recruits. The Forty-Fifth Regiment was chosen for Theodore's enlistment because the Colonel was his cousin by marriage, and the Major, his own first cousin, and although a private soldier would not be brought in contact with the field officers, it was a comfort to his family to know that he was going with those who knew and were interested in him.

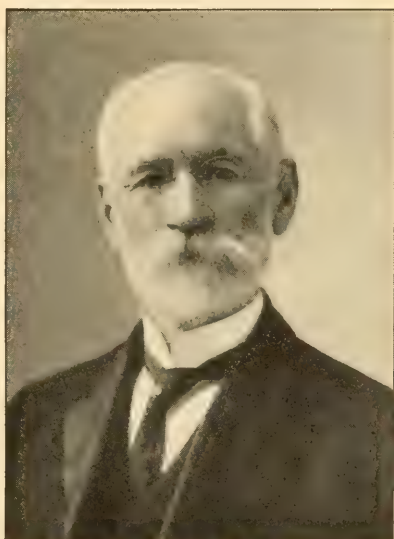
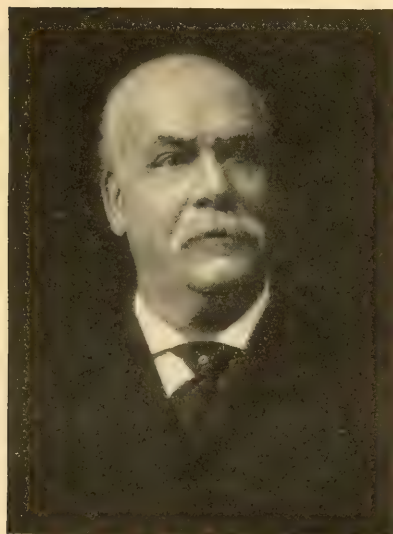
After the regiment went into camp at Readville, Theodore's history up to the day of his death is contained in the history of the regiment, and need not be added here, for his sisters were asked for only a short account of his life and personality.

Among several notices of his death, one month after leaving home, there was one written by George William Curtis, who, like Colonel Codman, was a cousin by marriage. In this it was said that he was "A youth, so pure and noble, that his face was beautiful." Let those true words, written by one who knew him since he was a child, be a fitting close to this brief sketch of Theodore Parkman written by one of his two surviving sisters, to both of whom he was, and is, inexpressibly dear.

Tablet in Memorial Hall, Harvard University.



George Brooks (brother of Phillips Brooks) of Company A, Forty-Fifth Regiment, M. V. M., died at Stanley Hospital, New Berne, N. C.



MEMBERS OF THE BAND

HENRY C. WHITCOMB
MYRON W. WHITNEY

JOHN A. SPOFFORD
JOHN R. MORSE

The Cadet Band.

BY PRIVATE JOHN R. MORSE, A MEMBER OF THE BAND.



THE Forty-Fifth Regiment Massachusetts Volunteer Militia was mustered into service September 15th, 1862. Contrary to the custom established in the early part of the war, the Forty-Fifth had no band. Two months prior to this time all the regimental bands had been "mustered out" by orders from headquarters. This was done because the men were enlisted as musicians, and not as soldiers, liable to do active duty in the field. As time went on, these musicians numbered into the many thousands, and it was held that the enormous expense to the government was not warranted, considering that such service was of the ornamental, rather than of the most serious kind. But Colonel Codman said a band he would have, and in this he was warmly seconded by the officers and men of the Forty-Fifth. He instituted a search among the men of the different companies for those who were musical, and who had more or less knowledge of musical instruments used in bands. As a result, details were made from the several companies, as follows:

Company A. Charles P. Goldsmith, Robert B. Hasty, John R. Morse.

Company D. Alva M. Richardson.

Company E. Henry Cummings, Henry L. Saxton, Henry C. Whitcomb, John D. Whitcomb.

Company G. Danforth K. Olney.

Company H. John A. Jones, James R. McLeran.

Company I. John L. Collyer, Freeman D. Hopkins, Joseph K. Melcher, John A. Spofford, Myron W. Whitney.

Company K. Hosea E. Holt.

These men were organized into a band and John A. Spofford was made leader, with the rank of Sergeant.

It was understood that these men should give up their guns, and henceforth serve as musicians, unless by reason of great loss

they should be needed as fighting men, in which case every man should return to his company. They were, in either capacity, to receive the same pay, the same company rations, and the same clothing. Our "gridiron front" of blue stripes was the only distinguishing mark of the band.

Our duties were to furnish music in camp at "guard mount" and "dress parade," give evening concerts, or whatever else was necessary for the good and pleasure of officers and men. It should be said that our instruments were furnished by officers and friends of the regiment. At the expiration of our term of service each member was generously presented with the instrument he used. Being "armed" with musical instruments we began preparations for our first appearance at "dress parade." In this we were greatly helped by Signor Mariani, the old drum major of Gilmore's Band. He was very tall and commanding in appearance, always proud, and at the same time, jolly. When he marched before us, dressed in his gorgeous uniform, with his long gold-headed baton and his bearskin hat, with pompom topping all, he was inspiring. I used to think of him as a "moving shield" to cover the defects of our inexperienced work.

To be of interest, this article should call up the events of our campaign in which we, as a band, were able to be of real service to the regiment, in camp, or in the field, or were able to encourage and keep alive military spirit, cheerfulness and content. The men of the band had pride enough in their own organization, and pride enough in the regiment to feel duly responsible for results. Whatever may be said, they were, in my opinion, conscientious, reasonably ambitious, willing to practice individually and together, and it is only fair to say that they wanted to be taught and drilled a great deal more than they were. Any amount of effective professional drill would have been welcome. Notes and letters written by myself, during our service, are lost, and my "forgetting" is big. A thousand and one things, more or less important, were jotted down, but are now forgotten. A few things remain in the memory, and as I dwell upon them, I am made happy in the belief that the band was appreciated by the officers and men of the regiment. We

often received words of satisfaction and praise. The Adjutant and Quartermaster were untiring in their efforts to quarter us comfortably, and as a company, by ourselves, when possible, as was the case in Camp Amory and at Newbern. We received evidences of cordiality in many ways, which, though they might be small, meant a great deal, and helped smooth the rough edges of army life. Our "gridiron front" was generally recognized with a "hel-lo band," and was a passport to the quarters of any company cook. Do not look lightly upon such a privilege! Do not, for a moment, suppose that if the commissary furnishes certain things to feed a regiment, that all the companies of that regiment will be fed and nourished alike.

There were cooks and cooks, then, as now. An untidy, unskilful army cook will injure the temper and efficiency of the best company. He can cultivate "cursing" and in his position between the commissary and the man with the gun, he can give less satisfaction than any "middleman" I know of in the commercial world. I quote from letters received from time to time, showing how the Forty-Fifth Band was appreciated during service and how it is remembered after a lapse of forty-five years. Adjutant Winsor writes suggesting that the tune known to this day as "cut-cut-cut-a-cut" be printed in the regimental history. This tune was one of the first, if not the very first lesson given out by the leader for the band "to get together" on, and it is imbedded in the memory of every man. It is easy to reproduce the printed notes, but the "music" of the tune lives only in the memory of those who heard it, as it was then played by the "Cadet Band," John A. Spofford, leader, and solo cornet player. At first it was called "that squawking tune," then the "cut-cut-cut-a-cut," words fit the music very well. After the war it was rescued by the Adjutant, dressed up in printer's ink and christened "The Cadet Waltz." But what's in a name? The tune is as good as by any other, and now after a lapse of forty-five years, if a band man meets an old comrade of the "Forty-Fifth," he will generally strike an attitude, and begin to sing or whistle,

"Cut-cut-cut-a-cut-cut
Cut-cut-cut-a"

as a token of recognition. The regiment adopted the tune, as Harvard adopted "John, the Orangeman," and gave him a donkey. At regimental reunions, our thoughtful Secretary, John D. Whitcomb, never fails to have it on the programme for the band to play, just for days of "Auld Lang Syne."

The adjutant is quite right. The "Cadet Waltz" certainly belongs here. Corporal Augustus S. Lovett has pleasing recollections of the "Cadet Band" and writes as follows:

"My first knowledge that a band was being organized was a detail from Company A, which included comrades John R. Morse, Robert B. Hasty and Charley Goldsmith. Soon discordant sounds from the retreat of the musicians, indicated that they were "getting together," and exerting themselves to produce harmony of action, which in due time, bore fruit in making our band a great credit to our regiment as a whole, and the admiration of each individual.

I recall the first "dress parade" in which they participated. The leader, Mr. Spofford, proud of his following, leading off with his cornet, in a step which seemed to indicate, "See, what I have produced." The Whitcomb Brothers, John D. and Henry, who beat the big drum. The sedate artist who managed the cymbals, the rakish drummer, Jones, these, and the others, loom up, even after the lapse of more than forty years. How the old "Cut-cut-ca-da-cut" springs up in the memory, their maiden effort, never forgotten, and brought up often at regimental reunions. By the time we left Readville, we had a band that did well their part. As we marched through the city and on our return to Boston, the results of their long practice and devotion to their duties, showed itself in the development of a body of musicians that any regiment might be proud of. Of their service in camp, on the march, in the field and in the many details they were called upon to perform, others can speak with better knowledge than can I. But I take pleasure in recalling our comrades of the band and adding my testimony to their ability as musicians, and their patriotism as soldiers of the Union."

Mr. Shields contributes the following account of the

DRUMMER'S ATTACK ON THE BAND AT CAMP AMORY.

For a week the drummers had been collecting broken hardtack from every source about camp, and storing it in an empty bunk. At last when the drummers came in from their last duty of the day, beating "Taps," they held their last council, while undressing. Each company barracks was divided by the entrance and the fire-place opposite. The only light came from the wood fire. All was quiet, except for a few snores up among the bandmen, who occupied the upper end, beyond the fire place. Soon there was quite a shower of broken hard tack among the bandmen, and it was kept up in spite of all their protests. At last Spofford, the leader of the band, got out of his bunk, which was just what the boys wanted, so they could pelt him from head to foot. He said he would "report them in the morning," but they cared nothing for to-morrow, for it was *now* they were having their good time.

At last Spofford dressed and went to find the officer of the day. When the officer appeared he called the boys in their undress, about him in front of the fire. "Boys," he said, "how many of you took part in throwing this hardtack?" pointing to the floor. Not an answer. "I will only say to you now, that if you repeat it you will be marched away from your quarters. Return to your bunks." All became quiet. After a while, when the boys were sure there was no one on the watch, they started in again, throwing hard tack. Spofford was now mad, and again went for the officer of the day. This time he came with a corporal and file of men. "Boys, turn out and dress, put on your shoes, blouse and cap. Fall in here by the door, two and two." The corporal marched them to the wood pile. The officer of the day then told them to each take a stick. "You can drag it, or carry it on your shoulder, or put it under your arm, but "tote" it, you must."

For two hours the corporal kept them on the move, with a halt at the end of the first hour. They were right glad to get back to their bunks and never again did they take part in any disorder. There were other kinds of mischief, however, that paid better.

I quote from a letter from John D. Whitcomb, Secretary of the Regimental Association, who was a member of the band. He says :

“ To me recollections of the band’s service, musically, have always been clouded with reflections as to what we did do in music, and as to what we might have done, under different circumstances. However, we may take to ourselves comfort from the words of Colonel Codman, who publicly said, “ It was a good band, that is to say, it became a good band.” I put some considerable value on the service of the band in the several affairs the regiment was engaged in as an Ambulance Corps. You probably yourself know, that in the line of duty, the mere fact of one member of the band being twice required to cross the line of fire of both forces, undoubtedly saved the lives of several members of our own regiment from the fire of one of our own batteries, several members of our own regiment having already been killed by the unfortunately located battery, directly enfilading our troops. You probably, will not forget that, at least, the band was thought to be good enough, to be detailed as the Band of the First Brigade, First Division, Eighteenth Army Corps.” The reference in the above to the band as an Ambulance Corps, is well deserved and should be extended. The bandmen had been well taught by the surgeon how to give first aid to the wounded, and how to use stretchers, bandages and tourniquets. We were to go with the regiment into battle, rescue the wounded, if possible, and carry them to the field hospital. We were liable to be sent as messengers on dangerous errands, as the one referred to by comrade Whitcomb.

At Kinston, our first engagement, we found our services needed as an Ambulance Corps. Just before the Forty-Fifth went into action, we received orders to file to the right, and in doing so, soon found ourselves between one of our own batteries and the enemy. The result was the loss of a few of our men by our own battery before they found the proper elevation.

It was here that we first witnessed the horrors of war, and I have no words to tell how terrible it was to see men killed by their own friends by mistake, an error of judgment. I have no

doubt that thousands of good soldiers lost their lives during the war, in similar ways. The band, of course, had work to do with their stretchers in removing the wounded from the field. The battle was not of long duration, but it was severe. The enemy retreated across the bridge to Kinston, our army following, and driving them through, and beyond the town. Our victorious army now went into quarters for the night. The band laid aside their stretchers, found their instruments, which had been left in care of the quartermaster, and resumed their pleasant and more peaceful duties, as musicians. We were ordered to the colonel's headquarters, where we made as cheerful music as possible, under the circumstances. As we turned in for the night we were too tired to dwell upon forebodings of the morrow, when we were liable to fight again, or even dream of the day's experience. It was thought that the enemy might return and attack us in the night. We cared little about it, for we knew the town was well guarded.

At Whitehall the Forty-Fifth Regiment was exposed to the shot and shell of the opposing force as well as from sharpshooters who were in the treetops. It was here that our Color-Sergeant Theodore Parkman received his mortal wound. One of Belger's gunners was seen to fall. Four ambulance men immediately went across the open space, placed the wounded man on their stretcher, and carried him off the field, while heavy shot and musket balls were much in evidence. I mention these instances to show that while acting as ambulance corps the members of the band were greatly exposed. After the successful battle of Goldsboro, the object of the expedition having been accomplished, we gathered up our "war-worn" instruments and attempted to play patriotic airs. This attempt under difficulties is aptly described by comrade Pike in his reminiscences.

From this time till we got back to Camp Amory, the band attempted no professional work, except to try to preserve their instruments and keep them from being entirely ruined. In obeying frequent orders to "double-quick" we found other uses for our wind. By the way, I never fully understood just why the return march from Goldsboro was conducted in such haste during the

first afternoon and the following forenoon of the following day. The orders, "close up" and "double quick" were frequently given, suggesting that the head of the column was moving rapidly. Now and then, an aide-de-camp would ride by towards the front, or towards the rear as if on pressing errands. Such movements were suggestive. The hills on the right and left and the turpentine forests, were convenient hiding places for the "rebs."

Our forefathers were "rebs" on the 19th of April, 1775, and we knew from the books we have read, how they treated the British.

Were *we* to be treated to a dose of Lexington? But history did not repeat itself. We saw no "Minute men."

" Crossing the field to emerge again,
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load."

Therefore, in time, we were reassured, and cuddled our beloved instruments, as mothers cuddle their babies after a fright. Musical instruments are delicate war tools. I don't think Colonel Codman took that into account, when he ordered his band to carry their instruments on the Goldsboro march. On later expeditions they were left in camp.

Whether or not the band had anything to do with the Forty-Fifth being ordered to New Berne, to do provost duty, I do not know, but always thought it had. We were detailed to do duty with the First Brigade Army Corps, and events proved that it was necessary that the band should be near headquarters.

In the picture the band is represented in front of their quarters in New Berne.

The band improved much while in New Berne, owing to the fact that they had a good place in which to practice and were ambitious to do as well as they could as a Brigade Band. In one way and another, mostly on account of individual interest and pride, a fairly good repertoire had been collected and the band felt prepared to furnish music for social as well as for military occasions.

The crowning event of our service came with our return to



THE CADET BAND

Boston. After landing from the *Spaulding* and the *Tilly*, we formed near the wharf, and with a squad of police in front to clear the way, the colonel and staff in our rear, we led the regiment up through State Street and Beacon to the Common, amid generous applause.

Some years afterwards, I saw in a Boston paper, an account of the return of the Forty-Fifth, by some one who signed himself "March Past." Of the band, he said, "It is remembered that the Cadet Band of the Forty-Fifth Regiment, during a halt on State Street near the old State House, gave a brief concert for the benefit of the crowds assembled on the street. They played among other selections, a well-known and difficult march by Grafula.

The applause of the audience indicated that the selection was good and that the band played it well."

The following article entitled "Music in the Army," although not relating especially to the Cadet Band, will I am sure be appreciated in this connection, inasmuch as it was written by John D. Whitcomb, a member of the band.

The article appeared in the *Boston Transcript*, August 9, 1890.

"General Orders No. 15, dated May 4th, 1861, issued by the War Department, give the plan of organization of the volunteer forces called into service by the President on the day previous to that date.

The men enlisting under this call were to be subject to the laws and regulations governing the Army of the United States, and the orders specified that a band of twenty-four musicians should be included as a part of each regimental organization. Besides this band two musicians for the ordinary martial music were allowed each company, and two principal musicians were allotted to serve the whole regiment. Such liberal provision for music shows that the glory of the army was considered incomplete without an abundance of the blare of horns, the clash of cymbals and the boom and rattle of drums.

This view of the importance of music to the military halo was held not only in the army, but also by the civilian masses of the people at the early war period. Individuals of the latter class possibly often estimated a position in the band as being one of special opportunity for distinction in the field, as all the troops they had ever seen, marched with a drum major and the band at the right of the line and the bravest

were generally supposed to be those placed in front. But battles are never fought in that order of formation, and bands, though they may have their usefulness in other directions are never expected to lead bayonet charges with music. An historical occasion is remembered when, at the critical moment of a collision with a secession mob during the early days of the war, the musicians found themselves unpleasantly at the front. This occasion was at the time of the passage through Baltimore, on April 19th, 1861, which was attempted by the band marching at the head of one wing of the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment. Probably blood flowing from the wounds of these musicians was some of the earliest shed in the Union cause.

Certainly this band was the first of any body of the troops to return home disabled; for not only did the members of it receive bodily wounds from "clubs," paving stones, and the various missiles availed of by the mob in resisting their onward way, but also their musical instruments which played "Yankee Doodle," and other patriotic tunes, were ruthlessly beaten out of shape, and the usefulness of the band for any of the legitimate purpose of music in the army was for the time being, neutralized. The members of the band in some instances, owed their lives to the protection of several of the loyal and humane citizens of Baltimore, and after a few days of such safety at private hands they returned to Massachusetts to recover from wounds and secure new instruments for service. A period between the spring of 1861 and mid-summer of 1862—something over a year—was when music was at its best in the army. The militia regiments from the different loyal States went forward at the first to Washington and other points menaced, for a three months' tour of duty, and each regiment took with it its regimental band, composed generally of the best military professional musicians resident in the locality from which the regiment took its departure. The short-term troops returned from their tour of duty and were replaced by those of longer terms. Musicians who had served with the three months' troops having gained much in general proficiency and having become familiarized with the military field movements were engaged to go with the regiments then being formed for the longer terms. Inducements were held out to quicken the enlistment of recruits by publicly announcing that a famous band would be attached to some particular regiment. Members of bands in the army at this time were graded in classes, and were mustered in ordinarily as "musicians for a band." Besides the Government pay, which for most of the classes was above that of the private soldier, there was generally some arrangement, through a regimental fund, by the voluntary assessment of officers, or through contributions of friends of the different regiments, by which extra pay was provided to secure superior musicians. The Union Army included among its numerous regimental organizations, during the first

year and a half of the war, many bands from the Northern, Middle and Western States, which had national reputations as musical organizations. Among these were Gilmore's of Boston, and Dodworth's of New York.

In that first eighteen months of the early part of the war, in which the army was lying near Washington and on the near border of Virginia, visitors to the different camps of the regiments had nothing near so much to say about anything else they had seen or heard as they had to say in praise of the music of the Union Army bands. "I heard bands in the Army of the Potomac," said one narrator who had visited the camps there in 1862, "that could play the music of an entire opera in faultless harmony without looking at the notes, from the beginning to the end." Slight knowledge only of music is necessary to make one aware that a statement so inclusive is an exaggeration; but that there were excellent bands in the army at that time there is no doubt, and the rivalry as to which regiment had the best, was nearly as great as the competition in regard to which regiment, brigade, division or corps, excelled in the school of the soldier. On June 30th, 1862, there were in the service of the United States Government according to the official statement of Adjutant-General Richard C. Drum, six hundred and forty-six thousand nine hundred and seventeen troops. If the maximum aggregate of one thousand and forty-six officers and men be allowed to each regiment (which would be an over proportion as many regiments had only the minimum aggregate of eight hundred and sixteen officers and men) then there were, in a round total of six hundred and eighteen regiments, with the allowance of twenty-four musicians for the band, twenty more for drummers, and two more for principal musicians, to all appearances twenty-eight thousand, four hundred and twenty-eight men enlisted as musicians, and fourteen thousand, eight hundred and thirty-two of these men were serving, or according to the organization of the army should have been serving, strictly as band men, divided into six hundred and eighteen or more bands. On July 17th, 1862, a bill containing sections ordering the muster-out of regimental bands passed in Congress, and was approved by the President. This bill contained the proviso that each brigade in the volunteer service be allowed to have sixteen musicians in a band. The carrying into effect of the provisions of this bill resulted in the going out of service, within thirty days from its passage, of nearly all of the bands of volunteer troops in the army, very few of the men composing the regimental bands being willing to serve as musicians on such terms as were offered men of superior musical ability, the pay, the length of service, and possible requirements of duty being those of a regular enlisted soldier. Musicians who had served in the army as bandmen had become familiar with the impossibility of merging their professional duties with those of the ordinary soldier, who carried a rifle. Acting as ambulance corps, bands could be and

were, very useful, and members of bands in the army sometimes ran great risks of losing their lives. Indeed some were killed; but such an unfortunate event immediately crippled the band. Except in camp or on parade, and for lightening the tedium of the soldiers' lives when not on active duty, musical instruments played by a band were not largely of general usefulness to guide in step, or in any way help the movements of regiments. When the bands which had been mustered out in July, 1862, and which had done good duty during the war up to that period, ceased to perform their peculiar service, the numbering of the regiments sent out from Massachusetts had reached to about the forties. After that time all bands attached to regiments and under the control of its commanding officer, were composed of strictly enlisted men, on the same footing for pay, rations and duty as the soldier who carried a rifle. In fact the men composing these bands in some cases were only musicians when in camp or on parade and on the march or in action carried rifles. At Readville in the summer and autumn of 1862, the nine-months' regiments were recruiting. The Forty-Third Massachusetts Regiment in camp there had Gilmore's famous band, which had been mustered out, and had returned from its tour of duty in North Carolina with the Twenty-Fourth Massachusetts Regiment. The Forty-Fourth Massachusetts Regiment at its camp had Flagg's Boston Brass Band. The Forty-Fourth paid \$3,000 for this band's service while in camp. It is likely the Forty-Third paid nearly the same amount.

It was no part of the contract that these bands should go to war, with the regiments they had been in camp with, and upon the departure of the troops the bands escorted them to the transports upon which the soldiers were to be conveyed to North Carolina, and there the duties of the musicians ended.

Colonel Charles R. Codman, who was then raising the Forty-Fifth Massachusetts (Cadet) Regiment, also in Readville, at Camp Meigs, took a different view of the musical situation in his regiment, and immediately on going into camp set about forming a band out of his enlisted men, instruments being furnished by friends of the regiment. Many other regiments followed his example after reaching the front, but it is believed that this regimental band was the first to depart from Massachusetts as regular soldiers, musically equipped. After the muster-out of the bands in 1862, most excellent corps of musicians for marching purposes were formed out of the martial-music corps of regiments. Their music was most inspiring on the march, and the octave flutes and fifes playing different parts made really good music for war purposes, though for concert occasions it was monotonous. The bands enlisting after 1862 were eventually organized into drilled ambulance corps, and when in camp or in action were responsible for that duty. Their services in that direction were unquestionably of great value.

From a letter written by Army-Surgeon Edward P. Roche, concerning the battle of the North Anna River, the following is quoted: "To a request as to what I should do with the wounded, the reply came from Dr. Hogan at Crittenden's headquarters. 'Do the best you can, but cross the river.'

To wait for the river to fall, which was greatly swollen by a terrific thunder storm, was perhaps to be captured, but how transport the wounded over such a flood? Their guns and equipments we threw into the river, and the dead had gone over, we need not trouble about them. There were no regular hospital attendants to call on; but fortunately the band of the Fifty-Sixth had been ordered back to the field hospital when the fight began, with orders to report to the surgeon for duty for the time. They were a fine body of young men and the most willing and reliable I ever found. I called them together and stated the case fully, and they promptly offered to get the wounded across by carrying them on their backs, two men wading and swimming with one wounded. The attempt was made but the men became so exhausted and chilled, it was abandoned. A raft was made from the flooring of an old mill near by, capable of sustaining three men at a time. No ropes could be had to pull the raft, and the only means of propulsion was for the men to strip off their clothing and swim and wade the river pushing the raft before them. It took six men most of the time to make the trip and they were up to their necks about all the time. The danger and labor of transporting fifty wounded men in this manner can hardly be understood by the civilian in these times of peace. They toiled all through that long summer night and into the daylight. We had many men during the war who struck printer's ink with much greater zeal and tact than they did the enemy, but in this case I can do justice to the band of the Fifty-Sixth Massachusetts.

Its members alone did the work and earned the praise. If they came from Cape Cod, as I always believed they did, they were a credit to it and the State." Many other army surgeons could undoubtedly bear similar testimony as to the value of the services of bandmen in the army, not only in active service, but in promoting health and keeping up the spirits of the troops in camp."

Four Months In Fort Macon, Dept. N. C.

BY SERGEANT EPHRAIM STEARNS, OF CO. G, 45TH REG. MASS. VOLS.

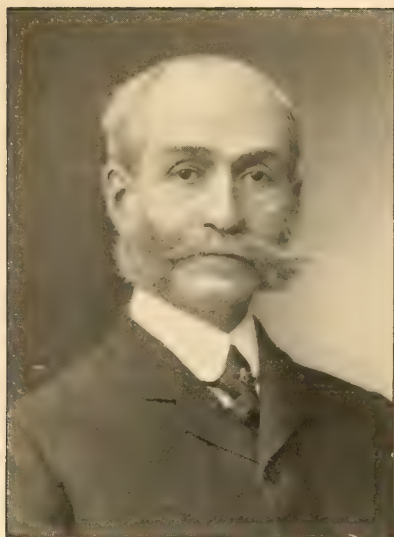
From early Dec. '62, to April '63.



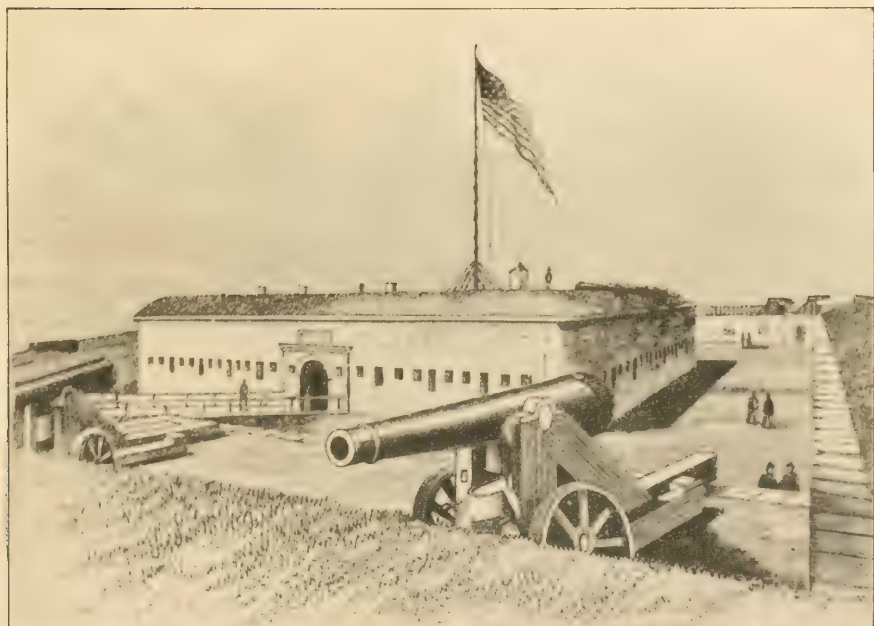
HE unexpected is ever the lot of the soldier. At dress parade of the regiment, the adjutant read out the order, "Company G, will proceed to garrison Fort Macon." Our company was detailed because it was then commanded by a first lieutenant, Theodore A. Thayer, Captain Murdoch being on the staff of General Amory, and for the further reason that, in taking station at Fort Macon, where a regular company of artillery were in garrison, there might be no conflict in command. We were to relieve a company of the 3d New York Artillery, which was ordered back to Newbern, and afterwards as light artillery saw service in the engagements of Kinston, Whitehall and Goldsboro.' The regulars were Co. "C," 1st U. S. Artillery, with whom we were quartered for over two months, until they were ordered away on the Charleston expedition.

Company "G" received the order with mingled feelings, pleasure at a change of station, and regret at leaving the regiment and camp just occupied with quarters nicely fixed for winter. On the following morning our company was drawn up in heavy marching order, camp equipage packed, and marched to Newbern where we took train for Morehead City, thence by boat across the bay, to Fort Macon. We landed at the wharf, marched up the narrow railroad track leading to the fort, through the entrance and on to the parade ground where we were dismissed.

Fort Macon is situated at the extreme end of a peninsula commanding the entrance to Beaufort Harbor, with the ocean on one side and the sound on the other. The upper end of the peninsular was not occupied by our troops, but was neutral territory. The Fort had been captured with all its armament some months before from the Confederates.



SERGT. EPHRAIM STEARNS, COMPANY G



FORT MACON IN 1863

After being dismissed on the parade ground, the men were assigned to quarters in the fort. Each non-commissioned officer with a detail of privates had a casemate which was to be their abiding place for the winter. After living in barracks we found the casemates very comfortable and homelike with large open fire places where we burned logs of wood. At night, when the candles were extinguished at taps, we piled the fire places high with wood and by that light made merry with story and joke.

We soon settled down into garrison life, and formed many pleasant acquaintances with the men of the regular artillery who were with us in the fort. We were drilled as heavy artillery, our men serving at the guns side by side with the regulars, so that we speedily became fairly proficient in handling the heavy ordnance. The drill at the guns was interesting, and had the charm of novelty. Target practice with the heavy columbiads and thirty-two pounders, firing solid shot, gave us an opportunity to show how proficient we were in handling the heavy guns and how well we had learned our lesson from the regulars. Our infantry drill was not neglected as we had regular drills in a field outside the fort.

The little incidents of our life in the fort come to me now after the lapse of years with all the importance they had to me then. They are not great events, but as they broke up the monotony of every day life and seemed very large to me then, I will try to recall a few happenings.

The soldiers from the camp across the bay used to visit us at the fort. One day a party rowed over and had to stay over night as the wind and waves were so strong they could not return. We took them in and made them comfortable for the night. During the evening a man in our company who was always ready to talk on any subject, had monopolized the conversation until some of our visitors showed by their expression that they thought him a little out of his head. We were used to him and paid little attention. At last one of our men lost patience and said: "For God's sake write it, if you keep your mouth shut they will never know you are a fool." Needless to add he subsided and kept quiet for the rest of the night.

Another crowd of soldiers who had been visiting us attempted to return to the mainland in a storm so severe that the sentry on the rampart saw that the boat was being blown out to sea. He called the officer of the day's attention to the danger of the party as their boat had struck on a reef in the harbor. The alarm was given and a boat crew of our soldiers under Lieutenant Thayer put out to their rescue, but they too came very near being shipwrecked on the same reef. As something had to be done at once, the commander of the post raised a signal of distress from the flag staff and requested a government tug to go to the rescue of both boats which was quickly accomplished.

One Sunday morning after inspection of quarters, our company was drawn up on the parade ground for inspection by the commander. Our lieutenant was quite proud of his company and after the inspection of quarters, wished to show our proficiency in the manual of arms to a few visiting officers. The men had on their white gloves, as was customary on this occasion. The manual was executed with a snap and go until the order, "right shoulder shift" was given, which was performed in a half hearted slovenly manner. Now, it had rained the night before, and there were puddles of water on the parade ground, so that the men were loath to put their hands on the bottom of the stocks of their muskets, for fear of soiling their gloves. While such conduct was not soldierly, the men did not think how it looked to outsiders, but considered their own appearance. Lieutenant Thayer was very wroth at the dilatory manner in which his repeated commands were executed, and his exasperation only increased the careless manner of the soldiers in executing right shoulder shift. The company were almost in a state of mutiny. We were finally dismissed to our barracks, and it was the talk of the company all day that our Lieutenant had never shown such exasperation with his men.

The next morning we had to pay for it. We got orders to parade with knapsacks packed on our backs. We were taken by the first sergeant outside the fort, and given a sharp drill. All had to suffer for the action of a few careless soldiers. This

knapsack drill was kept up for about a week, and the men took their medicine as though they enjoyed it. Finally the Lieutenant thought he had punished us enough. So ended the knapsack-drill.

There was a picket post some two miles up the island which was a favorite post for the guard. It was an independent command of a corporal and three privates, so the duties were not onerous. The tour of duty was for twenty-four hours. The guard quarters were an old wooden building with a bunk for the guard not on post, to lie on. I distinctly remember an old frying pan which we used in cooking salt pork and hard tack, quite an appetizing meal to us. Time used to hang heavily on our hands. We could not play cards as one of the four soldiers had to be on guard. One of our corporals, a good soldier, but prone to be original, was stationed at this picket post. He thought there was no danger in the day time from the enemy, and permitted the sentinel on post to leave his beat and join the rest in the building. The guns were all stacked outside the door, and the soldiers were inside enjoying themselves. The officer of the day in making his rounds came upon this scene, guns stacked, and no sentinel on post. In response to his command "Corporal, why is not your guard posted?" the corporal replied: "I didn't think there was any great necessity for it during the day." The lieutenant said, "I have a very good mind to put you under arrest." However, the reply seemed so droll to the officer, that he laughed and cautioned him not to let it occur again. The corporal never heard the last of this joke. This same corporal afterwards brought in two prisoners, poor whites, who had wandered down the island, and turned them over to the guard at the fort.

Beyond this picket post, the land was covered with stunted trees and bushes, and sparsely inhabited. A few of our men one day strolled beyond the picket lines and came to an old house occupied by white people. As usual, in North Carolina, there were many black pigs running wild. Naturally one of those pigs suggested fresh roast pork, and one was speedily captured without attracting attention. The transition of that pig to the

table through the agency of the cook was soon accomplished. All went merrily until the owner of the pig appeared at the fort and demanded payment. The lieutenant called upon the company to pool in money enough to pay for the pig. All parties were satisfied.

A rumor reached the commander of the fort that there were Confederates on the farther end of the island, which was not occupied by the Union troops. A sergeant and several soldiers were sent up to reconnoitre and see if there was any truth in it. They had their trouble for their pains as none of the enemy were found.

I remember on one occasion going past the picket post with my rifle, a confederate arm, taken at the time the fort was captured, in order to practice shooting at objects on the beach. I was wandering over the sand dunes when I came across a party of soldiers who had on black overcoats. I was somewhat surprised at seeing them, and before I could find out whether they belonged to our army I was hailed by one of them. I answered and asked them what regiment they belonged to. They said the 46th Mass., which relieved me somewhat, as I had forgotten that that regiment, owing to the scarcity of regulation blue, were obliged to take the black overcoats, when they entered the service.

After going off guard we had the next day in which to clean up and rest, being excused from all regular duty. On these occasions we always had an opportunity to go over to Beaufort.

Beaufort before the war was quite a summer resort. It had an old seaside hotel which was used by the Federals as a hospital. There was an old darkey by the name of "Cuff," a name familiar to those of you who read this and belonged to the company, a good happy old fellow who came across the bay every morning to take over any of the soldiers who wanted to go to Beaufort.

There wasn't a great deal to do there, a few houses and stores, and an old hotel, where we used to get those famous dinners for fifty cents. I hardly think the landlord made much on us as we had unbounded appetites, and came away from his

tables well satisfied. There was a piano in the parlor, and some of us would go in there, and the writer played accompaniments to the old army songs, and what a good time we did have singing them.

The expedition against Charleston was fitted out in the harbor of Beaufort. The war vessels and the transports for the troops rendezvoused there for about a month before sailing.

We had an interesting time watching the preparations. The fleet consisted of monitors, gunboats, and transports. The troops were drawn largely from our department, and boarded the ships there. When they sailed from Beaufort Harbor, it was one of the sights never to be forgotten, the gunboats leading, followed by the monitors and transports. The start was made late in the afternoon, and as they sailed away south, they made a beautiful marine picture.

The fort was often visited by officers from the war vessels which came into the harbor from the blockading fleet. I recall one in particular, Captain Worden, who fought the Monitor against the Merrimac, in Hampton Roads. His face showed the marks of powder from a shell that had exploded near the conning tower, which nearly blinded him. He was a great hero to us at that time, and later was made Rear Admiral.

We had many visitors also from the army, often accompanied by ladies. What with our garrison duties and the instruction received in artillery drill, we were enabled later to be of service in garrisoning one of the forts built for the defense of Newbern.

None of the soldiers of the company were seriously sick during the time. We began to think that we should remain there during our term of enlistment, but fate was against us, as we were ordered back to Newbern on April 9th, and were assigned to fort Spinola, on the banks of the Neuse river, about two miles out of the city.

This ends the company's service at Fort Macon.

Captain Joseph Murdoch of Company G.

BY REV. EDWARD EVERETT HALE, D.D.



APTAIN Joseph Murdoch of this city died at his home in Roxbury, on the evening of the twenty-seventh of April, 1884, in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

It is not only a large circle of family friends and the larger circle of his old comrades in the army, who feel his loss and feel it keenly. His was one of those large and generous lives which render such service to all around that no one can willingly spare them. Captain Murdoch made himself the loved friend of every one with whom he had to do. And in the neighborhood in which he lived, in the church which he loved, in the associations of business, nay, even in casual acquaintanceships, or what would be such to other men, he had so endeared himself that there are hundreds of persons who in his death have lost something precious from their own daily lives and eagerly bring their sympathies to his family.

"If you want to know about him, ask the children." Such was a casual phrase, which a man might be proud to deserve as an epitaph, which gives some idea of the affection which surrounded him everywhere and which he well deserved.

He was born in Cuba on the fourth of July, 1810. His friends used to tell him that his birthday gave the omen of his unflinching patriotism and loyalty to the country of his fathers and his home. When a little boy he was sent with four brothers to Boston, that they might be educated as American citizens. The little fellow was placed first at the school, still well remembered, established by Mrs. Stearns at Medford. Afterward he had the inestimable advantage of Dr. Abbott's care in the Academy of Exeter. He did not enter college as had been at one time proposed, where he would have been the classmate of his friends Thomas G. Appleton and Wendell Phillips. His father's death made a change in his life plan, and he entered as clerk



CAPT. JOSEPH MURDOCH, CO. G

into the well known house of Cunningham. It was while in their employ that he made voyages to India as supercargo.

He then passed into the employ of the firm of Reed, Chadwick and Dexter, where he remained for many years, up to the outbreak of the Civil War. He was a book-keeper with them, and in the wide business of that firm, made a world of friends who honored and loved him.

In 1844 he married Miss Caroline Dorcas Smith, of Boston, and in 1847 removed to Roxbury to live, where he has ever since made his home and where, as always, he became the attached and intimate friend of all who knew him. In friendly society, in the neighborhood and in the church one might almost say everyone knew him and relied upon him. If he made up his mind that any special case of suffering needed charitable relief, everyone who knew him accepted his decision as the best that could be made. He became fairly a minister-at-large in the number and the variety of his kindnesses to those in need, involving endless sacrifices of time, patience and means, sacrifices which he would never have called by that name, but considered services quite of course and belonging to the commonplace of life.

To such a man, in his fifty-second year, came the call of the country in the Civil War. At a public meeting one eager speaker said something, to which Murdoch responded: "Good!"

"You may say 'Good!' but are you going yourself?" retorted the other.

"To be sure I am," said Murdoch standing up.

And when an old cadet officer like him, who had passed what was called the limit of age, said this, it meant that hundreds of younger gentlemen would go where he led the way. He had long been well known in the Cadets, as ready for any duty of a soldier.

He was the senior captain in that admirable regiment, the 45th Massachusetts, with Colonel Codman, which was recruited and sent for service to North Carolina in 1862. At New Berne he was appointed, almost at once, as aide on the staff of General Amory, and it would be hard indeed to describe the variety into which such service ran. But it is a pleasure even

now, to speak of the credit which such men as he brought on Boston in the rough and tumble of war. The true courage was not disturbed even by the fear of being called "Boston Goodys." Murdoch was a total abstainer by conviction. When there was so much danger of intemperance, his convictions were stronger than ever.

"But no one can drink this water; it will kill you if you do not mix whiskey with it."

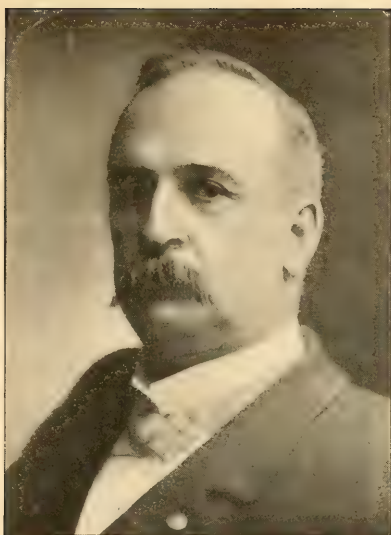
To which Murdoch said he came to die for his country if it were necessary, and he might as well die of cold water as by any other death.

Such men did good, not to be measured, in keeping up the respect due to the staff of a commander.

He received a slight wound on the expedition to Dover Cross Roads; at one time he was reported "killed." But he returned to us well enough for another generation to know well that soldierly and athletic form, and for this generation of children to delight in his tendernesses.

Some men and some women will not understand or believe it, but it would be fair to say that he never went down town in the morning without turning over in his mind the condition and needs of a hundred people, to whom he had at one time or another been counsellor and friend, to ask himself whether they needed his help that day, and how he was to braid in with his, the thread of such lives. In the death of such a man we are thrown back to look on sixty years of unselfish loyal life for the good of others and of the community.

Such men are the salt that save the world.



SAMUEL B. SHAPLEIGH, CO. A



HARDY AND COFFEE.

The Mud March: The Expedition to Jonesville, Pollocksville and Trenton.

By Private Samuel B. Shapleigh, of Company A.



WE had but fairly settled down after the Goldsboro expedition to the daily routine of drills and dress parade and recovered our wonted elasticity of body, when "orders" were read on January 14th for the regiment to be ready to move in "light marching order," within twenty-four hours. Seven days' rations were served out, five to be carried in our haversacks and two in the wagons. Our knapsacks were packed and left in charge of the invalid squad. At five o'clock the next morning "reveille" was beat. At six o'clock it was raining hard. In obedience to orders from Brigade Headquarters, Colonel Codman sent the regiment back to quarters to hold themselves in readiness to move at eleven o'clock, but as the storm still continued the regiment was dismissed indefinitely.

On the 17th the morning dawned clear and cold, and at eight o'clock we formed our regimental line and numbered four hundred and ninety-three men. The force of the expedition consisted of the First Brigade, First Division, Eighteenth Army Corps, a squadron of cavalry, a small howitzer and a section of artillery, under command of Colonel Amory, our brigade commander.

At nine o'clock we were on the march. Company B, under command of Major Sturgis, acted as skirmishers. The roads were in good condition. The first place of interest was the blockhouse at Brice's Ferry.

It had a charming location, with a beautiful pine grove (formerly a rebel encampment) on one side, and the river Trent on the other, and commanded the bridge across the river. The little picket garrison was drawn up in line as we passed. We crossed the bridge and followed the river road for a few miles. In the afternoon we halted at Jonesville, near an academy. As the school was not in session we entered the building and gratui-

tously distributed copies of the circular issued by the Principal in which he stated, "He does not intend to make money in these troublous times, and will therefore educate, free of charge, the children of those who are in the service of their country." At sunset we reached Pollocksville, twelve miles from New Berne, a small village of half a dozen houses, but a well-known guerilla haunt. The houses were deserted. We helped ourselves to whatever they contained and a number of us secured a lot of straw for bedding and were able to enjoy a comfortable night's rest. We were early on the march the next day and started for Trenton, We were delayed some time by obstacles in the shape of felled trees across the road, but the roads were good, and the march that day was one of the pleasantest in all our army experience, and we passed some fine Southern residences, and one plantation which was reported to have furnished some incidents narrated in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." For a long distance the road skirted a cypress swamp. These North Carolina swamps have one feature unlike the swamps in the North. The trees rise tall and stately out of the still water, their branches festooned with long gray moss, which sways back and forth with every breath of wind, giving them a weird and mournful appearance.

We entered Trenton that afternoon at two o'clock without opposition, a small force of the enemy retiring in hot haste, on the approach of our cavalry. The situation of the town is very pleasant, but it was a dilapidated, dirty place. There was quite a large detail from our regiment for "picket duty" that night. Near our reserve station for the night was a negro cabin and some of us hired the old "Aunty" to make us a "hoecake." While waiting we asked the "old man" where his master was. He said he had gone "up country." We asked him why he didn't run away now that he had a chance, and follow our troops into New Berne. He said he wanted his freedom, but he wanted to go "clar," meaning that he wanted to take his whole family with him, four of his children were at home, but he had five still in slavery. At midnight we went out to the outer picket station. It was a piercing cold night, and although wrapped in woolen and rubber blankets, and moving lively up

and down our beats it was impossible to keep warm, and we were chilled through and through. The cavalry was scouting all night and learned that the Confederates had burned a bridge across the Trent, about eight miles further up the road, and this appeared to be the object of our expedition. Just before leaving Trenton, the next morning, we set fire to a pile of lumber that the enemy might not make use of it in rebuilding bridges. In the yard were the stocks and whipping posts. On the edge of the town was a saw and grist mill and a lumber yard. The planks and boards our pioneers cut up and threw into the mill and this was also consigned to the flames. At the same time some one let on the water and the groan of the machinery rose above the flames. We returned to Pollocksville and encamped on our old bivouac of Saturday night. The next morning, when we broke camp, it was raining hard. We reversed arms and were reminded of Cromwell's veterans, who were told to "keep their powder dry."

Eight miles through a drenching rain brought us to Young's Cross Roads, where the cavalry had captured a Confederate army wagon and a few prisoners. We filed into an open field, stacked arms, and prepared to camp. Hungry, wet and tired we sat on our luggage, and tried to satisfy our appetites with raw salt pork and "hard tack." In the afternoon the clouds broke, the sun shone out and we busied ourselves in making shelters for the night.

We made A tents of our rubber blankets, resting them on forked sticks and cross pieces, and filled the sides and one end with spruce twigs. Then we started off to forage. Two miles up the road was a house where some of our men had discovered honey, and in a wagon on the road was a lot of sweet potatoes. It was a case of "first come, first served." The cavalry was galloping up and down the road, full of mischief. Captain Denny's darkey was marching along with a frying pan balanced on his head, when a cavalryman grabbed it and made off with it much to the darkey's astonishment.

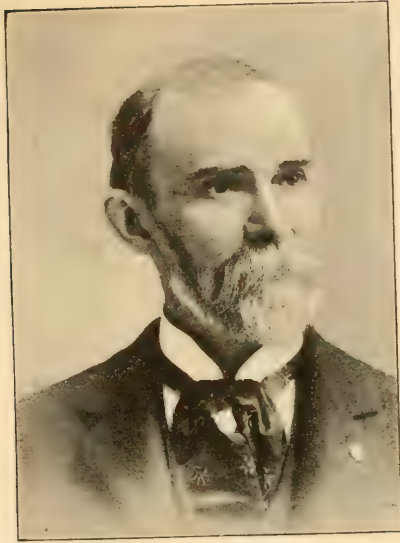
At sunset it commenced to rain hard and so continued through the night. Some of the boys were washed out, but most

of the little A tents protected the inmates fairly well. The boys on picket had a hard time of it, standing up to their knees in mud and water.

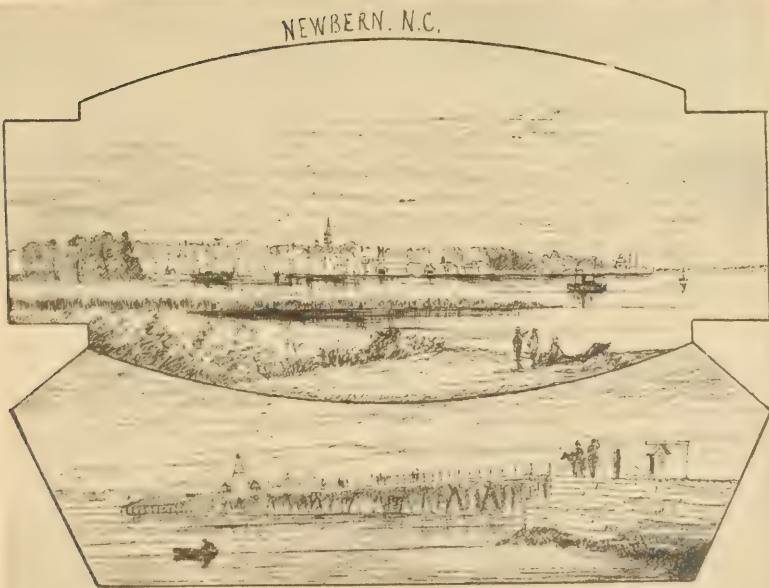
The cavalry rode thirty miles that night, going as far as Onslow Court House, further progress being stopped by the burning of a bridge there. They were followed by a long procession of contrabands. They met a small force of the enemy whom they drove back with a few shots from their howitzer.

Our return march to New Berne was in the midst of a drizzling rain, and through the sticky Southern mud or red clay, of unknown depth. We rushed along as if our lives were at stake, making but few halts, and those of short duration.

It was a hard day, but we had lots of fun, and at sunset we entered camp, bespattered with mud, having marched that day nineteen miles, which Surgeon Kneeland was reported to have said was equal to thirty miles over good roads.



CHARLES H. LEONARD, CO. A.



BRIDGE OVER THE TRENT.

Provost Duty in New Berne.

By Private Charles H. Leonard, of Company A.



ON Monday, January 26th, the Forty-Fifth Massachusetts Regiment left Camp Amory on the Trent, and began its service as provost guard in the town of New Berne. On leaving camp we crossed the old Beaufort road—leading from the County Bridge (near our camp), over the plain across the railroad and on down through the woods past the battlefield of March 14th, 1862. No fences remained and there was only a hint at a stone wall, with a string of scrub oaks to mark the sandy way. The plain which we first pass is where we learned “battalion drill.” The town lies two miles away in a northwesterly direction. On our left flows the river Trent, with a current that changes with the tide, now up stream and now down.

On our right are the humble homes of our colored people, the refugees who have come into the Union lines. A little farther on is the large camp, or settlement of the freedmen, freedmen now, not contrabands, as the Emancipation Proclamation went into effect the first of January. Their rough-log huts generally have but one room, with the usual “stick and clay” chimney and fireplace at the gable end. Many of the able-bodied among them have found opportunity to labor in the Government employ, yet the conditions of life among them are such as to touch one’s heart, for the helpless creatures are “as sheep having no shepherd,” and in that passing hour was born the resolve to do something to make their freedom indeed a boon to these freedmen.

The road and railroad gradually converge and meet at the trestle railroad bridge across the Trent that brings us to the town. Here we imagine ourselves in the place of our victorious army after the long, hard march, and the desperate battle of New Berne in their close pursuit of the flying rebels in the early afternoon of Friday, March 14th, 1862. On the Sunday previous,

the little *Monitor* had beaten the rebel ironclad *Merrimac* in Hampton Roads, and now another victory had been obtained that put the Union forces in possession of the second largest town in North Carolina, with complete control of its inland navigable waters. In recognition of his two victories of Roanake Island and New Berne, General Burnside received his commission as major-general, and Generals Foster, Reno and Parke were commissioned as brigadier-generals, and brevetted as major-generals. Fort Macon surrendered April 26th, 1862.

Our march thus far had been a gala procession, with the band playing, and colors proudly waving. Our regiment had three flags—"Old Glory," the State flag, and the Regimental colors, presented to us by the ladies at Readville and inscribed "In God we trust." This flag is now carefully preserved in the cadet's armory in Boston. We imagine that we have acquired something of the steady solid tread of veterans, but at the bridge, which is built of trestle work and none too solid construction, we take "route step" and walk carefully. As the bridge was used for general business, as well as for the passage of railroad trains, the space between the rails was planked over, and this was on a level and not separated from the general roadway. But for this space, there would hardly be room for the wide teams to pass each other.

We entered the town of New Berne by what is sometimes called "Railroad Street" and sometimes "Hancock Street," that runs in a northerly direction nearly across the peninsula on which the city is built at the junction of the Trent with the Neuse.

We marched up this street in our best and steadiest style, for the Forty Fifth came to its service as provost guard with a reputation to sustain of military precision and discipline. Just below Craven Street the Forty-Fifth is received in due form by the Seventeenth, who terminate their brief service as provost guard, which began on the 22nd of December, the day after we, and they, returned from the Goldsboro expedition.

The duties of a provost guard are to preserve order in the town; see that no enlisted man passes unless provided with a

written permission suitably signed, endorsed and dated; prevent fast riding or driving through the streets; to act as guards at the railway station and the wharves, and to do anything and everything required of them of a similar nature.

Our regimental headquarters were on the east side of Craven Street, halfway between South Front and Pollock Streets in a three-story brick house, with one room and doorway on the street. Colonel Codman said it belonged to a family of aged maiden ladies, who fled when the city was taken, and left behind them quite a fine library of old English books, most of them being of Queen Anne's or earlier date, 1714.

The city was divided into *three districts*. The *first* was in the south-eastern part of the town, embracing the business quarter, its headquarters being the provost marshal's office, at the head of Market Wharf, on the river front in a large brick building, at the south-east corner of Pollock and East Front Streets. Here was the guard house, where those who had been arrested were held until their examination, when they were either sentenced or acquitted. This place corresponded to police headquarters in civil life. The *second district* comprised the northern part of the city, with its headquarters in the old office of the Atlantic and North Carolina Railroad Company—part of the furniture, including desk and safe, still remaining there. General Foster's headquarters were in this district, also the house where his family resided and these were under the special care of the guard. The *third district* covered the remainder of the town, and was the least important of them all.

The guard was divided into *three reliefs*. The *first* being on duty from 9 to 1; the *second* from 1 to 5, and the *third* from 5 to 9; each relief going on twice in the twenty-four hours. "Guard mounting" took place every morning at eight o'clock, but it was ten o'clock before the old guard was relieved and returned to quarters. Each day's detail called for one captain, three lieutenants, three sergeants, ten corporals and one hundred and ninety-seven privates.

At first it was a pleasant change from camp life, as there was a certain freedom about it, but after a while we found it a very

arduous duty, for the large number of our regiment on detached service, required us to go on guard every other day, with an occasional interval of two days. The officers, commissioned and non-commissioned, had a comparatively easy time.

There was quite a difference in the sentry stations, and we soon learned the excellent points of each. Some were under cover, and some were not needed at night. On this post, a kindly neighbor would furnish a breakfast to the tired and hungry sentry, and on another, the guard was sure of a good dinner, while many others were wholly undesirable. Four times a week, when the weather permitted (and the days were rare when it did not permit) the colonel indulged us in the luxury of brigade drill. As I have said, we were not relieved from duty and back in quarters before ten o'clock.

Immediately after dinner in Company A's quarters, the clear voice of Orderly-Sergeant Barstow rang out, "Fall in for brigade drill, blouses and caps!" Then our regimental line was formed on Broad Street, and we marched a long two miles over the bridge to the plain near our old quarters on the Trent. Here we were joined by the other regiments of our brigade, the Seventeenth, the Forty-Third and Fifty-First Massachusetts, and were maneuvered for two hours by acting Brigadier-General Amory. Many of the orders became as familiar as household words. Twice a week we had battalion drill, but all this drill was not thrown away. For accuracy and quickness of movement, the Forty-Fifth stood in the very front rank among the regiments in the department and acquired quite a reputation for the excellence of its dress parades. While at Camps Amory and Massachusetts, visitors came regularly to witness them. Our band was no doubt a great part of the attraction, as there was no band attached to the other regiments, which did provost duty for the six months previous.

The Boston Brigade Band, which was attached to the Twenty-Third Massachusetts Regiment was mustered out of the service August 30, 1862 by order of the General Government, as were nearly all the bands of the army. Concerts by our band at Major-General Foster's headquarters were of frequent occur-



CAPT. NATHANIEL WILLIS BUMSTEAD, COMPANY D



COMPANY D'S QUARTERS AT NEW BERNE WHILE DOING PROVOST DUTY

rence. The band also had many requisitions to play on social occasions, all out of the line of regular duty, which service they cheerfully performed. They played quite often on the grounds of the Foster Hospital, and sometimes at military funerals, one such occasion was the funeral of comrade George Brooks of Company A ; another was on May 26th, when the regiment performed escort duty, as the remains of Colonel Jones, the gallant commander of the Fifty-Eighth Pennsylvania Regiment, killed by guerillas, were carried to the steamer from the train that brought him down from the camp at Batchelder's Creek. The members of the band were organized as an ambulance corps, under the instruction of a regular army officer, and had daily drills near the outposts of the town, and learned how to give the first aid to the wounded.

The companies of the regiment were quartered in houses in different parts of the town.

Company A was in a two-story frame house on Pollock Street, not far from the provost marshal's office. The name Pierce was on the front door. The house still belongs to the same family, and the same old doorplate is on the front door.

Company B was on the south-east corner of Johnson and Craven Streets.

Company C was on the south side of East Front Street.

Company D was on the north side of Pollock Street and opposite Company K.

Company E was quartered in a two-story brick house near Middle Street in the same block with Company B.

Company F was on Union Street, west of department headquarters

Company H was quartered in a pleasant house on the north side of Broad Street, exactly opposite the colonel's station on dress parade.

Company K was on Pollock Street, and next door but one west of Company A's quarters.

The band was quartered in a wooden house on the west side of East Front Street, opposite the provost guard, first station. If I recollect rightly, the chaplain's quarters were on Broad Street,

opposite the parade. We had occasion to remember the choice selection of books he had for a free circulating library.

It may be of interest to give here the location of certain officers while we were doing provost duty.

The headquarters of the Eighteenth Army Corps was on Union Street, in Mr. Stover's house.

The private residence of Major-General Foster was on South Street in Mrs. Smallwood's house.

The general's staff was quartered on Union Street in Dr. Duffy's house.

The private residence of Captain Messenger, Provost Marshal, was on the corner of Short and Front Streets, house formerly occupied by the Confederate General L. O. Branch.

The provost marshal's office was on Front Street.

The office of the chief quartermaster, Lieutenant-Colonel Biggs, was on Pollock Street.

Brigadier-General Leddie, chief of artillery, was located on Broad Street.

Brigadier-General Stevenson, on the corner of Queen and Graves Streets.

Brigadier-General Lee, on Johnston Street.

Brigadier-General Spinola, on Pollock Street.

Colonel Amory, on Pollock Street, in Ed. R. Stanley's house.

Brigadier-Generals Prince and Hunt were located on Broad Street.

Major Stackpole, Judge Advocate-General's headquarters, on Broad Street.

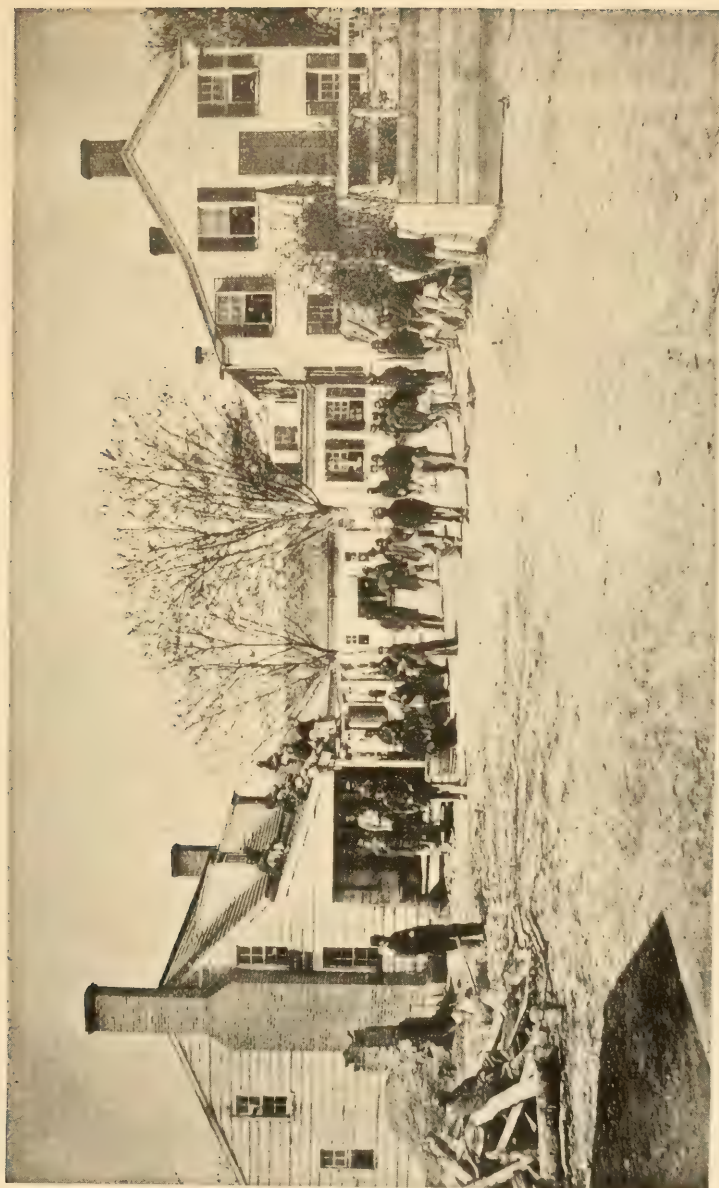
The Academy Green Hospital was on New Street.

The Convent of Mercy was on Middle Street, formerly Burnside's headquarters. It was built by Governor Stanley's father, and at one time was Washington's headquarters in the Revolutionary War.

Governor Stanley's house was on Front Street and his office on New Street.

The house of Webb, the slave trader, was on Middle Street.

The Pollock Jail, for State prisoners, was on Eden Street.



REAR OF COMPANY A'S QUARTERS IN NEW BERNE WHILE DOING PROVOST DUTY

The Gaston house, on East Front Street and the Cemetery corner of Queen and George Streets. On the Fair grounds were the camps of the Twenty-Fourth and Forty-Fourth Massachusetts Regiments and the Tenth Connecticut and Fifth Rhode Island. Christ Church (Episcopal) was on Pollock Street.

The members of Company A distinctly remember the morning and evening roll-calls, when after Orderly-Sergeant Barstow ran down the alphabetically arranged list of our names to be accounted for, the sunny tempered and true-hearted Lieutenant Pond read the portion of scripture and prayer for the day. This service in Company A continued from the day we went to Readville and through the period at Camp Amory, and until we went into tents at Camp Massachusetts, and this service had a lasting influence on our lives. Many of us answer no more at roll-call, and some of us may fail, but let us heed the warning of the prayer that we be ready for that "great roll-call" on the other side.

On Sundays a male quartette sang at the services in the Episcopal Church, and Myron W. Whitney of the band and William H. Becket, of Company A were both members. These two comrades in later years achieved great fame as public singers. The quartette also sang at the First Presbyterian Church, where Chaplain A. L. Stone regularly preached and to which the regiment marched every Sunday to the music of our full band.

While the regiment was doing provost duty, we had many visitors from the North, who had friends and relatives in the regiment, among others, Rev. Dr. Samuel K. Lothrop, Mrs. O. W. Peabody, Mr. Charles Hickling, Mr. George W. Bond, Mr. Thomas B. Wales, Jr., Rev. Mr. Barnard and Mr. John L. Emmons, as also the father of comrade Mann.

On Washington's Birthday a salute of one hundred and thirty-one guns was fired at noon. There was a parade of the fire department, the machines being gaily decorated with flowers and streamers

Deserters occasionally came in from the enemy's lines, who reported matters as desperate with the confederates. The ration of meat had been reduced from one pound to a quarter of a

pound. Flour was \$40 a barrel, in confederate money, and corn \$6 a bushel. If the United States Government maintained a rigid blockade for four months, the confederates would be starved out.

A novel and interesting service to us Northern boys was that held in the Contraband Methodist Church. A comrade speaking in regard to it, says, "One Sunday evening while patrolling the streets with Corporal Lippincott of Company D, we dropped into this church for a few minutes and found it crowded. The galleries reserved for visitors were filled, principally by soldiers drawn thither by curiosity. The body of the church was filled by colored people, the men on one side of the aisle and the women on the other. They were of all shades of color from light yellow to inky black. The leader, an intelligent looking colored man, occupied a chair in front of the pulpit and commenced the service by reciting a line from a hymn, which was sung by the congregation; then another line, and so on until several verses had been sung. Our expectations regarding the beautiful singing of the colored people were dashed to the ground. The tunes were screamed forth from the cracked throats of the old and the shrill voices of the young, all singing the air and all pitched in a different key. There was no harmony, only a babel of sound. The singing was followed by prayer by the leader, whose voice was frequently drowned by the vigorous groans of his auditors. Occasionally his voice was raised to a shout and could be heard above the general din. By this time his congregation was worked up to a high pitch of excitement and some of the women threw their bonnets and shawls on the pulpit stairs and went through the audience addressing a word here and there, enforcing the preacher's remarks. Some of the young girls were wrought up to a state of frenzy, and began to shriek at the top of their voices and finally went into hysterics."

As the season advanced the weather became very delightful; the buds began to swell, the flowers to blossom forth, and all around our quarters (Company A) was a beautiful garden. We had rose trees, violets and other plants too numerous to mention. The air was filled with fragrance of apple, pear and

peach blossoms, and every morning the mocking birds and the robins delighted us with their sweet notes. Our letters to our relatives and friends contained little mementos of pressed flowers, which assured them in their cold Northern homes, that we were enjoying summer weather. The cavalry were kept busy in these days scouting, for the woods and swamps just outside the city swarmed with guerillas. The cavalymen hated them cordially, and were disposed to show them but little mercy. The camp guard of the Ninety-Second New York on the other side of the Neuse was frequently fired upon on dark and foggy nights, by these guerillas. They dressed in citizen's clothes, and shot our men in cold blood, whenever opportunity offered. When they saw a considerable body of our men approaching, they were unionists, neutrals, or "know nothings," as they chose. One scouting party went up as far as Matirmeskut Lake in Hyde County. The day they arrived there, they had a skirmish with a band of guerillas, and it is said killed ten of them. The captain of the guerilla band sent a challenge to the officer of the scouting party to fight him the next day, giving him the choice of place. The Union officer replied that he should fight him whenever and wherever he found him.

The next day as the Union troops were riding through the woods, a cavalryman happened to espy a guerilla behind a tree, taking aim at some one. The cavalryman fired at him, and this was the signal for the fight to begin. The rebels fired a volley. To dislodge them was difficult, for there was a deep and wide ditch on either side of the road, which our men must cross in the face of rebel bullets. The little howitzer was ordered up, and a hot fire of grape and canister poured into the woods, causing the rebels to flee in hot haste, and thus the trap to catch and massacre our troops was avoided. In this skirmish four non-commissioned officers were killed, and thirteen men wounded. A number of prisoners were taken, and we saw them as they passed through New Berne on their way to jail. Some of them were recognized as having been in the city only a few days previous and as trading under a permit from Governor Stanley. One prisoner was marched through the city with a woman's skirt on,

and on his back a placard with the words, "guerilla caught dressed in woman's clothes, with a protection in his pocket from Governor Stanley." The cavalymen asserted that he had a commission from Jeff Davis in the other pocket.

It was while we were doing provost duty in New Berne that the rebels laid siege to Little Washington, about thirty miles by land, north of New Berne. The garrison was small there, consisting of eight companies of the Twenty-Seventh Massachusetts, one company First North Carolina, one company Third New York Cavalry and Battery G, Third New York Artillery, about six hundred men in all. They were reinforced by a portion of the Forty-Fourth Massachusetts, and the arming of a force of negroes by Colonel Lee, raising the number of troops to nearly one thousand two hundred. They had been there but a few days when they learned from deserters that the rebel general Roger A. Pryor's brigade was within twenty miles of the town, and would probably make an attack.

On the 30th of March General Foster and his staff arrived from Plymouth, and the effect of his presence was at once manifest in an increased activity. A reconnoissance of Companies A and G of the Forty-Fourth Massachusetts discovered the enemy in force. They seized Rodman's Point, set up a battery of English Whitworth guns, and began sending their projectiles into the Union lines. The next day General Hill, commanding the rebel force, ordered an assault on our works, but learning their strength the order was countermanded. Hill summoned them to surrender, allowing twenty-four hours to remove the women and children. General Foster replied, "Go back and tell them, if they want Little Washington to come and take it." Then commenced the siege. "The town was completely invested and all communication with our forces outside had to be held by running the blockade in sail boats and lighters. The investing force consisted of nearly fifteen thousand men, and included three regiments of cavalry and forty guns. Ammunition and food were scarce in the Union lines, and the enemy relied on starving us out, meantime causing great annoyance with his artillery. A force of five thousand men left New Berne



QUARTERS OF COMPANIES D AND A AT NEW BERNE WHILE DOING PROVOST DUTY

under command of General Spinola to relieve the besieged troops, but failed." General Foster then determined to run the blockade, and taking with him his Assistant Adjutant-General, Colonel Southard Hoffman, and others of his staff, he embarked on the little steamer *Escort*. As the steamer neared Rodman's Point, in possession of the enemy, the batteries opened upon her, and as she approached the shore, she came under a heavy musketry fire, but the boat kept right on; she was struck by eighteen shot and shell; her upper works were literally riddled with bullets. The pilot house was walled around with bales of hay, but notwithstanding this precaution, the pilot, Mr. Petherick, was killed at his post of duty. One shot went through the galley, and took off an arm of the cook, another shot passed through General Foster's stateroom shortly after he had left it, and tore the bed to pieces. Had a shot struck the machinery, the boat would have been destroyed or captured.

Nothing but the urgent need of General Foster's presence in New Berne caused him to take such an extreme risk. Acting with his usual energy and promptness, he hurried troops forward by land and by water, returned in the steamer *Escort*, and in a week the siege was raised and the enemy had disappeared. Captain Denny in "Wearing the Blue," says, "When it is considered that the defence of this line was made against fourteen thousand Confederate troops under skilled commanders, we do not hesitate to say that the defence against such odds rises to the pitch of heroic grandeur, equalled during the war only by Mulligan's glorious defence of Lexington, Missouri, in the autumn of 1861." Our comrades of the Forty-Fourth Massachusetts, according to General Foster's order, exhibited great "steadiness, courage and endurance," under the most trying circumstances, and well merited the honor of inscribing on their banner, "Washington, April, 1863."

Our pleasant stay in New Berne at last came to an end. Our comfortable quarters, our gardens and flowers were resigned in favor of the Forty-Fourth Massachusetts Regiment, as a reward of their gallant services at Little Washington. On the 23rd of April the following order was read on "dress parade":

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF NORTH CAROLINA,

EIGHTEENTH ARMY CORPS,

NEW BERNE, April 23, 1863.

SPECIAL ORDER No. 117:

In accordance with the custom of the department, the regiment now doing provost duty will be relieved. The commanding general in changing the guard of the town desires to convey to Colonel Codman, and through him to his officers and men, his high appreciation of the manner in which the duties of the guard have been performed. He has noticed with great pleasure the drill, discipline and general efficiency of the regiment. The Forty-Fifth Regiment, M. V. M. will relieve the Forty-Fifth on Saturday, the 25th instant, at 9 A. M.

By command of Major-General Foster.

SOUTHARD HOFFMAN,

Assistant Adjutant-General.

The 25th of April was a warm and pleasant day, when we took up our line of march for Camp Massachusetts near Fort Spinola. At "guard mounting" the citizens of New Berne sent the following vote of thanks to our regiment for the manner in which it had discharged its duties as provost guard.

NEW BERNE, N. C., April 25, 1863.

COLONEL C. R. CODMAN, Officers and Men of the Forty-Fifth M. V. M.

GENTLEMEN:

Having learned with regret that your regiment is about to retire from the duty of guarding the city, I beg leave on behalf of all loyal citizens, myself, my family, and other families here, to render you our sincere thanks for the efficiency and courtesy with which you have discharged your duties.

It has seldom been our lot to see a body of soldiers, so uniformly civil and gentlemanly in their behavior, temperate and orderly in their habits, comparatively free from the vice of profanity, and so prompt in restraining those, who, by any violence, would attempt to disturb our streets.

Accept, gentlemen, our thanks for past kindness, and wishes for your future welfare.

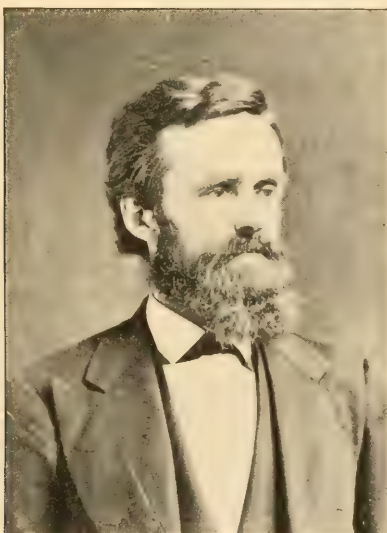
W. H. DOHERTY, A. M.

Principal of New Berne Academy.

As we were leaving the city, General Foster rode down our line and complimented Colonel Codman on the fine appearance of his men.



ANN STREET, BEAUFORT, N. C.



A. G. R. HALE, CO. A

Chaplain Stone and the Religious Life of the Forty-Fifth Massachusetts Regiment.

BY PRIVATE ABRAHAM G. R. HALE OF COMPANY A.



WHILE the Independent Corps of Cadets was the nucleus of our Regiment and furnished Colonel Codman and nearly all of the field, staff and line officers, it was Park Street Church that gave us our chaplain, the Rev. Andrew L. Stone, who had served that church as its pastor since 1849, and during that period had won a high reputation as a preacher, a lecturer and a bold and fearless reformer.

In 1854, three thousand ministers of New England, including Rev. A. L. Stone, signed a petition and sent it to Congress by Senator Edward Everett of Massachusetts to be presented to that body, remonstrating against the passage of the Kansas and Nebraska Bill, which had for its object the organization of a territorial government for Kansas,—the Repeal of the Missouri Compromise Measure, and the removal of the restriction as to slavery entering the North West Territory as provided for in the celebrated Ordinance of 1787. But notwithstanding the numerous petitions against the bill becoming a law from all over the Northern States, yet after many exciting debates in both branches of Congress, the bill was passed and signed by the President, Franklin Pierce.

The effect of this new law was to take away from Congress, the power to determine when a new state was admitted into the Federal Union, whether it should be a free or a slave state. This power was transferred to the Territory under the guise of "Popular Sovereignty," so that the Territory itself determined whether it should become a free or a slave state. Immediately following the passage of the bill there was a fierce and sanguinary struggle in Kansas between the friends of Freedom and of Slavery, which continued many years. Late in the spring of

1856 Senator Sumner of Massachusetts, delivered a great speech in the United States Senate, the subject being, "The Crimes against Kansas." In that speech he criticised the leading champions of slavery in the Senate, among whom was Senator Butler of South Carolina. Soon after the delivery of the speech and during a recess of the Senate, while Mr. Sumner sat at his desk writing, a nephew of the Senator and a member of the House of Representatives, from South Carolina, Preston S. Brooks, resenting what Mr. Sumner had said about his uncle, stealthily approached Mr. Sumner from behind, and struck him blow after blow upon his head and back with a stiletto cane, until Mr. Sumner was rescued by his friends and borne in an unconscious condition to his lodgings.

That dastardly act was emphatically denounced all over the North by press and pulpit, and at great mass meetings.

I remember such a meeting in Worcester shortly after the occurrence, while old Massachusetts was trembling with excitement, that Senator Wilson, Mr. Sumner's associate was present, and made an earnest and impressive speech in regard to this outrageous attack of Brooks upon his colleague, and among other things, he said, "When I removed the blood stained clothing from that wounded Senator, I resolved, then and there, that when I next entered the Senate Chamber, I would brand that deed of Brooks as brutal, murderous and cowardly."

In Boston, no preacher in the city spoke stronger words of condemnation of that brutal assault on Free Speech than did Rev. A. L. Stone, in his sermon in reference to it. He took for his text the words recorded in Acts, describing the assault upon the Apostle Paul by the Jews at Lystra, namely, "And having stoned Paul, they drew him out of the city, supposing he was dead." I quote the following from a Boston paper which was published at the time Dr. Stone's farewell sermon was delivered at Park Street, when he accepted the call to the First Congregational Church at San Francisco, California. "Dr. Stone early took in this city a bold stand as a Reformer in the days when it cost something to attack slavery and public wrong. And throughout all the years in which the hurricane which has swept the land was gath-

ering, and while it howled around us, in the very wrath and agony of civil war, the Park Street pulpit has calmly maintained one clear, bold, decided heroic position of fidelity to the higher laws of God and humanity. Dr. Stone's name will ever hold an honored place upon the glorious list of those pastors of New England, who said to their young men, "Go with me into this great fight for the dear life of the nation."

After Lincoln's inauguration as President, the South began to show unmistakable signs of their intention to carry into effect their threats to secede from the Union. To maintain the integrity of the nation and overcome the growing rebellion in the Southern States, President Lincoln repeatedly called for troops, which were furnished. In the summer of 1862, another call was issued by the President, and in response to that call, the Forty-Fifth Massachusetts Regiment was formed, which joined in the chorus with the thousands of other Union Defenders, "We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more."

I have already spoken of Dr. Stone, who consented to serve the Regiment as its chaplain, as a reformer, and from the same Boston paper will quote in part, what it said of him as a preacher. "When Dr. Stone came to Park Street it was a 'half empty sanctuary' but after he began to preach, it became sprinkled then darkened, then thronged with eager listeners, until the astonished and delighted parish were compelled to order a cord or two of camp stools for use on occasions of special service. The same dense throng could be seen during the last year of his service at that church. No man in this country except Henry Ward Beecher has preached to as many people in the last fifteen years as Andrew L. Stone, and it is safe to say that no man has more faithfully used the great trust of such a popularity. It is very certain that there have been many periods of extraordinary spiritual activity in connection with his labors, while it lies upon the face of the statistics of the church, that no New England church has acquired so large a membership or one whose increment has been more traceable to the fervor and fidelity of private personal labor, as well as the appropriateness of public appeal. Dr. Stone has a strength of reasoning which, however veiled and festooned

by the flowers of fancy, makes resistless appeal, through and by the very aid of the fancy, to the reason, as well as to the conscience; and a perennial richness and freshness of conception and illustration which throw the oldest and most threadbare topic out into newness of life under the charm of its wonderful treatment. In one respect, at least, Dr. Stone resembles the late Rufus Choate, and that is, in so concealing the remorseless syllogism under the gay drapery of imagination, that its irresistible work is so done as scarcely to seem done at all, and even to lead to the suspicion in hasty minds, that there is no syllogism there. As a journal having no sectarian bias, we have spoken strongly of our distinguished fellow citizen who is about to leave us for the shores of the Pacific, and who, while among us has been prominently identified with the so-called Orthodox faith. But while 'Orthodox' to the back-bone, Dr. Stone has ever seemed to us to be a man of marked catholicity of spirit."

It certainly was a great privilege for the soldiers of the Forty-Fifth to have for our chaplain a man of this description in that great conflict, to cheer, to counsel, to comfort and console us in the varying conditions and moods incident to war. Chaplain Stone showed a wonderful adaptability for those things. I remember the first sermon I heard him preach at Camp Amory on the Trent. He took for his text these words: "He shall bring them to their desired haven." He spoke of the dangers that threatened us on our voyage to Beaufort, viz.: the filthy condition of our vessels crowded with men, confined as some of them were in the hold of the vessels, on account of the stormy weather, supplied with little air, narrowly escaping an epidemic, the danger too, from the rebel war vessel, the *Alabama*, making an attack on us. But notwithstanding these dangers God brought us in safety to our desired haven. The lesson to be learned from this discourse was enforced by the chaplain in his own inimitable way. He was always brief, never wearisome, rarely occupying more than twenty minutes in the delivery of his sermon. He had a fine presence, a wonderful voice, and great ease in his delivery. As I did not keep notes of the chaplain's sermons, writing simply from memory, I have had access to a diary kept by a well-known comrade from which I make some extracts.

"January 14, 1863.—At three o'clock in the afternoon we fell in for Divine Services conducted on our parade ground (Camp Amory) by Chaplain Stone. Text Psalms 11: 12: "I will pay unto the Lord my vows." Said the chaplain, "It is recorded especially of David that he made this declaration. It was very common with men in times of peril and extremity to make some vow or covenant with God, that if life was spared it should henceforth be devoted to his service. Many of you have but lately come from the sulphurous smoke of battle. Did you not then make a covenant with God, that if he would spare your life it should be consecrated to him? Perhaps you may not have feared death, but the thought of loved ones at home, mother, sister, and wife did not they plead with you, and you may have asked for life for their sakes? Men wonder not that one who has risen from a severe and almost fatal sickness should be marked by a deep seriousness. So your fellow-men would say of you, "He has been in battle, he stood face to face with death." He closed with an earnest appeal to his hearers to pay unto the Lord their vows.

February 15, 1863.—This afternoon the regiment with guns and equipments formed into line, and headed by the band, marched to the Presbyterian Church. (The regiment was at this time doing Provost Duty in New Berne.) Rev. Dr. Lothrop of the Brattle Square Church of Boston, who is visiting in New Berne, conducted the services. He preached a very patriotic discourse and in conclusion spoke of the good name the regiment enjoyed. He also referred in a very tender manner to our late comrade Elbridge Graves of Company A., who received his death wound in the battle of Kinston, and stated that he attended the funeral services at Newburyport, Mass.

March 8, 1863.—Attended the Episcopal Church this forenoon, Major Russell Sturgis read the prayers. The sermon was by an old gentleman whose name I did not ascertain. In the afternoon the regiment marched to church, the band playing a very lively tune. It is certainly a very uncomfortable way of attending church to have to care for gun, cartridge-box, bayonet and scabbard throughout the entire service. We would prefer

to go in the simple New England fashion. Our style reminds us of our Pilgrim Fathers who carried their weapons of war to the Meeting-house, as a necessity, but with our pickets out for miles and guards stationed all over the city, we fail in our case to see the necessity. The Presbyterian Church which we attend is quite an old building but in very good repair and in a fine central location. Marble tablets eulogizing the virtues of departed members adorn the walls.

In addition to the different sermons already enumerated during our service, I recall to mind a most excellent one preached from the words of Paul to Timothy, "Thou, therefore, endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." But the most eloquent and effective sermon, I think, that I heard Chaplain Stone deliver was the one immediately after the regiment had been baptised by fire in the battles of Kinston and Whitehall, the chaplain taking for his text the words of Christ in reply to Pilate, the latter asserting that he had power to release, or to crucify him, namely: "Thou couldst have no power at all except it be given thee." The chaplain then told of three occasions when that text gave him relief and comfort.

Once, when on a voyage to the East, there arose a severe tempest and the waves tossed the vessel as though it was a mere egg shell, and fear came to his heart as he thought to himself that there was, as it were, only a plank between him and the angry waves beneath, then these words of Christ came to his mind and the fear was gone, and he could say to the winds and the waves, "Thou couldst do nothing at all except it were given to thee from above."

The second time those words brought relief was when traveling with a party in Syria, they encountered a simoon, and fear of death disturbed their minds.

And the last time was during the battle of Kinston in which our regiment was engaged. While the shot and shell and other deadly missiles filled the air he was engaged in caring for the wounded and the dying and the thought entered his mind, what if one of those missiles of death should strike him, and fear came to him for a moment, but those words of Christ came again to

his relief and fear was gone and he could say to the shot and shell, "Thou couldst do nothing at all except it were given to thee from above." "And if death comes while doing my duty it is all right for I would fall at my post."

The gallant Color-Sergeant of the regiment, Theodore Parkman, had been struck on the head in the battle of Whitehall, by a fragment of a shell and soon died. Our chaplain was by his side speaking words of comfort and sympathy as his life ebbed away, and at the Sunday evening prayer meeting, led as usual by the chaplain, he told of the last hours of suffering of this man. He bore his sufferings heroically and was submissive to whatever lot awaited him, come life, or come death.

Beside the regular Sunday evening meeting led by the chaplain there was a Friday evening prayer meeting maintained by the regiment, and often conducted by Major Russell Sturgis, Jr., a former President of the Young Men's Christian Association of Boston.

While so many spiritual helps and advantages were accessible to the regiment, the chaplain through his friends in Boston, had provided a large circulating library for the use of the members of the regiment to occupy their time and attention while off duty, and thus guarding their minds against the many temptations which beset a soldier when in camp and not on active service.

On January 25, 1863, the regiment was transferred from Camp Amory to the city of New Berne to do provost duty, relieving the Seventeenth Massachusetts Regiment which had been performing that service since the Goldsboro march. Gross ignorance prevailed in that city among the colored population, and also among a large section of the whites, for the "Elite" of the city had temporarily moved away, so that missionary work in addition to the usual duties of the soldier, was to characterize the labors of many individual members of the Forty-Fifth.

The Emancipation Proclamation of President Lincoln giving freedom to three millions of slaves in the Southern States had already been published to the world.

Stanley, who had been appointed Governor of North Caro-

lina, and who had closed the negro schools, had been removed, and another Governor appointed who permitted the teaching of the colored youth.

On the arrival of Mrs. Stone, the wife of our chaplain, a day school for colored children was opened under her auspices in the colored church on Hancock Street. The school was opened daily by the repeating of the Lord's prayer in concert, led by Chaplain Stone, and he remained with them for an hour.

Several ladies interested themselves in this work. The teachers, for the most part, were soldiers from our regiment who taught in that school when not on military duty. This school numbered about five hundred, including a few adults. Under the circumstances, there could be but little systematic and regular teaching by classes, owing to the frequent change of teachers, and the lack of suitable text-books. It was pioneer work, but it let in some rays of light into their darkened minds, an earnest, perhaps, of better means of education in store for them in the near future.

It was certainly very gratifying to myself, and no doubt to all who contributed in this pioneer work of education in behalf of the colored youth of New Berne. The chaplain followed up this work when the regiment was relieved from provost duty and was in Camp Massachusetts; opening a school there for the contrabands near by, which was continued until our departure from the South. And thus throughout our term of service, whenever opportunity offered, our chaplain manifested his sympathy for this oppressed people, not only by public speech, but by bringing directly as far as was in his power, the blessings of education to them.

I have already alluded to our church privileges while in New Berne. The Episcopal Church was open in the morning, Major Sturgis in the absence of the Rector reading the service, and a sermon. The singing was by a quartette of male voices, two from our regiment, and two who were on detailed service in the city; and it was a great attraction to all lovers of music. The church building was of stone, and prettily situated on Pollock Street in an old burying ground filled with elms and willows and

moss covered tombstones. The interior of the church was finished in good taste, and there was a very good organ to aid the music.

A Sunday School was started in this church during our stay in the city, with Major Sturgis as Superintendent. The school was largely made up of poor children, some were bare footed, while others were lacking one or two outside garments, and were of that class of whites in the South commonly termed "white trash."

I remember the kindness of heart and personal interest manifested by Major Sturgis towards the individual members of that school.

One Sunday during the session of the school, the Major came to the class which I was teaching, made up of boys about twelve years of age and speaking to each one, he asked one boy where he lived, and he replied, "Opposite the jail," and I remember the Major turned and asked me if I ever read the book of that title.

That school was growing rapidly in numbers and interest when we left the city.

While the chaplain was ever busy in various ways in doing good, he found time to be at the bedside of the suffering and dying to administer comfort and consolation. I am privileged in having a copy of a letter which was written by Chaplain Stone to his people at Park Street Church, and which tells its own story.

NEW BERNE, N. C., February 12, 1863.

My Dear People:

There are few scenes on earth that reveal more visibly the glory of the Divine presence and the power of sustaining grace than the death-bed of a Christian. It has been my privilege to watch over the decline and the departure of one of God's dear ones in our regiment the past week. George Brooks, one of our own Boston boys, a member of Company A, recruited under Captain Russell Sturgis, Jr., now our major, was taken ill of typhoid fever about a week ago. From the first he expressed his entire resignation to the Divine will. He enjoyed the constant presence of Jesus at his side. When I asked him daily, "Is your Saviour near you today?" the look upon his face had a radiant answer before his lips could speak. All through his sickness that faithful pres-

ence cheered and sustained him. He was never dejected, he never murmured. He would say but little, as his lungs seemed congested, but by gasps and whispers one day he told me, holding my face down close to his, so that he could make me hear his lowest word—he told me that he never had had full assurance of his pardon and acceptance till he became a soldier. He said that in the battle of Kinston, under that terrible fire of the enemy, his Saviour came to him as never before, declared His Presence, revealed His love, and held his soul in His hands. As the hour of death drew on, he seemed to have three burdens of prayer. The first was quickly disposed of. He prayed aloud, "Oh, Lord, keep me, hold me fast, leave me not, let me not go," and then all thoughts of himself seemed to be at an end. Shortly after, his lips moved again and audibly, and his second burden was laid down at the Divine feet: "Oh God spare my country! oh, save my dear native land!" For a few moments, silence succeeded, and the voice of prayer was heard once more, the last earthly articulation of that tongue though his consciousness continued till his last breath, some fifteen minutes later. His last burden was borne up on the old familiar petition, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." His own soul, his country, the Israel of God, these three interests he thus commended in his last utterances to the faithful Promisor.

How could a Christian life close more appropriately and triumphantly? He was a fine, manly fellow, his eye very dark and bright, a swarthy face, with a brilliant set of teeth and a pleasant smile; a pleasant companion and an agreeable and valued friend. He was, as you would infer, a brave soldier, and on the battlefield suffered no tremor to disturb nerve or spirit. His body is to be embalmed and sent home, but his memory is already embalmed in our hearts, and will be fragrant as long as Christian patriotism shall be honored on earth, as long as Christian friendship shall endure in heaven. If any man ever doubted the sufficiency of the gospel of Christ to transform, sustain and elevate a human life, and help it to meet its last and greatest need, let him look upon such a scene, and his skepticism must vanish like mist before the sun. One's faith becomes more settled and immovable after such an exhibition of the truth and tenderness of Jesus.

Let your prayers hover constantly over the pillows of our sick and wounded. The touch of loved fingers is far away, but your intercessions may be as the shadow of an angel's wing to faces growing white under the signature of death.

Ever and constantly yours,

A. L. STONE.

Ten days after the death of Comrade George Brooks, was Washington's birthday, which occurred on Sunday. In the morn-

ing the regiment marched to the Presbyterian Church and listened to Rev. Jacob M. Manning, chaplain of the Forty-Third Massachusetts Regiment (the "Tiger Regiment.") Chaplain Manning was at that time Pastor of the Old South Church of Boston. His subject was, "Moses, as a leader of God's chosen people, the Israelites." He said in substance that "God selected Moses to lead his people out of bondage, so Washington was raised up to lead his people out of subjection to the British Crown into civil liberty. And now the Union Army needed an efficient commander to lead it to victory. Burnside, McClellan and Hooker had not proved adequate to the task." General Grant had not then gained that prominence he afterwards attained.

At about mid-day we were startled by hearing the booming of cannon, and we naturally grasped our guns, thinking the rebels were attacking the city, but were informed by Chaplain Manning that it was a salute being fired from Fort Totten in honor of the day.

In the afternoon the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered, those partaking who desired, Chaplain Manning having charge of the same, being assisted by Rev. Mr. James of Worcester, two lieutenants passing the emblems. It was quite a co-incidence that double celebration coming on the same day, namely, the death of Christ, our Spiritual Leader under the Gospel Dispensation, and the birth of Washington, the great leader of the American armies in that struggle of our Nation for freedom.

Our chaplain sought in various ways to provide for the spiritual welfare of the soldiers. His presence in the prayer meeting was very helpful and inspiring, as many of the regiment have again and again asserted.

One occasion I recall very vividly to mind. It was while I was prostrated by sickness and in the regimental hospital, and a prayer meeting was held in an adjoining barrack. I felt cheered and buoyed up as I heard those present singing the old and familiar songs, such as, "Nearer My God to Thee!" The regiment was highly favored during its entire service in having so many

fine singers, whose rich and melodious voices often inspired and encouraged us, and helped to beguile many and many a weary hour.

I cannot close this article more appropriately than by quoting the farewell words of Chaplain Stone himself to his people, February 4th, 1866, in which he alluded to his absence from the church during the war as follows: "I have written ineffaceably upon my heart your ready and fervent response when the dread hour of our country's trial came. When many minds were perplexed, many souls fearful, and some faltering, the call was sounded for all hearts to be true and steadfast, and for the young men to go forth armed to the defense of the Capital and the flag. Our young men stood up, they buckled on the sword; they took up the rifle; old men blessed them; fathers and mothers gave them up, saying, "We have nothing dearer to give;" fond sisters gave both tearfully and cheerfully, the same kiss; young wives unclasped their fond arms from the necks of young husbands, and they went forth, our fairest, our noblest, our dearest, our bravest. And you, who went not, remained to pray, there were none but loyal hearts here, remained to give your humblest industry to the soldier's comfort, to the forwarding of bountiful supplies to the sick, the wounded, and the prisoners. You lent your pastor to a campaign of nine months, and kept your courage, unfaltering loyalty of spirit, large self-sacrifice, and triumphant hope to the last; and the young men, our elect, one hundred, came back to share the ovations of a rescued and grateful country bringing with them many an honorable scar, shattered limbs, and dismembered frames; leaving behind many a sod, stained with the best blood in their veins; leaving behind, alas! some of their gallant comrades, whose dust sleeps thank God! in safety and honor beneath the victorious flag, whose names are written in our hearts, and on our country's long scroll of heroes—names, which no distant and coming generations will willingly let die. Oh, had you been recreant in that great crisis of our Nation, and of humanity's long struggle, you and I would have parted long ere this! But I thank God, the record of this church for loyalty, patriotism and valor, at home and in the high places in the fields is without blot or stain."

A Stirring Day:

THE ATTEMPT OF THE CONFEDERATES TO RETAKE NEW BERNE,
March 13, 14, 1863.

By Lieutenant George E. Pond, of Company A.



It was General Foster's intention to celebrate the anniversary of the capture of New Berne by a parade of the troops in and about the city, and orders to that effect had been issued to the various commanders, but it appears that the Confederates had a little programme laid out for that day which seriously interfered with General Foster's.

On Friday, March 13th, the rumors came thick and fast, that our pickets had been driven in here, there and everywhere. And during that day, and all the next, the rumors were exceedingly numerous and contradictory. Late Friday afternoon a small body of Confederate cavalry charged upon our infantry picket with its cavalry vidette, stationed at our outpost, at Deep Gully, and fired upon them. The fire was briskly returned, when the enemy left with some wounded. The main picket camp was notified of the attack, and Company K of the Twenty-Fifth Massachusetts Regiment was sent forward to the outpost, and Captain Chamberlain of the Third New York Cavalry, Company A, moved his command to the front, and dismounting his men, attacked the enemy's advance, which was concealed in the woods, a mile beyond the outpost. Captain Chamberlain, having felt the enemy's position and strength, retired, and Captain Denny ordered up the other infantry companies of his command, A, C and G of the Twenty-Fifth Massachusetts Volunteers, placing them in the most advantageous positions to repel any attack, Company K being stationed in the rifle pits. Very soon the enemy opened upon our forces from four pieces of artillery, throwing shells, grape, canister and solid shot, directly into the work, and among our troops. At this point Lieutenant-Colonel Lewis of the Third New York Cavalry arrived from New Berne,

and assumed command, and finding the position untenable, ordered the brave men to retire in order, which was done without losing a man. Our forces reinforced by some companies of the Third New York Cavalry, and one small howitzer, took position about one hundred yards back of the rifle pits at the "Gully," and opened a heavy fire upon the enemy. The Confederates then attempted to flank our position, when Lieutenant-Colonel Lewis ordered a retreat, which was made in good order, the enemy following upon a charge with most terrific shouts and yells. The infantry lost one man in this retreat, William C. Wiswell, of Company G, belonging to North Oxford, Mass., who was probably taken prisoner. Our forces then took position at the Grape Vine House, three-fourths of a mile from Deep Gully, which position they held until the arrival of Colonel Lee's brigade at nightfall. Our forces laid upon their arms all night, suffering severely from the cold, and the next morning moved forward to attack the enemy.

General Palmer having arrived, took command. Company K was thrown into the woods on the right and had a severe skirmish of over an hour, with the enemy's advance, and drove them back some distance. News having arrived of the attack on the camp of the Ninety-Second New York, opposite New Berne, the troops at the outposts were ordered back to the city, with the exception of the Twenty-Fifth Massachusetts, under command of Colonel Josiah Pickett and Captain Rigg's Battery. They were ordered to keep back the advancing enemy. The confederates shelled the woods, slowly advancing until noon, but our infantry and artillery checked them pretty effectually, and about three o'clock in the afternoon it was discovered that they had retired behind the "Gully." At night, the Twenty-Fifth Massachusetts was relieved by the Forty-Third and Forty-Sixth Regiments of Massachusetts Volunteers, they holding the original position held by our troops in the morning, just in advance of the Jackson House.

Meantime, on Friday, all sorts of rumors, as we have already said, were afloat in New Berne. Now, the confederates are coming in force with thirty thousand, now with sixty thousand men.

They had been skirmishing with us at Pollocksville, at Batchelder's Creek, on the Trent, on the Neuse. They were commanded by Longstreet, by Hill, by Pettigrew. They had twenty, thirty, fifty pieces of artillery. They had "bust in" our pickets, here and there. They had cut the railroad communication between here and Morehead, had taken Newport Barracks and captured its garrison, the Fifty-First Massachusetts. But it would be a useless task to repeat the tales of the hour, some true, some perverted, and many false. Saturday on going down to breakfast, to my great surprise, I heard cannonading from the region of Batchelder's Creek, "nearer and more near," it seemed, and while eating it was very audible to us all. We had orders to "fall in" for the "inspection" and "review" at 8.30 A. M. So we "fell in," and after standing a short time on the parade ground, we were dismissed and were ordered to deal out to the men instant, forty rounds of ball cartridges, and officers and men to remain in quarters, waiting orders. While we stood there we could distinctly hear the cannonading across the river Neuse.

After parade was dismissed, I went down to the wharf, at the foot of Pollock Street, where a large crowd had already gathered, and with my field glass, witnessed the scene, which had thrown our garrison across the Neuse into some excitement. But there was no need of a glass, with the naked eye, we could see, across the river, a mile or two distant, the camp of the Ninety-Second New York, undergoing a heavy cannonading. There were "the bombs bursting in air," in and around the fort and beyond it, between us and them. Now they would burst high in air and anon, burst on the river itself, throwing up the spray. The wharf where we stood was crowded with soldiers and citizens, the "mean white trash," having come out, in what appeared to us, unusual numbers. It did not seem possible that the garrison could hold out much longer. While I had been quietly sleeping the war of cannon had broken. The guard and others on the wharf stated that the Confederates had been at it since daybreak. On the wharf I met one of the Ninety-Second, who had then (9 o'clock) come over in a small boat, with the flag of

truce, bringing a demand from the Confederates for a surrender of the little garrison. This demand was referred to General Foster, and this man was waiting with his party to carry back the message.

They were completely isolated from any help, their earthworks, a mound, and a ditch running around the fort, still incomplete, and not a piece of artillery over there, which shows somebody's gross carelessness. They were forced to see the Confederates file out of the woods, a complete brigade of four or five regiments, numbering three thousand two hundred men, as Pettigrew's cook afterwards told me, with Colonel Pettigrew in command, with eighteen pieces of fine artillery, fifteen of which they quickly posted, and served against the fort and the boats in the river. Pettigrew's idea was, to gain that side of the river, and if they could establish themselves there, they would hold the key to New Berne, as the town can easily be shelled from the camp of the Ninety-Second. He said that their men had not fired a shot, that their guns were of the poorest description, Austrian rifles, captured pieces, and there were only three hundred men in the earthworks. Each man, however, had taken his cartridges from his box and deposited them on the logs, behind which they lay, ready for the charge of the enemy, which they momentarily expected. Why hadn't the Confederates charged? The loss of life would have been fearful, and perhaps the gunboats would have shelled them out had they taken the fort. The wharves were crowded and men climbed up into the shrouds of the numerous trading vessels lying near the wharves. The Confederates and their cannon were beyond our sight, but the fort with its tents, were in plain view, and so was the signal officer, who was waving an immense white flag, with a red centre, signalling to our side. And there against the rampart of earth and logs, lay the dark indistinguishable mass of men, with fixed bayonets, which glittered now and then in the sun.

But the men were motionless. Our friend told us that but ten men of the Ninety-Second had, as yet, been wounded, notwithstanding the terrific shelling. Their works protected them from the grape and cannister and that while many of the shells

burst inside the fort, but few had been wounded. To us, who were looking on from a distance, it seemed as if the men must be annihilated. In the city all was astir, but with no noise or tumult. There was a quiet moving of troops and orderlies dashing hither and thither with messages.

About nine o'clock our intent eyes were attracted by two huge scows, moving slowly out from the shore, beyond us, loaded with troops, and in a few minutes the word passed along, that it was the Eighty-Fifth New York, going over to reinforce their fellows of the Ninety-Second.

It was one of the most interesting and exciting mornings I ever passed. The bursting of the shells, the battle in full view and yet to us, on the New Berne side, a perfectly safe spectacle, for no shells reached within a half mile of us. And now the roar of the gunboats is distinctly heard, and now a schooner mounting two guns, moves up and opens fire on the enemy and does some very accurate work. We were told that these guns were served by negroes and that their firing was superior to that of the *Hunchback*. Hour after hour the conflict lasted. The *Hunchback* and the *Hetzel* all took part in this bombardment after nine o'clock. Previous to this time they were not ready. One had her steam down, another had trouble with her boiler and machinery, and had to be towed to the scene of action. The *Hunchback* ran aground, but did some very effective work, at a distance of more than a mile.

The missiles of these two boats, the *Hunchback* and the *Hetzel* did terrible execution. It is said that one shell killed two men of the enemy and wounded thirteen. In the meantime General Prince had been placing in position some twenty-pound howitzers belonging to Ranson's Battery, and they opened on the enemy in a lively manner. During a lull in the bombardment of the fort by the Confederates, General Pettigrew sent a summons to Colonel Anderson to surrender, giving him seven minutes before making an assault. Colonel Anderson, like his brave namesake of Fort Sumter, replied that "he didn't want *seven seconds*, and if they wanted the place to come and take it, and when they fired, it suited his convenience, as well as the assault." General

Foster was keenly watching the progress of the fight and directed much of the artillery fire from the New Berne side of the Neuse. As will be seen from the little poem following this article, the *Hetzel* claims the chief part of the honor of repulsing and making void this determined attack.

The stern wheeler (popularly called wheelbarrow) *Allison* with one or two pieces of light artillery on board, made a reconnaissance up the river, shelling the woods as she went along.

In the afternoon the enemy retired, leaving many killed and wounded, and minus five pieces of artillery, one dismounted, two burst, and two mired in the swamp. During the fight the banks of the Neuse opposite the fort was lined with men, women, and children, and they were also on the housetops.

In the evening following the attack, the river was swarming with gunboats, as it was thought that with the large Confederate force in the vicinity, a general attack would be made the next day.

A Confederate deserter reported that a large force was marching on New Berne and intended to fire the city with red hot shot. Strict orders regarding fires were issued to the provost guard (the Forty-Fifth Massachusetts) and the firemen were up all night ready for an emergency.

The pioneers were ordered to hold themselves ready for instant duty, but the enemy made no further demonstration. General Amory with a few regiments went up the Trent road in search of the enemy but failed to find him. Many of us expected that an attack would be made at midnight.

In the Guard House I found two or three deserters from the Confederates, who escaped to our lines when Pettigrew fell back, one of them before the attack. They had marched from Kinston in two days and a night, marching all night, reaching here Friday night, and making the attack Saturday morning. As we have said one escaped Friday night, before the attack, and one fell out on the retreat. Pettigrew's orders were to shoot all stragglers. They claimed to be Union men, who were conscripted into the Confederate Army. They told us that there were about three thousand in the main body on the other

side. One brigade came from Petersburg, Virginia, by rail, which was the force that attacked the camp of the Ninety-Second New York. They were out of food and came to get it. They had fifteen to eighteen pieces of artillery. Little Washington and Plymouth were to be attacked at the same time.

In honor of the repulse of the Confederates, General Foster had the "Stars and Stripes" displayed on the steeple of the Episcopal Church, the highest point in the city, and where visible for miles, it floated in proud defiance. On the Tuesday following the attack, in company with Sergeants Barstow and Butler, I crossed the river to the camp of the Ninety-Second New York. At this point the river is two miles wide, although in looking at it from our side, it did not seem more than three-quarters of a mile. The men of the Ninety-Second had many stories to tell us of the fight.

In front of the earthworks is a plain with low undergrowth, half a mile wide, stretching to the thick woods. The camp ground itself is small and close to the river bank. The rebel infantry filed slowly out of the woods, and formed their line on the edge, placing their cannon in front of them. As we went over that ground we could tell the position of each piece, and the kind, for the earth was torn up by the recoil, and the ground in the vicinity strewn with gun-cartridges, papers, etc. They loaded and served their pieces with great coolness, as there was no resistance for a time, and they were within easy musket range, less than half a mile from the earthworks, and they ought to have been able to have battered the works to pieces.

The usual relics of such a firing were lying around. Here the ground was furrowed by a shell scooping half a dozen feet of earth, a foot in depth, and yonder it had ricocheted and made a similar cavity. These were the marks of the shells fired by our gunboats. There was a house or two occupied by "neutrals," standing directly in the line of fire of the batteries, and the shot and shell made havoc with them. One shot struck under the eaves, and went into the floor. Another had knocked a piece out of the ceiling, but, as usual, more damage was done to the outside of the houses. Others had swept the boughs off the low trees.

Everywhere the effect of the shells could be seen. They showed us one spot where a rebel gun had burst, and close by was found a blanket covered with blood. Fragments of shells were lying around loose, and one or two whole conical shells, which did not explode. I saw one big round shell, unexploded, which I could, with difficulty, lift. But time would fail to speak of the marks of the terrific cannonading of that day, to which the fields, houses, trees, etc., were subjected.

Returning to the camp of the Ninety-Second, we observed that it was surrounded by an earthwork lined with logs, about three feet high, on all sides but one, the side toward the rebel attack, was perhaps six feet high. We saw where the men lay packed closely against the logs, and where their cartridges had been laid on the interstices. They were all at this time busily engaged repairing the earthworks which had saved them from annihilation. There was a ditch five or six feet wide, filled with water, all around the works. They could have made havoc of men attempting to charge across it, but it is said that the rebels, finding they could not trap our men, nor shell them out, determined to charge upon the works, when opportunely, the gunboats opened fire.

Within the works the tents were completely riddled. The few trees inside were torn to pieces, and two or three small rough houses, put up for officers' quarters were battered almost to kindling wood. I should say the Colonel's little house had twenty or thirty holes in it, made by the enemy's fire, about a dozen of which seemed clean cut and of grape shot size. I cannot picture the complete riddling of everything contained in the fort; fragments of shot and shell everywhere lying about. Men showed bullets and pieces of shell which they had found in their tents and beds, and benches.

While I stood there one of them picked up two pieces of shell and gave me, and another gave me a battered bullet. In front of the Colonel's quarters were the fragments of a 20-pound rifled cannon which had burst in firing and was left behind by the enemy. The tires were blown off and a part of the circumference, and it must have killed several of the men standing by when it burst.

Lines, written at Newbern, N. C., March 14th, 1863, at the time of the attack on Fort Anderson by the rebels under Gen. Pettigrew, where they were repulsed, and finally driven off by the Gunboat Hetzel.

A mist hangs over Newbern, dim clouds obscure the skies,
And, like a caged monster, the good old *Hetzel* lies
A helpless hull, with fires drawn—without a pound of steam,
And not a friendly breeze afloat to waft her up the stream.

Beyond us on the Neuse's bank, and pointing to the north,
Lay Anderson and his brave band in their unfinished fort;
His orders were to watch the foe, and to arrest the flight
Of ravenous "guerilla" hawks that sweep around at night.

Now looking to the fort, we see a white flag cleave the air,
Which in its swaying language tells, "The foe in force is near."
In massive columns advancing, they now come pouring in,
'Tis Pettigrew, 'tis Pettigrew, with twice four thousand men.

His heavy guns are planted in fierce and dread array,
Demanding a surrender at one-half hour's delay;
But mark the proud defiance, in Anderson's reply—
"We'll never yield to rebel chief, we'll fight it out or die."

Then belches the artillery its showers of iron hail,
Which sweep across the ill-fared fort like sleet before the gale;
Now crouch the hapless soldiers behind the muddy walls,
That tremble as they check the flight of the destructive balls.

With angry frown our Capt. paces fore and aft the deck,
And looks upon his favorite craft, now helpless as a wreck;
He sees the curling smoke, and hears the rebel thunder roll,
And grief for being out of range disturbs his inmost soul.

Soon our mysterious bunting procured a towboat's aid,
And never with a better will was anchor ever weighed;
And now the well-tried soldiers, their grief for joy exchange,
For round about is heard the shout, "The *Hetzel's* within range."

Then McIntyre, our Bos'n, his marine bugle blew,
And summoned to their "quarters" the brave old *Hetzel's* crew;
With joy our Capt. viewed them, and proudly did he smile
On the heroes who sustained him at Roanoke's gloomy isle.

"Cast loose! run in!" he calmly cries, (no need to say be stout),
"Sponge clean—load—ten second shell—ram home well—run out;
Now elevate and take good aim, be cool, boys, do it well,
And send the knaves your compliments, wrapt in a nine-inch shell."

And never yet did shot or shell on surer errand go,
Since first the traitor dared to strike that bold presumptuous blow;
Precision marked its flight, it burst full in their studded lines,
And swept them off as wild winds sweep seared branches from the pines.

Our next dismounts their heaviest gun, and fills them with despair,
And now the men who held the front are hastening to the rear;
Yes, all are reeling backward, discouraged, losing ground,
And seemed to know they've "little show" while Capt. D. is round!

When sunk the sun that evening, at anchor calm we lay,
In joyous groups, discoursing the glories of the day;
We saw the soldiers coming, with grateful hearts, to tell
How the *Hetzel* saved three hundred with her well aimed shot and shell.

Now drink to Capt. Davenport, and to his sailors brave,
Who drove the rebels as the wind drives foam upon the wave;
Likewise to Lynch, his Coxswain, who fired our nine-inch gun,
May he live long to wear the badge of honor he has won.

DIBDIN No. 2.

NOTE. These verses were "hawked" around the streets of New Berne at ten cents a copy.



MAP OF TOWN OF NEW BERNE, SHOWING POSITION OF CONFEDERATE FORCES

Scouting at Night Beyond the Pickets on a Locomotive.

BY LIEUT. GERSHOM C. WINSOR, ADJUTANT.



WHEN General Foster learned of the attack upon our outposts and that a large Rebel force was in the vicinity of Newbern, he ordered all officers and men to remain in quarters. The Provost Guard had orders to turn every one back to their stores and houses. After making my rounds with this order I was in duty bound to ride to my own quarters, or run the risk of being placed under arrest for disobeying General Foster's orders. However I found out from one of our Company Officers who had come off guard, that General D. H. Hill's Division, of Longstreet's Corps, had besieged the city with General Pettigrew's brigade over the Neuse, before Fort Anderson; General Robertson's brigade over the Trent, threatening the railroad to Beaufort Harbor; General Daniel's brigade out at Deep Gully this side of the Trent; and General Ranson's brigade near Batchelder's Creek, this side of the Neuse. And at lunch we held a council of War. The question was, "does the General's order include Mrs. Peabody?" It was decided for her to try and get as far as Provost Headquarters and then get a pass from Colonel Messenger, the Provost Marshal. She did, and went to the river front in the upper part of the city, where the shells had reached from the rebel guns, over the river, a mile and a half away; saw the Gunboat Hunchback aground, within range and firing, saw other gunboats steaming up; heard that the signalling on the "Hunchback," said for those in the fort not to surrender, for relief was being sent, and was told that every man would be ordered into the trenches before daylight. As darkness shut down there was a lull. We were just leaving the dinner table when an order came which Colonel Codman handed to me with the remark: "Adjutant, you will have to attend to this in person: bring

up a company from Fort Macon." It was an order from General Foster to send an officer to Fort Macon and bring up one company of the two serving there as Heavy Artillery, to Fort Spinola on the left of our line, by daylight to-morrow morning. Colonel Ralph Webster to furnish transportation.

Taking my Smith and Wesson's seven shooter, a box of cartridges, and a liberal supply of cigars, I started out for the Railroad Depot, the headquarters of Colonel Webster, Quartermaster in charge of transportation, on General Foster's Staff. When I presented the order, he said: "Winsor you cannot get to Fort Macon. The rebel cavalry tore up the track and cut the wires below Havelock station just before dark and I expect ditched an engine." "Well, how about going by Steamer?" "Why, man, it is 90 miles to Hatteras Inlet, and you would not get to Beaufort Harbor before to-morrow noon." Then I said, "Just write transportation refused, and sign it right on this order."

"Oh, No, not for Christopher Columbus Holmes!" (Webster was an old Cadet). "The only engine I have here, is the new one, "General Foster," and if you lose her, you had better desert, rather than come back to this department." It took half an hour to get her steam up. Then she with a box freight car pulled into the station. The engineer stepped down and I arranged with him for a quick run for five miles to our last picket, then stop. It was now nine o'clock in the evening and we had thirty miles to make, if we could.

The "General Foster," was a high set engine. I sat on the seat for the fireman, and reaching down said: "Here Ralf have a smoke with us. You may get the wire on us, by the time we reach Havelock. We won't lose your rig." We were off. Slowly through the streets of the city over the long bridge, then hit her up for the picket. The night was cloudy, as black as ink in that pine forest; no lights on engine, the track is straight for the 30 miles; our time for the picket is nearly up; possibly to-night, he is not using a fire; so I tap on the boiler-head with my revolver to slow down that we may be sure to pick him up. He heard us coming and tapped on the rail, which the engineer

understood. All the picket man knew was, that he had seen smoke rising away down the track before dark. It was now decided to take our chances on the next five miles. Engineers say for their part, they had rather run at night without a head-light. That may be right when they know every twist and turn and have switch-lights and semifores etc., but we were rushing into utter darkness on a straight track for thirty miles. My mind became absolutely blank, as there was no chance to judge distance, and could not comprehend that there was any headway except as the motion of the machine said so. I closed my eyes to save my mind. At last I crossed over to the engineer and he shut her down. He had no more idea, than I, whether we had run five or seven miles. We had an extra man in the freight car, and the engineer put him out ahead with a hammer to rap on the rail if he found any break in the track; and it was understood by the engineer that we would lose the man rather than the engine. I sat there with my revolver ready, but found it very nerve racking, thinking how easy it would be for the Confederates to take the whole outfit. After what seemed a very long and tiresome turning of the wheels, we saw the loom of a fire ahead on the track, so we picked up our man, and hurried forward, but my judgment soon prompted our coming to a stop, that we might listen to some sound to guide us. How far this side of the fire were the rebel pickets located? I heard the engineer throw back his reverse lever, so as to be ready to run if we must. The more I listened the more confounded became my mind, for if a northern man is ever out of place, it is in a southern wood at night.

It was no use to get rattled by the mumbling of coons up the trees, or the rush of snakes through the grass, or over twigs. I felt quite sure the rebel pickets would let us pass them before they attacked, but if they had no implement with them to throw out a rail behind us, our chance of running back was good. So I decided to take that risk, and ordered the engineer to crawl up to the fire, and if attacked in the rear, to run her back "wide open," he to throw himself flat on the floor of the cab, as he must not be hit by a bullet. "All right I understand, Sir," and

the engine moved forward. I sat down by the fireman in the tender on the coal. My thoughts went back to Ralph and his remark, "not for Christopher Columbus Holmes," then it wandered to Colonel Holmes' house in Milton, and a sleigh ride from there to Boston of a bright moonlight night, my friend was driving. We both fell asleep on Warren street, Roxbury. The mare stopped. That woke us. We were in Dock Square with the mare's nose close to the rear wall of Faneuil Hall. All of a sudden the engine shot ahead and as I gained the side of the engineer, he said, "We are all right." I can see them waving their mauls, and sure enough, the track hands from the other end of the line were just finishing the break in the track.

When ready we took them into the freight car, and let her go for Morehead, the engineer playing what he called "Yankee Doodle" on the whistle. I rushed aboard the Army tug, but the Captain could not get away for half an hour as his fires were banked. As we passed down the harbor the clouds cleared, and the moon was then up.

I was challenged at the wharf. The Corporal of the Guard came and took me through the Sallyport to the Officer of the Guard (one of our Lieutenants.) The Officer of the Day came and said "Lock him up." This officer was of the Regular Army, but the Lieutenant of the Guard sent word to Major Giles, 3d New York Artillery, commanding the Post, of my coming, and he ordered me to come to his quarters. He gave the orders for the Company to be turned out, and while waiting I asked the Major what caused the flame of the candle, on the pine table in the centre of the casement to jump. There was no draft to affect it. He said: "I have noticed it and have been thinking that I had never seen a candle flame jump here before. It may be that the monitor fleet has opened on Fort Sumter, as I understood they were ready. If so, the vibration comes along 200 miles of sand-spit on the end of which this Fort stands." It proved that the fleet did open that night. We left the fort at two o'clock, and arrived at Fort Spinola soon after daylight. The rebels remained before our works for two days, and then withdrew as the attack planned on the other side of the Trent had not been

pressed on the railroad, and the new Whitworth guns and their ammunition had proved worthless over the Neuse, with General Pettigrew. If it had been pressed what would have become of Colonel Webster's pet engine? Major General Hill says in his report to General Longstreet: "Robertson sent out a Lieutenant who partly cut the railroad. He sent out a Colonel who saw some Yankees and came back; Robertson did not go himself. We must have a better man. If Pettigrew's guns had not failed him I think we would have gained the town, or caused a very salutary alarm. Foster ought to be ashamed of letting one brigade run him into his rathole. For my part I could get no information from New Berne."

Camp Massachusetts.

BY PRIVATE ALBERT W. MANN, OF COMPANY A.



Our last "guard mount" in the city of New Berne, the adjutant read a vote of thanks which was sent by the residents, commending the regiment for the manner in which it had discharged its duty as provost guard. As we were leaving the city, General Foster rode down our line and complimented Colonel Codman on the fine appearance of his men. The 25th of April was a warm and pleasant day when we took up our line of march for Camp Massachusetts. Our camp site did not look very inviting when we reached it, and it required a good deal of hard work to make it neat and comfortable. It was outside the outer line of breastworks, between the river Neuse and the railroad track, and about a mile and a half from our old Camp Amory on the Trent. We were furnished with A tents, about eight feet square. These we enlarged considerably by setting them upon stockades of logs and boards, obtained from a deserted camp nearby. Some of us laid floors in our tents and made bunks of old barrel staves. Two days after our arrival, and before we had fairly got to "housekeeping," marching orders were read on "dress parade." Sixty rounds of ball cartridges were served to us, in addition to the forty already in our boxes. At half-past eight in the morning of April 28th, our regiment was in line in New Berne in front of the Academy Green Hospital. A very interesting account of the fight at Dover Cross Roads is given in another chapter by comrade Lang.

The month of May is a very pleasant one in North Carolina and we frequently obtained permission to pass our "campguard" and rambled over the fields and in the woods in our immediate vicinity. Wild strawberry and blackberry vines covered the fields for acres. Just outside our lines was an old log cabin, where Chaplain Stone conducted prayer meetings which were



LT. COL. PEABODY

COL. CODMAN

MAJOR STUKGIS

fully attended. Near our camp was the battle ground of New Berne, where General Burnside and the troops under his command fought and won a notable battle in March of the previous year. One warm day a small party of us paid a visit to this historic spot, and as we strolled along the woodpeckers and the mocking-birds were holding a concert high up in the branches of the trees. A tramp of three miles brought us to a line of breastworks extending from the railroad track to the fort on the river.

Beyond the railroad track was a succession of redans, rising one above the other like a flight of steps, all concealed. These redans must have proved a serious obstacle to the progress of our troops, and it was here that the hardest fighting took place and the determination and courage of our troops in storming and capturing these redans were severely tested. Near the railroad track were the ruins of a brick house and it was at this spot that the gallant Adjutant Stearns of the Twenty-First Massachusetts gave up his life. Nature had kindly covered the battle-ground with verdure and there were but few marks of that sanguinary contest. Here and there we saw a tree shattered and splintered as if by lightning bolts. Inside the breastworks were a few mouldy equipments and uniforms. We came upon an old negro splitting rails and entered into conversation with him, concerning the battle. He told us that General Burnside stopped at his house the night before. The day before the battle he said, "the road was *gray* with rebels, and the next day *blue* with Yankees." He gave quite an amusing account of the rebel retreat through and from New Berne. The shells of our gunboats made great havoc. One shell took the smoke stack off the engine that was hauling the train containing the dead and wounded of the enemy. On our way back we stopped at the house of "Farmer" Harrison, who supplied our hospital and officers with milk. He had a comfortable Southern style of house, surrounded by large and handsome shade trees. His garden was in a flourishing condition, particularly his fig trees, and near his house was a monster grape-vine having a trunk eight inches in diameter. On our return to camp we found the boys in considerable excitement. The Fifty-Eighth Pennsylvania on the outer picket station had had a

fight with the rebels at Dover Cross Roads, taking one hundred and sixty prisoners, but losing their gallant Colonel Jones.

At the nine o'clock "roll-call" that evening a train of open platform cars came up from New Berne and stopped in front of our camp. The short, sharp order rang out, "Fall in, Forty-Fifth in twenty minutes." We filled our haversacks, stowed away sixty rounds of ball cartridges, climbed on the cars and in twenty minutes we were off for Batchelder's Creek. It looked as though we might have a serious time, this hasty departure so late at night, through those inky woods, where, for aught we knew, a force of the enemy might be waiting our approach. On our arrival we learned full particulars of the fight. They were expecting another attack and we were sent to reinforce them. They slept that night on their arms in the trenches, and our regiment, with the exception of two companies sent out on picket, bivouacked on the parade ground. We learned that upon our retirement a few weeks previous, the rebels returned to their old position at Dover Cross Roads, and Colonel Jones with his regiment and two others started out at night to attack them. At four o'clock the next morning he surprised and defeated the rebels at their outpost, taking nearly all of them prisoners, besides a piece of artillery and several baggage wagons. As the Fifty-Eighth were returning to their camp, the rebels, heavily reinforced from Kinston, pressed closely upon them, and began shelling their camp with a piece of artillery. This movement annoyed the gallant colonel and he turned and fought the enemy in the swamp, saying as he did so, "Boys, we must have that gun." While attempting to take it, he was shot by a rebel sharpshooter. A fight ensued over his body resulting in the repulse of the enemy, and the Fifty-Eighth retired within their entrenchments, but their joy over their victory was overshadowed by the loss of their beloved commander. Colonel Jones was a brave and talented officer, a kind-hearted man and a sincere Christian. His name was a terror to the rebels around New Berne for he routed them out of their haunts and by his daring and scouting, kept them in continual dread.

On the arrival of the train from New Berne our regiment

formed in column with "reversed arms" and followed by the Fifty-Eighth Pennsylvania, escorted the remains of Colonel Jones to the cars. Before embarking on the train Chaplain Stone offered a fervent prayer. On the 26th of May our regiment escorted the remains from the Masonic Temple to the steamer which conveyed them to his family and his home in Philadelphia.

The weather continued to grow warmer and once in a while a detail from our regiment was made for "fatigue duty," which was nothing more or less, than handling a pick or a shovel, or trundling a wheelbarrow in the trenches under a hot, broiling sun. One day we were sent to work on a fortification near our old Camp Amory on the Trent.

In shape it was half a hexagon, its open side being the river bank, the sides being sixty feet long. It was only intended as a defence against land forces. The ditch was nine feet deep and twenty feet wide. The blackberries had now passed from the red era, and near the camp there were acres of the luscious fruit. While they lasted we had a genuine feast, and they were both appetizing and beneficial.

One afternoon in the latter part of May, Major-General Foster and his staff rode over to our camp. The regiment was drawn up in line, and after we had given him the salute due to his rank as commander of the department, he made a short speech to us. He said, "he wished to state a project which he had in mind and which had the sanction of the war department. He wished to recruit a heavy artillery regiment out of the several nine-months' regiments in the department. The regiment would consist of twelve companies of one hundred and fifty men each. The inducements were \$150 bounty and thirty days' furlough." Said he, "the rebels hereabouts have made their threats that when the nine months' men have gone, they will make us *hum*. You come back and we will make them *hum*." He paid a high compliment to Colonel Codman of whom he said, "a better man never rode at the head of a regiment." At the conclusion of his speech, we gave the general three rousing cheers which caused his horse to rear and plunge.

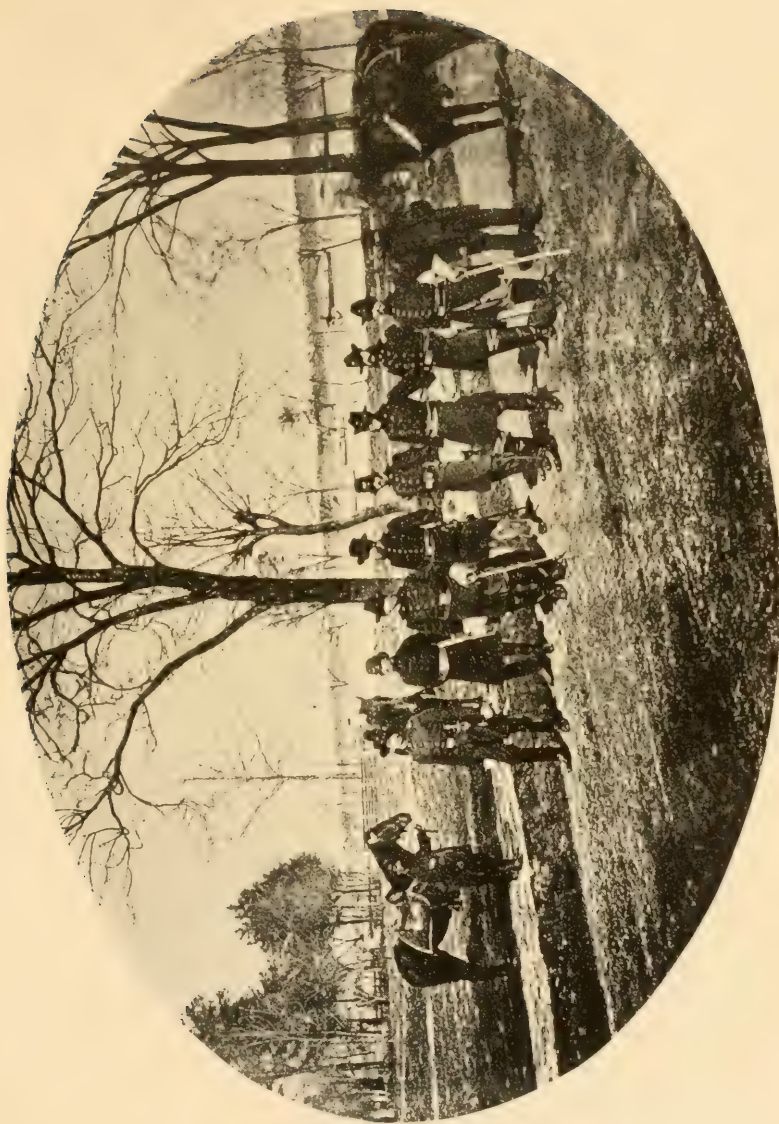
About this time the camp of the First North Carolina

(Colored) Regiment was located near us and in a short time its ranks were full. A number of our boys visited their camp frequently, and drilled the raw recruits in the manual of arms and sometimes we taught them out of the primer.

Fort Totten was probably one of the strongest defences of New Berne and was located near our camp, and was planned by General Foster. It was a pentagon in shape, having four bastions and mounting twenty-six guns. These guns had a wide sweep commanding the approach to New Berne by the Trent road and also by the rivers Trent and Neuse. Crossing the drawbridge and entering the fort, the first object inspected was the tower, or lookout, under which was the principal magazine. There was a large stockade in the fort, made of logs, braced and riveted together, the spaces between being filled with sand, the whole extending across the fort. This stockade was twenty-five feet high and twenty feet thick. On top were rifle pits. The object of the stockade was to destroy the range of the enemy's guns. A shot that would pass over it, would pass clear over the fort. The fort was a very scientific affair, and if properly garrisoned it seemed impregnable to any force the enemy in that department could bring against it.

At the time of our visit a portion of the Eighth Massachusetts was doing *garrison duty* there. As in Camp Amory on the Trent, we again settled down to the daily routine of drill. In the morning a brisk company drill, and late in the afternoon battalion drill, and thus we had more leisure, and in those excessively hot days, it was gratefully appreciated.

By ten o'clock we were taking our daily swim in the Neuse, and usually a large crowd were sporting in the water at the same time. Our road to the river lay directly past the regimental hospital, most beautifully situated in a grove of magnificent mulberry trees, as large as English elms, and so thick-leaved as to make a most perfect shade. The hospital tent was pitched under one of them, the farm house of the plantation being also occupied as a hospital; and near by was the quartermaster's building, while within a stone's throw stood Fort Spinola. The fort was built directly on the river-bank, and commanded, with its black-



FIELD AND STAFF

mounted cannon, both the river and the surrounding country for more than a mile in every direction. On our arrival at Camp Massachusetts the fort was garrisoned by Company G of our regiment, who, having had practical heavy artillery drill at Fort Macon, were summoned to the defence of the city in the early part of April, when an attack was apprehended. Soon after our advent Company I returned from Fort Macon, and took the place of Company G at Fort Spinola, so that, after an interval of nearly six months, the whole regiment was once more united under one command. Near by the fort there was a long wharf, running into deep water, for the slope of the river-bed is very gradual, and this wharf was, so to speak, the headquarters of the bathers. Here were unlimited opportunities for swimming, diving, etc., while those who preferred shallow water had the whole river-bank to wade from. One of the men actually swam across the river one day, without making known his purpose. He not only reached the opposite side, but had started on his way back, when he was picked up by a boat which was sent after him. As the river is fully two miles wide at this point, it was to say, the least, quite a swim.

On June 23d, 1863, the following order was read on "dress parade."

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF NORTH CAROLINA,

NEW BERNE, June 23, 1863.

SPECIAL ORDER No. 178.

The commanding general bids farewell to the officers and soldiers of the Forty-Fifth Regiment Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, with the most sincere regret at losing a regiment which has proved itself so good and deserving in every position it has been called to occupy. In the various marches and fights they have exhibited that order, discipline, and courage, which he hoped and expected to find in an organization so worthily descended from the ancient and honorable corps of Boston cadets. For those who have fallen in the fight or by disease, the general offers his sincere and heartfelt sympathy to their comrades-in-arms, and to the beloved friends at home. To those who have survived the dangers, though sharing them, the general bids, "God speed!"

By command of Major-General Foster.

JOHN F. ANDERSON.

Major and Senior Aide-de-camp.

Early the next morning we broke camp. As we rolled away on open platform cars through New Berne and towards Beaufort, the cheers of the boys and the joyful strains of our band mingled together. At the same wharf in Beaufort where we landed nearly eight months before, we found the transports ready for our embarkation. *Then*, we were full of life and vigor, but the extreme heat during our few weeks' sojourn in Camp Massachusetts had told severely upon the health of the regiment. Many poor fellows fell victims to the terrible fever and passed on to their eternal home. Others had not succumbed, but the fever was in their systems, and they were weakened and emaciated.

There were two hundred and fifty sick men on the steamer *S. R. Spaulding*. At noon we steamed out of Beaufort Harbor, and were, at last, "homeward bound." After a delightful sail of twenty-four hours, we arrived at Fortress Munroe, and anchored under the guns of the fort.

Colonel Codman went ashore in the captain's gig, and reported to Major-General John A. Dix, commanding the department, the condition of the regiment. There was a possibility that we might be ordered to join the Union forces at White House, Va. It will be remembered that it was just at this time that General Lee and his army were invading Pennsylvania, and a few days before the battle of Gettysburg, where the Confederates received such a terrible defeat. We had but three hundred and fifty able-bodied men out of a total of eight hundred.

After some delay orders came from the war department to proceed directly to Boston. "Most of us were too miserable to display our joy in noisy mirth, but the spirits of the men brightened visibly as the way grew shorter. Two of our number passed away to their eternal home on that short passage and others survived the voyage, only to die in the arms of their loved ones at home." While anchored off Fortress Munroe we could see the "Rip Raps" where formidable works were being constructed. We also saw Sewall's Point around which steamed the rebel ironclad *Merrimac* on her mission of destruction—and the famous fight between the *Monitor* and *Merrimac* took place quite near our anchorage ground. At daybreak, Monday morning, June

29th, 1863, our steamer the *S. R. Spaulding* passed Minot's Ledge Lighthouse and steamed up Boston Harbor. We were boarded on our way up, by a party of friends, who had been cruising around the harbor all the previous day anticipating our arrival. We landed our sick at T Wharf and hauled into the stream again to await the arrival of the *Tillie*, which was a slower boat.

She arrived late that afternoon so it was deemed advisable to postpone the reception of the regiment until the next day, and we passed an uncomfortable night in a crowded steamer, in sight of many of our homes. Tuesday dawned as bright and pleasant as heart could desire—and at about nine o'clock the regiment disembarked at Battery Wharf.

The Fight at Dover Cross Roads.

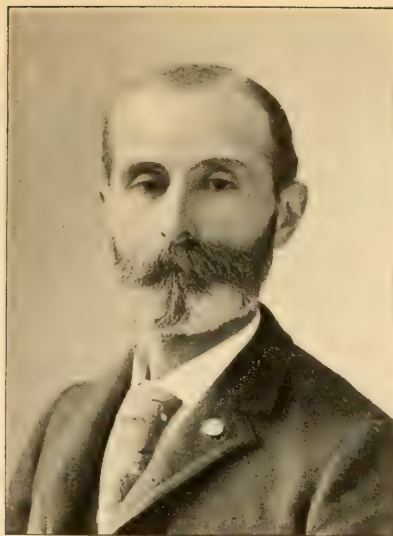
BY PRIVATE SILAS W. LANG OF COMPANY A.



APRIL 28th, 1863, the Forty-Fifth Massachusetts Regiment embarked on open platform cars at half past twelve o'clock, in the city of New Berne, having left Camp Massachusetts at an early hour. As was customary on such excursions, we were not informed regarding our destination. We rolled slowly along for twelve miles, passing through many camps and intrenchments, surrounding New Berne, running in a straight line through the pine forests, broken here and there by a clearing or a picket post. We were then at Batchelder's Creek, the outpost of the Fifty-Eighth Pennsylvania Regiment, Colonel Jones. We stopped here long enough to eat our lunch. This camp we found to be a strong one, surrounded by earthworks.

A blockhouse commanded the railroad and bridge across the creek, where a row of sharpened stakes pointing outward did not present an inviting appearance to an approaching enemy. On a side track stood *Burnside's Monitor*, which was quite a curiosity to us. It was a house built of strong and massive timbers, mounted on an open platform car, and mailed with iron plates half an inch thick. It had a peaked roof with a skylight entrance, reached by a ladder on the outside, which could be removed in case of need. There were two port holes on each side, and one at each end, and the armament consisted of two six-pounders. It was also pierced for rifles. Altogether it was quite a formidable affair on wheels, and capable of keeping quite a force at bay for some time. We were finally dumped at a place called Core Creek where we were informed we would bivouac for the night.

The *Monitor* came along with us, and remained with us during our stay in that camp. As on the Kinston march we set to work to make ourselves comfortable for the night, stripping the



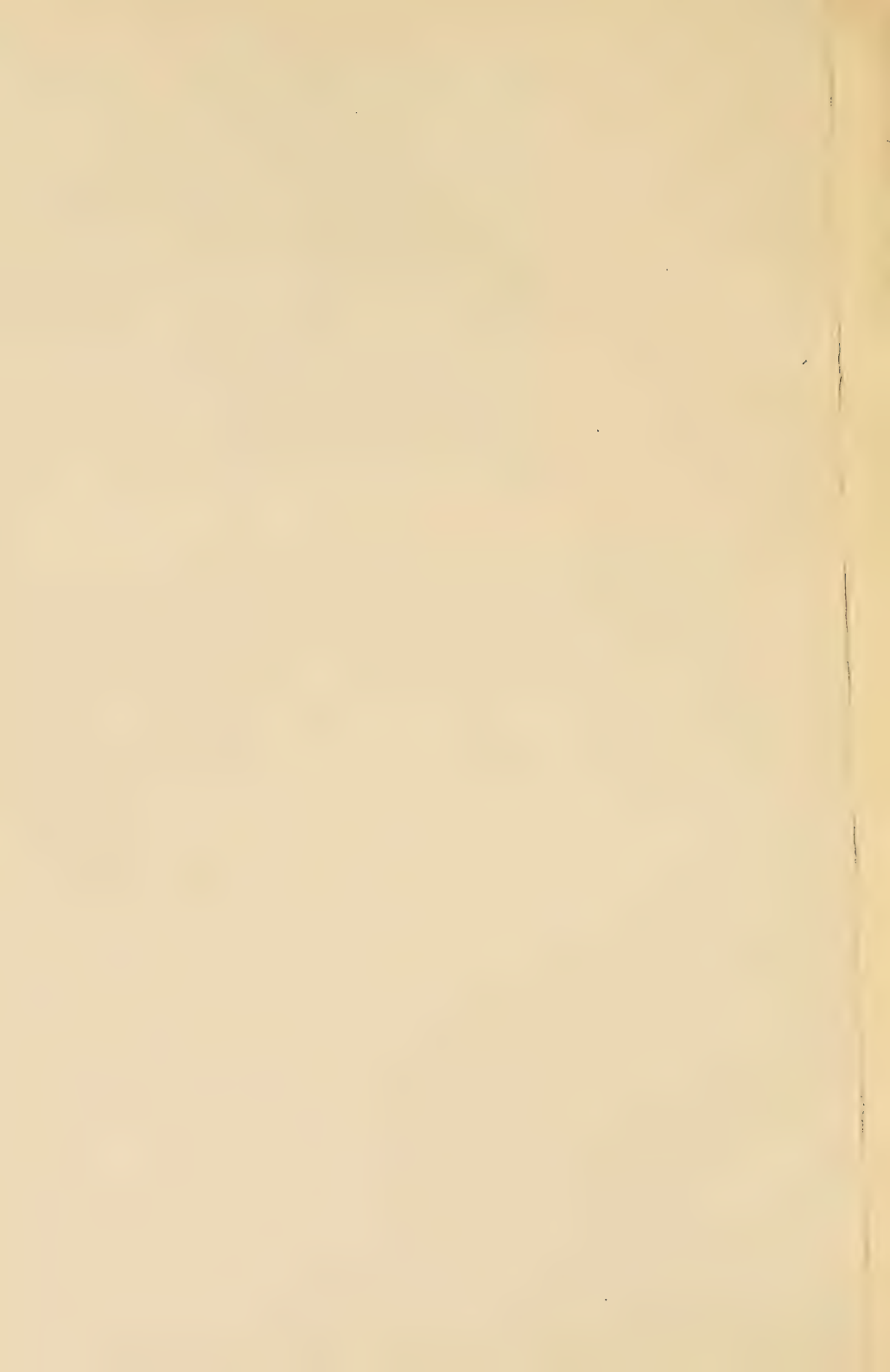
SILAS W. LANG, COMPANY A



Camp at Core Creek.



Up the Rail Road -



fences of rails for fires, making beds of the small branches of pine trees and constructing little shelter tents of rubber blankets as we did on the "Mud March," to Pollocksville. It was well that we did so, as a heavy thunder shower came up in the night, and our boys on picket were thoroughly drenched, and many of us on that bivouac were flooded out.

Although forty years have elapsed, we have a vivid recollection of that night.

Early the next morning Colonel Codman sent two companies, C, Captain Minot, and H, Captain Tappan, under command of Major Sturgis, up the Atlantic and North Carolina Railroad, to ascertain the strength of the Confederate forces, with orders not to drive in the pickets, or to engage in any action.

These companies left the camp at Core Creek, before seven o'clock, and proceeded towards their destination. At the same time Company D, Captain Bumstead, was ordered to take the Cross Road leading to the Dover Road, and to communicate with Brigadier-General Palmer, whose column was then on the Dover Road.

About noon, the remainder of the Forty-Fifth Regiment and the Seventeenth Massachusetts Regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel Fellows, all under command of Colonel Charles R. Codman, proceeded up the railroad to overtake Major Sturgis and to push on to the Cross Roads nearest to the position of the Dover Road, with the railroad, the object being to intercept any of the enemy which General Palmer's column might drive down this road.

Upon reaching the Cross Road, we found Major Sturgis, who reported the enemy in force in the neighborhood of the junction. Major Sturgis had proceeded with such caution as to give the enemy no intimation of the movements of the main column, thus preventing them from being reinforced.

One company of Major Sturgis' command was left at the point at which the regiment overtook him. The other company was ordered to follow slowly after the column. An advance was then made up the railroad, the Confederate pickets being driven in, by flanking companies of the Forty-Fifth Regiment, among them Company B, Captain Churchill.

On reaching the Cross Roads, Colonel Codman learned that the Fifty-Eighth Pennsylvania, Colonel Jones, was pushing vigorously up the Dover Road, and he decided to proceed to the junction. Company F, Captain Daland, was then ordered to relieve Company B, which up to this time had been doing most excellent work, forcing back the enemy's pickets, in our front. After Company F had relieved Company B, in the advance, the column was pushed rapidly on, up the railroad, one company of the Seventeenth Massachusetts being left at the Cross Road. As we approached the junction, Lieutenant-Colonel Peabody, who was in command of the advance, reported that there was an earthwork across the track.

A halt was then ordered as it was not known whether the Confederates had any artillery in the earthworks, or not, and Colonel Codman decided to wait until Colonel Jones, with the Fifty-Eighth Pennsylvania arrived before making an attack. In the meantime that regiment was rapidly approaching the junction seemingly bent on being first at the game. Hardly had the Fifty-Eighth arrived within gun-shot of the fortification, when the enemy opened a brisk fire upon them, the regiment returning the fire, and with great vigor.

The firing now became general, and for a time it bade fair to be quite a serious engagement. Captain Daland's Company F, which was in the advance, now began firing for a time, and then deployed as skirmishers, on the right and left of the railroad track the company plunging into the woods in this movement.

Company K, Captain Homans, and Company E, Captain Wales of the Forty-Fifth Massachusetts, and two companies of the Seventeenth Massachusetts were now deployed as skirmishers on the left of the railroad maintaining a steady fire as they advanced. Company A, Captain Denny, having the colors, had, up to this time, been held in reserve and were lying down on the track in full view of the earthworks. Finally the order was given Company A to "Fix Bayonets," and then to fire by platoons.

Being supported by the Seventeenth Massachusetts, Company A was then ordered to advance, and then to "Charge," which they did with a determined rush forward toward the rebel

earthworks. The whole line of skirmishers charged at about the same time, the rebels gave way, and Company A, dashing upon the earthworks, planted the State Flag of Massachusetts there, and the day was won.] How many the enemy lost in this engagement, we never learned. Four of their dead lay inside of their works when we captured them. Our loss was H. M. Putney, Company F, killed, L. F. Ames, Company K, wounded, Corporal Leatherbee, Company K, slightly wounded, and Corporal G. C. Richards, Company E, wounded. The killed and wounded being members of the companies acting as skirmishers.

Captain Murdoch of the Forty-Fifth Massachusetts serving on General Amory's staff, was hit by a spent ball. The object of this demonstration having been accomplished, orders were given to return to our camp. We understood afterwards that the object was to compel the enemy to keep his forces at Kinston and thus prevent him from sending any troops to assist those who were threatening General Dix at Suffolk.

It was late in the afternoon and we were some distance from our camp so we made a very rapid return march. And who of us that took part in it, will ever forget that rushing, stumbling march back to Cove Creek? Not even the satisfaction of having our Colonel with us on that "go-as-you-please" gait, will compensate for loss of temper, while kicking into the grade sticks along the railroad bed. Most of us on that return march would agree with the soldier of the army of the Potomac, who was relieving his mind on a certain occasion when he had been called upon to do a little more than was agreeable. He was asked by his chaplain, who was trying to console him, "Why, don't you love your country?" "Yes," he said, "that is all right, but if I get out of this, I don't think I'll ever love another country." Well, we got home, at least it seemed like home, some time during the night, all of us soaked to the skin from the drenching rain which continued during the entire return march. Thus ended the affair at Dover Cross Roads.

The Grand Review.

BY CORPORAL CHAS. EUSTIS HUBBARD OF COMPANY A.

From "The Campaign of the Forty-Fifth."



It was our good fortune during our stay in New Berne to participate in a grand review of the Eighteenth Army Corps by our commander, General Foster. We had due notice, and were gotten up in a state of blackness and brightness, well nigh bordering on perfection. Blackness having reference to the state of our boots and equipments, brightness to our guns and brasses. The cleaning and polishing and furbishing one does in the army is beyond belief, for by the time you have come to the end of the long list of articles which require touching up, the first strap or brass, as the case may be, has become dull and you begin again:—but to return to the review.

The day was all that could be desired, bright and beautiful, and as the regiment formed in line on the parade-ground, looking so neat and nice, with colors flying, and the band outdoing itself in the excitement of the day, we felt proud of our State and the service which enlisted such men in its ranks.

The review was on the south side of the Trent, the country there affording splendid facilities for military manoeuvres on a large scale, as it presented an unbroken stretch of nearly two miles in each direction. We were well acquainted with the spot, having trodden almost every foot of land thereabouts in our numerous brigade drills, and were first on the ground that day, as befitted our position in line, the Forty-Fifth ranking as First Battalion, First Brigade, First Division, Eighteenth Army Corps.

It was a beautiful sight to watch the long line of troops which filed over the bridge, their bayonets flashing in the sunlight, as regiment after regiment came up and took its place in

line. The line was formed in brigades, four regiments deep, in the order of the brigades, our brigade holding the right, the artillery and cavalry occupying the extreme left.

The thunder of the artillery announced the arrival of our gallant commander, Major-General Foster, and soon he appeared at our front, finely mounted and attended by his full staff. Drums are ruffled and arms presented, while the band plays "Hail to the Chief," as he dashes along in his inspection of each regiment, the music continuing while he is passing through the brigade, then the next band takes up the strain.

After a long rest and a lunch by all who had been prudent enough to bring a supply of hard tack in their pockets, our turn came for an active part in the proceedings of the day.

General Foster had taken his station on a slight eminence, and sat facing the centre of the line, which brigade deep, extended for full a mile. Surrounded by his staff, he was the object of attraction of the crowd of spectators, who thronged about him, from Mrs. Foster and her brilliant staff of ladies, down to the most ragged contraband in all that motley assembly.

As we wheeled by platoons and marched in review, the sight which greeted us was one long to be remembered for its grandeur and beauty. Line upon line of unbroken ranks stretched on as far as the eye could reach. Over each regiment waved our beautiful flag, its colors glowing with unwonted richness in the warm winter's sun, the bayonets throwing back flashes of light, and the artillery and cavalry relieving the scene from all monotony, while the Neuse, sparkling in the sunlight, and its distant bank covered with the forest evergreen, formed a perfect background for this gorgeous picture.

Then there was the long row of spectators, some, seated in vehicles of all sorts and descriptions, others, mounted on animals ranging from the finest charger to the scrubbiest donkey, while on foot was a crowd composed of every age, sex, and color. In their midst sat our commander, patiently awaiting our approach.

As we drew near, the band filed off to the left, and took its position directly opposite the general, where it continued playing till our brigade had all passed, when it was relieved by the next

band, and once more took its place in line. As each platoon passed, the general saluted, while he honored the colors by removing his hat, the band also giving the customary salute. Battalion after battalion, battery after battery, troop after troop, they came, till the first battalion, making the complete circuit, came upon the rear of the last troop, thus forming an unbroken circle. As each regiment reached the place of starting, it halted until the long, glittering array was once more in position, then again the artillery thundered forth the salute, and the grand review was over.



LIEUT. GERSHOM C. WINSOR, ADJUTANT OF 45TH MASSACHUSETTS

As I Saw It.

BY GERSHOM C. WINSOR, ADJUTANT OF THE FORTY-FIFTH REGIMENT,

M. V. M.



ON November 5th, 1862, we left Readville for Boston and by night were at anchor down the harbor on the steamer *Mississippi*, Captain Baxter. The night was rough. The result was that the ship threw the sweepings from the last voyage from under the lower bunks, and made the confined air offensive, and endangered the health of our one thousand men, and five hundred of the Forty-Sixth Massachusetts, that Captain McKim, United States Quartermaster had judged were needed, as "dunnage" for the Forty-Fifth. The steamer *Merrimac*, Captain Sampson, was at anchor near us, with one thousand men of the Forty-Third Massachusetts and five hundred of the Forty-Sixth Massachusetts on board. Colonel Codman concluded that sick soldiers were useless at the front, and decided to protest, so the next morning he went to the State House, and the result was the steamer *Saxon* was added to our fleet for the Forty-Sixth Regiment.

Our convoy, the gunboat *Huron*, having reported, the four steamers *Mississippi*, *Merrimac*, *Saxon* and *Huron*, put to sea on the evening of November 10th. The Convoy would log about eight knots while the transports were good for twelve. After dark Captain Baxter of our steamer, seemed to think there was too much demand for his steamer for him to be logging at eight knots, so ordered twelve. When day broke we were heading for the Nantucket Light Ship, with not a steamer in sight.

We had a good run down by Hatteras, and as we headed in for Beaufort Harbor, we sighted another steamer headed for the land. It was the *Merrimac*, a little in the lead, for she got the pilot from the dugout and so we followed her in.

When well up the harbor her nose took the mud and we passed, so we were first at the railroad dock. This was not for-

fortunate for we had to load on the flat cars and ride thirty miles in the rain to New Berne, where we passed the night, supperless, in freight-houses. The next morning we marched through the city over the railroad bridge, and a mile along the Trent to the county bridge near Fort Gaston. Here were barracks for the men and tents for the officers. Next we were brigaded with the Seventh, Twenty-Third, Forty-Third and Fifty-First Massachusetts Regiments, under Colonel Amory of the Seventeenth Massachusetts. Then came that which is so harmful to organizations, details, men for this, men for that. Two full companies were ordered on special duty: Company C, Captain Minot, to Morehead City, and Company G, Captain Murdoch to Fort Macon. This company went under command of Lieutenant Thayer, as Captain Murdoch was detailed on Acting-General Amory's staff. There should be a way provided to prevent this honey-combing a regiment. It is bad for the regiment, it is bad for the company, and bad for the detailed officers and men.

Now we put in a month's hard work in company, regimental and brigade drills, with day and night picket duty in the wooded country over the Trent.

The duties of an adjutant are such that to carry a canteen is only to have something that is always in his way, so as Lieutenant-Colonel Peabody had agreed with me that slab-chocolate was to be our emergency ration and had received a box from Menier, and as he admitted my annoyance of canteen, it was further agreed that if I would always carry an extra supply of chocolate in my saddlebags and pockets, he would always have water for me. Chocolate is one of the few foods that can be carried on a saddle-horse without becoming tainted by the heated leather.

Forty-four years later when writing this manuscript the following was clipped from the *Boston Globe*. "Every German soldier's equipment includes a Bible and a half-pound cake of chocolate."

About the 8th of December, the men were stripped of all extra baggage, including knapsacks which were put on board a schooner. On the 11th, the Eighteenth Army Corps broke camp, and headed for Goldsboro bridge, one hundred miles to the

westward. The Army of the Potomac under Burnside, was about to fight the Army under Lee at Fredericksburg, in Virginia, and if successful there would be extensive campaigning for us, including Wilmington on the south, or moving north towards Suffolk and Norfolk.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF NORTH CAROLINA,

NEW BERNE, N. C., December 10th, 1862.

Major-General H. W. HALLECK,

Commander-in-Chief, U. S. Army Corps, Washington, D. C.

General:

I have the honor to report that I am about to take the field again, against the enemy in the direction of Goldsboro. The information that I have received is to the effect that the enemy's government is turning its attention to the importance of guarding the lines of communication to the South, and if possible, of recovering some portion of the Eastern portion of this State, the rich products of which would, at this time, be very valuable, as supplies for their Commissariat. Two brigades have already arrived to reinforce the troops already in the State for this purpose. I think by timely action I may disappoint their expectation and shall therefore move on Kinston tomorrow morning at daybreak. I hope to defeat two brigades that are known to be there before assistance can arrive from Wilmington, or Weldon, or Tarborough. Succeeding in this I shall push on to Goldsborough, destroy its railroad bridge, and another bridge across a swamp, ten miles south of Goldsboro, and then return to New Berne to prepare for an immediate attack on Wilmington. I sincerely trust that the reinforcements asked for in my letter of the 18th November, together with the officers of experience, required to command brigades may be sent me as soon as the exigencies of the service will permit. My present force of infantry, consisting of nine thousand men, capable of marching and fighting, six thousand of whom are nine months men, is too weak to give a good support to my forty pieces of artillery, and to afford a fair chance of success against the older troops of the enemy in front of us. I have therefore found it necessary to borrow from General Dix, the services for a time of General Wessell's Brigade, consisting of six regiments (2,200 men.) These regiments were kindly promised me, at the time I telegraphed to you from Old Point Comfort, and met me according to appointment on the night of the 6th instant, on the Chowan river, where I received them on board my transports and brought them to this place, arriving yesterday. General Peck has agreed to make a simultaneous attack on the Blackwater from Suffolk, in which

our gunboats are to cooperate. Even if I do not succeed in my expectations, I hope my movement may be useful as a demonstration in favor of the Army of the Potomac.

I have the honor to be very respectfully

Your obedient servant,

J. G. FOSTER,

Major-General Commanding.

Our cavalry and the Ninth New Jersey in front kept the Confederates moving for three days. Saturday morning the enemy opened fire with cannon at South West Creek. There was a halt. The Ninth New Jersey crossed above, where there had been a bridge. The Ninety-Second New York got across and through the woods, and flanked the support of the Confederate artillery first, and as the enemy broke to the rear under their fire, they followed them up the road, leaving the artillery behind. When the Ninth New Jersey came out of the woods on the other side of the road, they claimed the capture of the guns. This over, the army bivouaced, as it then was.

Lieutenant-Colonel Peabody was on as general officer of the day. Sometime during the night, he punched me up and wanted a slab of chocolate, he said his orderly was making him some coffee, that he had had hard riding in the dark to find the pickets on the by-roads, of which there seemed an endless number, that two roads were blocked with felled trees, on which our pioneers were at work, and he would be fortunate if he could report to the General "All clear," by daylight.

Sunday morning the army moved forward, ours being the second brigade from the front. Soon there was earnest and stubborn firing with the advance, and our advance along the roadway was very slow, for it was governed by the room made, as regiment after regiment of Wessell's Brigade ahead of us was put in on the firing line.

By 9 30, we were up where in a clearing on our right were twelve guns of the Third New York Artillery, under Major Kennedy shelling the woods not twenty-five yards in their front. In the roadway ahead of us, was one gun of Morrison's Battery on a

small bridge from which to the right a swamp widened out to about fifty yards in width, and evidently General Evans' engineers deemed it impassable under fire.

The Ninth New Jersey was lying in front of this gun and the Ninety-Second New York was crowded in on their right. On the right of the road in the woods up against this swamp was the One hundred and Third Pennsylvania. To the left of this gun was the Eighty-Fifth New York, One Hundred and First Pennsylvania and Ninety-Sixth New York, supported by the Twenty-Third Massachusetts and Seventeenth Massachusetts of our brigade, which double line had driven the enemy from the woods, so they swung forward and angled on the Ninth New Jersey. But when the left wing sighted the open field between it and the river, they found they were up against the enemy's main line strong in artillery. As General Wessell could get no guns to the front, he was stalled.

At this juncture about ten o'clock Lieutenant-Colonel Hoffman, adjutant-general to General Foster, came riding down the road. He ordered Colonel Codman to file his regiment to the right, along the edge of the woods, and when having lapped the front of Major Kennedy's guns to move to the left by regimental front, and if he came to a swamp to pass through it and press the enemy beyond. The colonel, lieutenant-colonel and adjutant dismounted. The regiment was filed to the right, halted, while the men stacked their blanket-rolls, then moved on.

It was distinctly understood that Major Kennedy's guns were to cease firing. The general, and it is fair to infer, Major Kennedy knew there was no enemy in the woods this side of the swamp, and his elevation to carry shells over the swamp would be firing over our heads. The firing from both sides was now heavy, and the smoke had settled in the woods and swamp.

The colonel had indicated when to make the change of front and I was standing on a stump to mark the movement, when at my left down fell two of our men, killed by a shot from one of Kennedy's guns. Our advance was now down a sloping wood with oak bushes, among which the leaden bees were humming at a lively rate. The swamp was in sight and the men began to

spread out, for if they were to enter that, they wanted plenty of elbow room. It looked as if the bushes there grew up from a pond of printer's ink. The buzz of the bees increased. The colonel was still near the right. He halted Company B on the right and ordered it, "Ready, aim low, fire!" Then we struck into the swamp. There were bushes, and old roots covered with black ooze and water, with the moss of ages hanging from the trees. The drummer boys from behind the colors had from here, been sent back to where we left our blankets, and by them word was sent to Chaplain Stone to follow in with his bandmen and stretchers. We could see a Pennsylvania Regiment to our left up against the swamp. The order was passed along to the men to pass the swamp and lie down. "No firing." From this moment every man was for himself. The first step into the swamp filled their shoes with black ooze. If it had not been for the bushes to use as hand lines, they would have slipped and floundered, until they lost their muskets, for the bottom was a network of gnarled roots, covered with a thick black ooze, about two and one-half feet deep,—even my top boots did not keep it out. After this fight was over and the regiment had gone into bivouac near Kinston, the sergeant-major had occasion to pass some of our prisoners. One hailed him with, "Where were you in the fight?" Sergeant major said, "With the regiment that came through the swamp." Johnny Reb replied, "We knew you were a new regiment sure enough, by the way you came on. When you fired from over the swamp you hit twenty-three men in my regiment." When the men came out of the swamp, and dropped on the leaves under the scrub oaks, they were a sight. Some had fallen and were black with mud from head to foot. The enemy had heaped the oak leaves for a cover and were firing down the slope. Our left replied first, as the right was not yet out, having found more depth of mud to contend with. Our men seemed to formulate the idea, that after returning their fire, they must make an individual rush ahead, and for three hours, it was spread out, fire, then rush. Our left was ahead of our right at first, but as it met the pressure the right got on the line.

You could, or I could, judge this by the sound of the firing. But from any one point, it would be hard to count more than twenty men in sight.

Still so long as the movement was "forward," it seemed to need no orders from the colonel. Of course, the problem was up, how are we ever to get these men together after letting them drift apart in these dense woods, under fire and pinned to the ground. For old plainsmen of the regular army who had had this situation a dozen times, there was no risk, for they knew, privates and officers, how they would be relieved when the ammunition was gone. We had gained the rise now and lost our advantage of having the enemy fire down hill. On this level ground the fire was more effective on both sides, but the firing went on just the same from behind trees, logs, bushes and leaves bunched on the ground.

After a time the rifle-fire in our immediate front, let up. We had forced them out of the woods, and as we peered out we could see Harriet's Chapel, then the roadway, and beyond a clear field, with the Confederate artillerymen hard at work. In, out and under, the chapel was alive with their infantrymen. Now that the rebel line was out of the woods, the enemy opened on us with grape and cannister, as well as shells from large guns in the earthworks over the Neuse River. We had become masters of getting cover from direct fire, logs and stumps preferred, to wriggling a trench in the earth with your body, but we could find no cover from the grape which came in showers from above. It seemed as if there was an aerial thresher at work above us, and to con it required the use of a number of enormous whip lashes for the sounds made, resembled those of a whip lash increased one thousand times, and as it passed along the fall of limbs, twigs, leaves and bark, was a shower, to say nothing of its leaden grain. The regiment was terribly spread out with no unit. It should be closed up on the colors if it was to be led forward out of the woods. To do this under so close a fire, was to lose half our men. For the time until there was a lull, their only safety from being decimated and holding the ground we had gained was to cling to the bosom of mother earth. At this juncture Major Stackpole of

General Foster's staff came to Colonel Codman and I think their decision was as I have just described. While they were consulting I moved toward the left, with the idea of seeing just what the condition was, and to show this I will give you my experience. To get the cover afforded by the slope, I crept along twenty yards in rear of where I started. When in the rear of Company F there came a downpour from over the river that sent me to the ground.

Some of F men were up and sure that the Johnnies were in the rear, but Captain Daland was able to get them down and explained how it was that grape came from the rear. Soon I started to crawl again. Looking to the front I saw one of our men hurrying to the rear. His cap was gone. He had his musket. I rose erect and asked, "Why he had started for the rear?" When he stopped, he had passed me, but turned and said he had shot away his ramrod and his cap had dropped the other side of the log.

I said, "You must exchange your musket for any of the killed and wounded here and crawl back to your company." He did not move but stared at me with an expression of disappointment, as I thought owing to his going to the rear having been checked. Then I noticed a change of color at the roots of his hair which passed down his forehead with a line of demarkation which slowly passed his eyes, mouth, chin, and as it disappeared at his neck, he fell to the ground. As I bent over him I soon saw the blood settle on his cheek. While we had stood talking a bullet had entered his cheek and passed out at the base of his skull. As I went on from tree to bush, I heard someone calling and looking down the slope, saw a right wing of a regiment with an officer swinging for me to come to him. I ran to Colonel Lee of the Forty-Fourth Massachusetts. He wanted to know where the enemy was. I said, "If you want to put your men under fire, wheel to the left on your colors, and at the top of the rise, they will be under fire."

"No," he said, "my orders carry me across the rear." On my way to the front I met T. C. Evans of Company D, shot through the hand. He had but stopped to ask where Dr. Tread-

well was located when another bullet went through the calf of one of his legs. "Get out of the woods as quick as you can by going in the rear of that regiment over there, where you will strike the roadway and *then* ask for the doctor." As soon as I turned away, out flew my sabre scabbard to the full length of its leathers. On getting to the front I came up on Company I and had a few words with Captain Rich, who was on the ground and made good cover for me. Just beyond I passed Lieutenant Thompson reading from a Testament. I upbraided him, and reminded him that his company had only two officers; that the colonel expected every officer to have his mind on his men for soon there will be a change of position, and officers should be on the lookout, not dreaming.

A short distance on my left I saw smoke arising. Thinking a fire had just started among the leaves, I made a rush, and there was Lieutenant-Colonel Peabody coolly smoking a cigar. His position was such that he could see well to the left under the forest growth.

"What orders have you, adjutant?"

"None, sir, I am going to the left and then back to the colonel. Major Stackpole was in from General Foster and I think we were to hold what we have got until he could report our situation. I will be back to the colonel as soon as the major is. What is your estimate of the number of rounds our men have now?"

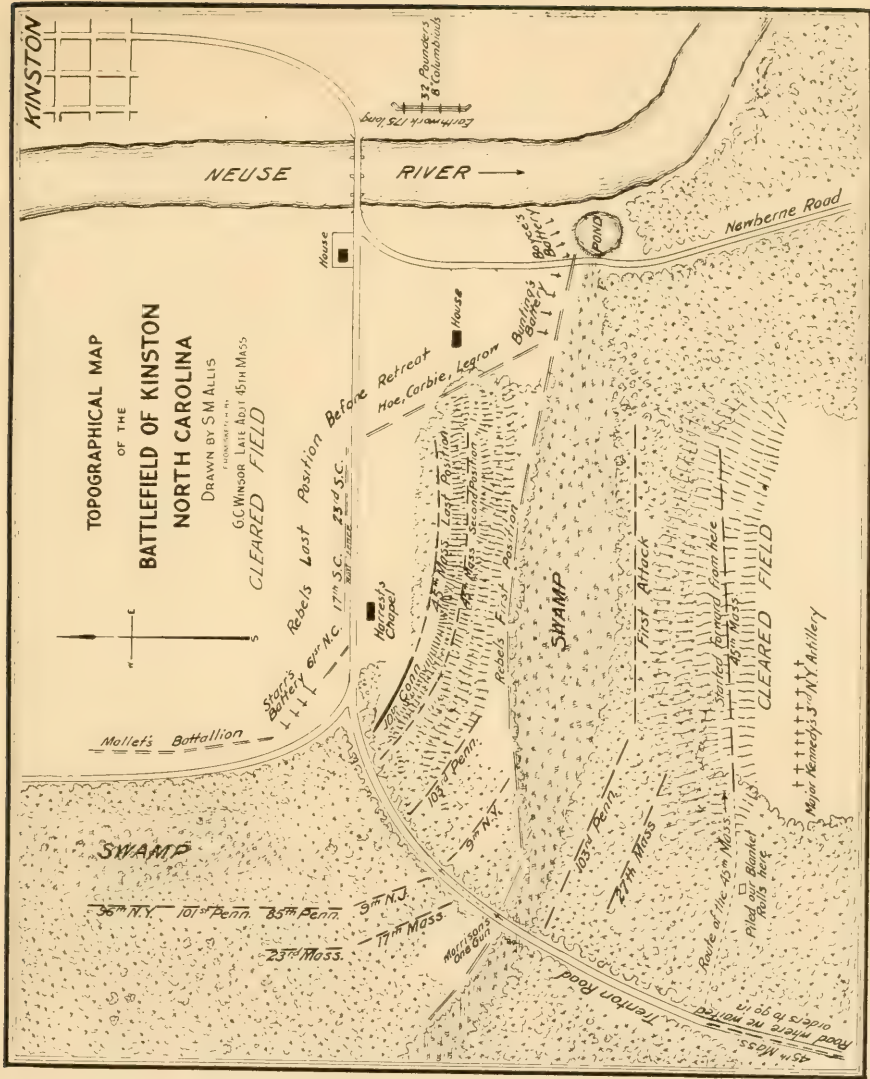
"I think some ten, and some fifteen."

From there I got to Company K on our left and crawled in beside Sergeant Walker. All were cheerful here, although the firing was heavy. Captain Homans carried that smile on his face, that no duty, by day or night, could smooth out. His company was more exposed, but the fire was over them to keep back our troops at his left and rear. Presently up came the Tenth Connecticut and laid down, extending our left, but overlapping our Company K. They had but three hundred and twenty-five men. Lieutenant-Colonel Lippett commanding, says in his report, that he "passed over a third and second line, and when he got on the first line, their firing was rapid, but they

were in some disorder of formation and remained with them about twenty minutes." This regiment was closed on its colors and had special orders from General Foster, and Colonel Lippett, now that he had got his bearings, started in to execute them. He gave the order, "Tenth Connecticut, ready, forward on the colors, forward!" As they rose up and started forward they lost ninety men and two officers—nearly a third of their number. But that did not stop them. The order was still "Forward! Forward!" and they rushed out by the end of the chapel and down the roadway, our left going with them to bring up against the side of the building.

At this moment Captain Gouraud of General Foster's Staff dashed up and said the Forty-Fifth Massachusetts was to reform behind the chapel and then move down to the bridge. The charge of the Tenth Connecticut broke the angle of the enemy by the chapel and the fight was over, at least for the Forty-Fifth for we were ordered to haul out to one side and let others pass over the Neuse River Bridge. It was now three o'clock. We had a count in each company and found that the regiment was one hundred and twelve short. Our horses were brought up. Colonel Codman now left the regiment in command of Lieutenant-Colonel Peabody and went to visit our field hospital. He ordered me to go to the ground we had fought over to see if the wounded had been taken away and then join him. As I dismounted at the end of the chapel I observed that the bark of the tall pine trees, at the edge of the woods, where we came out from the fight, was hanging in shreds from near the ground to thirty feet up. My mare, always before, would remain where I left her, but now she persisted in following me with her nose down. I had to halter her.

Passing in among the oak saplings and tall trees, I stopped. Not a sound could be heard, the birds had not returned for the smoke was still floating among the tree tops. Our own and the dead of the Tenth Connecticut were all about me, and my desire was to note the position of each of the dead, but my mission drove me on. Still there was one of ours I could not resist. He



was standing behind a tree, staring at me with wide open eyes. His brace was by a shoulder and foot hold, the muzzle of his musket having dropped to the ground in front.

Thus I left him as a sentinel over his ninety dead comrades, who had given all that mortal man can give for the unity of his country, and that all her citizens may live in Liberty and Freedom. All our wounded had been removed by Chaplain Stone and the members of the band, many times they had to come and go, under fire, so as to keep the number of wounded on the ground as few as possible.

The number they had to look after was more than fifty. Again on the move I cantered up the road, passing the surgeons still at work on the severely wounded. Just beyond where the regiment first filed to the right from this road, was our hospital. As I turned into the yard, a howl went up from our wounded, lying on the ground next the fence. Those who could, gathered around me, hung onto my legs, and the mare's bridle, mane and tail, overjoyed that it was not their Adjutant killed, as they had been told by a wounded officer of another regiment. They were interested enough to ask if I was hit, "Yes, it was my sabre that saved me." "Look at the dent in the scabbard," said the one, who had hold of my left leg. "Yes, when it hit, it flew out the full length of the leathers and gave me quite a pull to." It was very touching to me to see the men persist in their surprise of my being alive when they had troubles of their own. I cut it all short by dismounting, and entering the house. Here were the seriously wounded, with Dr. Tridwell, with arms bared to the shoulders, and, for the moment, his knife between his teeth, at work, as all heroes work, with all his might. Lieutenant Emmons, having had his scalp wound dressed, begged me to take him away from the place, with the doctor's consent, I put him on the mare and walked to town. We found our regiment in bivouac, along the railroad in Kinston town. It was now dark and Colonel Codman had not returned.

The officers wanted a bath and supper, so we crossed the way to the house of the jailor; a well in his yard furnished the water for a bucket bath, and Mr. Jailor was informed that if he

would set out what he had to eat we would pay him in greenbacks. He was not inclined to be accused of furnishing comfort to the enemy after we were gone, so we set Deede, our headquarters mess-steward, to work ransacking his larder.

While this was going on, I was being doused by Lieutenant Thaxter from the bucket. On removing my top boots for the bath, I found my feet inflamed and my stockings worn in two at the ankle from the ooze that had dried, since the overflow in the swamp.

The jailor kept watch of all that went on inside the house, and when we had finished our supper, accepted "greenbacks" without a "thank you" in return.

An order came now for three companies to report to the Provost Marshal for duty in the town. Fires had been started in the Cotton Warehouses. Lieutenant-Colonel Peabody protested this order, but Major Frankle (the Provost) insisted by saying that half his guard was drunk, and he knew he could rely on the men of the Forty-Fifth.

As I went down that line of sleeping men, wrapped in their blankets, with the slight grading of the railroad for pillows, I felt ashamed to be recognized by them as being a part of any such poor administration, for there were regiments not under fire during the day, that should have been given this extra duty.

They marched away in the darkness, were on duty all night and the next day until 3 o'clock in the afternoon. They then recrossed the Neuse bridge with the cavalry, after burning the bridge, to overtake the column that left at daylight with our regiment in the advance. Such a march is not a question of "will you?" but "can you?"

The officers were as near exhaustion as the men. You might paste the order against foraging on each man's back, and still you would find them going through every house, even the quarters of the negroes, and if they left anything to eat, or did not change the water in their canteens for applejack, they would not be human. Soon night was coming on. To do the stunt the men must have rest, and there was safety in keeping together, so Captain Bumstead ordered a halt for sleep, and for those that had dropped out to rejoin.

When they started on they had the bivouac fire glare on the sky as their beacon, but the tramp in the dark woods, seemed an endless chain of hope. Every man mute and for himself, tracked along and began to show up about 11 o'clock along our fires, and by "Reveille" our space in the brigade bivouac had filled up. As our brigade was now in the advance we made an early start, and by 9.30 the men forgot all about their tender feet and lame legs, for we were again under fire.

The regiment came on the ground along the end of a field, until we came to the riverbank. Jenney's six guns were in full play from a bit of a rise in the field. The leaden bees were humming again. Our road turned sharp to the left, along the riverbank. So we had to come, "On right, by files into line," and as each company got on the line, began "firing by file." No sooner was the regiment on the line, than we got the order to "lie down and fire." This allowed Jenney, in our rear, to open again. Directly behind us was a Virginia rail fence. Jenney's gunners were depressing so much as to make the top rails fly now and then, but they saw it as plainly as we felt the splinters.

Now came the order, "Cease firing and fall back over the fence." Massachusetts' boys knew nothing of what could be done with a Virginia fence when it is in their way and the splinters flying.

They tackled it at the bottom and tried to pull it apart; then the cry was "Tip it over." A thousand men could not raise it an inch. How the bees did hum! Then began an individual scramble to climb over, not so easy as you think, with loaded muskets and forty rounds in cartridge box and twenty rounds in pockets, with cap-box to catch the fence and haversack, and canteen and blanket roll. Go, they must, for Belger's Rhode Island Battery was coming down the roadway on the dead jump, and there was not room for the two commands.

The men had tackled here and there on the fence, so when they stopped running on the other side, the company formations were pretty well broken up. But the right spirit was there among the officers and men. No orders could be understood on account of the screaming shells. All looked back for their chief.

There he stood perfectly calm with the colors, as if he was sure the men would rally on them and not break for the rear to be behind Jenney's guns.

The troops of two brigades with General Foster and his staff were looking on, so the moment must have been a trying one for the Colonel. The singing of the sharp-shooter's bullets, and the screaming of shells, was order enough for our men to take to the ground, and sure enough they crawled forward to their company officers and the new line with nothing to do but hug the earth, while the batteries played over us from both front and rear. Now Jenney burst a gun and then Angel's Battery opened alongside Jenney—what an uproar!

Harper's Magazine had an illustration of our position, with the statement that at one time the iron from forty-six cannons was in the air. I quote from the article published in *Harper's Magazine* in December, 1864,—entitled, "Heroic Deeds of Heroic Men."

Extract from Harper's Magazine, December, 1864:

"As soon as our advance-guard appeared in sight the rebels opened upon them from their batteries on the opposite side of the river. When the Forty-Fifth Massachusetts which in that day's march led the main body of the army, came within reach of the rebel fire, six batteries, containing thirty-six guns, were immediately brought into position, and opened a deadly fire upon the guns of the rebels, ten in number, upon the opposite side of the river. These guns, on both sides, were loaded and fired with such rapidity that it is said that there were, in all, more than a hundred discharges each minute. It is seldom, in battle, that so large a number of guns are so closely concentrated.

The field of action was mostly a level plain, with a few slight undulations. It was necessary to place the Union infantry in position to protect their batteries from sudden charges by the foe. The Massachusetts Forty-Fifth found itself stationed exactly in the range between one of our batteries and the guns of the rebels. The balls and shells from both parties went directly over their heads, so near that were the men to stand erect every head would soon be swept away. As they lay flat upon the ground they could feel the motion of every ball, and the wind-age would often take away their breath. Occasionally a shell would explode near them covering them with dirt. It was a very awkward position to occupy, and General Foster soon changed it. To attain a new position there was a Virginia rail fence to be crossed. As one of

the men put his hand on a top rail to spring over a shell struck the rail from beneath him, plunged him headlong but unharmed into a ditch, and knocked down and severely wounded with a splinter another man. Almost at the same moment another shell fell and exploded in their ranks, wounding four men. In the midst of such a fire as this, strange to say, many of the Forty-Fifth Massachusetts fell soundly asleep. They were so utterly exhausted by the march of two days, the battle in the swamp and the sleeplessness of the intervening night in standing guard, that even the deafening roar of battle and the greatest peril of wounds and death could not keep them awake.

One principal object in visiting White Hall was to destroy the two gunboats of which we have spoken as being there upon the stocks. As the enemy were in force upon the opposite bank our troops could not in a body cross. It was now night. The boats must be destroyed, and the army must be speedily again on its way to accomplish an enterprise still more important. Two thousand barrels of turpentine were seized, piled in an immense heap on the river's bank, and set on fire. Such a bonfire mortal eyes have seldom seen. Vast sheets of billowy flame flashed their forked tongue to the clouds. The whole region for miles around was lighted up. Every movement of the enemy was revealed, and their positions were mercilessly shelled. Still there was no means of reaching the boats but to call for volunteers to swim the stream and apply the torch. A private named Butler of Company C, Third New York Cavalry came forward, plunged into the wintry wave and pushed boldly for the opposite shore. Every gun was brought into action throwing grape and cannister to distract the foe.

Butler ran up the bank to the flaming bridge, seized a brand, and was making for the boats, when several rebels rushed from their sheltered hiding-places and endeavored to seize him. Quick as thought he turned, plunged again into the river, and through a shower of bullets returned safely to his comrades. The batteries were then brought to bear upon the boats, and with solid shot and shell they were nearly demolished, though the flames, could the touch have been applied, would more effectually have done the work."

NOTE. (For this gallant act, Major-General Foster highly complimented Butler on the spot, while Butler was in a situation not observable in civilized society.)

Having nothing to do made it all the more trying. While I was lying near Captain Daland, we made out to the rear the movement of a man's arm from a dry ditch. This open-field business, with sharpshooters in the tree tops just over a narrow

river, was anything but quieting to one's nerves. I crawled up to the ditch and looked in, the man made a movement with his hand across his face, that he could not speak.

I signalled Dr. Treadwell to come. He said the man was "winded" by a shell passing near enough to paralyze the muscles of his throat. Chaplain Stone came with his men and carried him off the field on a stretcher. Just then our colors toppled over. Colonel Codman got up, took the colors, went five paces to the front and called for Sergeant Green. Color-Sergeant Parkman's body was taken off the field and Green took his place. In the afternoon when the regiment marched off the field over a bluff past Parkman's open grave, the field and staff turned out of column to attend a short service by Chaplain Stone, while the men looked on as they marched past. The loss of the regiment here at White Hall was five killed and sixteen wounded. "Ticks" don't count at the front, but I had two by bits of shell, one on the forehead, and on the back of my right hand, the cords laid bare, causing the arm to swell to the shoulder.

It was now a steady march until we bivouaced about dark. Whenever the column settled down to "route step" it was my habit to drop to the rear, dismount, and tramp for awhile with Sergeant-Major Wheelock, who was not only a first-class tactician, but a delightful companion for a tough march, or for an evening about a camp-fire. Our tour of duty as brigade-in-advance was now over, so we had no early start to make on the morrow, but moved along toward the fight at Goldsboro bridge near the rear of our column. Toward evening we were turned back to our bivouac of the night before, had our coffee and hard tack, and many were asleep when the order came for the regiment to go to the front, where the firing had started up again. The men did not respond very cheerfully. We filed out on the roadway, and after marching awhile the colonel halted the regiment for the grumbling continued. He gave them a few movements in the manual of arms, and then said to them, "Your safety in nightwork may depend on your keeping closed-up. Now what we have to do, let us do cheerfully. Right face! Forward, March!" and no regiment ever stepped off more cheerfully.

The big pine trees along one side of the way were ablaze, and roared and snapped with a deal of energy. When the rosin melted from above and dropped down into the flames, they would shoot up as if forced by a blow pipe. By shielding the face, we passed the burning district without a blister. After an hour or so of marching we were halted; and soon turned back to our bivouac.

Now that this army had disabled the railroad between Wilmington, N. C., and Richmond, Va., and from prisoners taken learned that Burnside had been checked at Fredericksburg, is hurried back to near Kinston where we could hear from Burnside at Fredericksburg. Were we to turn towards Wilmington, or move north? When the dispatch boat came in sight, one wave of a flag from her deck started us on a silent march within our own lines at New Berne.

The troops of the Eighteenth Army Corps, under the command of Major-General Foster, that fought the engagements at Southwest Creek, Kinston, White Hall, Mount Olive, Goshen Swamp, Dudley Station, Thompson's Bridge and Goldsboro Bridge in North Carolina on the 13th, 14th, 16th and 17th of December, 1862, were as follows:

GENERAL FOSTER'S STAFF.

Lieutenant-Colonel Hoffman, Assistant-Adjutant General.

Major Anderson, A. D. C.

Major Stackpole, Judge Advocate.

Major Frankle, Provost Marshal.

Captain Gouraud, A. D. C.

Captain Fitzgerald, A. D. C.

Captain Messenger, Chief Quartermaster.

Captain Taylor, Chief Signal Officer.

Lieutenant Farquhar, Engineer.

Surgeon Snelling, Medical Director.



General Foster's
Headquarters Flag.

Ninth New Jersey—skirmishing.

GENERAL WESSELL'S BRIGADE.

Eighty-Fifth New York; Ninety-Second New York; Ninety-Sixth New York; One Hundred and First Pennsylvania and One Hundred and Third Pennsylvania.

COLONEL AMORY'S BRIGADE.

Seventeenth Massachusetts; Twenty-Third Massachusetts; Forty-Third Massachusetts; Forty-Fifth Massachusetts and Fifty-First Massachusetts.

GENERAL STEPHENSON'S BRIGADE.

Twenty-Fourth Massachusetts; Eighth Massachusetts; Forty-Fourth Massachusetts; Fifth Rhode Island and Tenth Connecticut.

COLONEL LEE'S BRIGADE.

Twenty-Seventh Massachusetts; Twenty-Fifth Massachusetts; Forty-Sixth Massachusetts; Third Massachusetts and Fifth Massachusetts.

COLONEL LEDLIE'S ARTILLERY BRIGADE.

Six batteries, Third New York Artillery, thirty-six guns; one battery, First Rhode Island Artillery, six guns; one section, Twenty-Third Independent New York, two guns; one section, Twenty-Fourth Independent New York, two guns, and Marine Artillery in boats for use on Neuse River.

CAVALRY.

Third New York Cavalry, two howitzers.

Now we had a right to change a company that had been under fire, for one that had not, so Company I, Captain Rich, was sent to Morehead City, to relieve Company C, Captain Minot. Soon after this, Company I was ordered to join Company G, at Fort Macon. Hardly had our men recovered from their lameness when our brigade was ordered on a five days' reconnoissance up along the Trent to Trenton, where we burnt the bridge to keep the enemy from raiding over on to our railroad from New Berne to Beaufort Harbor. From Trenton, we turned South, toward Wilmington, with the Third New York Cavalry raiding right and left. While in support at Young's Cross Roads of these raids, we had the wettest rain of all our bivouacing. Everyone

and everything was soaked during the day and night that it lasted. If you started a fire you could not use it for the smoke would not rise, so you could not remain near it.

It was a bad night for the men on picket. Three of our men were on outpost, near a farmhouse, where the road dropped off a bit. They found an old door which they rested on a fence for shelter. Most of their time was given to keeping the locks of their muskets from getting damp. The man on lookout says, "There is something coming up that rise." But in such darkness and mist it was impossible to judge. "It's on top of the rise," says the lookout. "Fire then," says the corporal. Bang! The quality and number of the grunts that came from one shoat as he scurried for the farm-yard, made the men under the lean-to declare there was a whole drove. For half an hour all was quiet. Then the outpost man says, "There's cavalry coming!" All got outside and at ready. The cavalry was cantering up the rise. "Fire," ordered the corporal. Bang! Bang! Bang! and three riderless horses that would not be turned by the firing, rushed by to the farm-yard. Then it dawned on the boys, that the farmer had run his stock off to the swamp for safety, and the night was such that the animals knew of more comfortable quarters if they could get there. These had got there; and it looked to the boys that if they kept quiet, by morning, they would have quite a lot of animals to turn over to the Provost Marshal.

There is a saying aboard ship, that when a sailor's seat gets wet, it is time to throw him overboard, but with our men soaked to the skin, there was not a case of doldrums as there was the night they were ordered up from bivouac, and started for the front, the night of Goldsboro.

Four days after returning from this march the regiment was ordered to do provost duty in New Berne. Our eight companies were quartered in houses in different parts of the city. Field officers and staff were together in a brick house on Pollock street.

Our evening parade was on Broad Street. With two companies away on duty at Fort Macon, and turning off a guard of

two hundred and twenty-five each day, made our front small, but did not reduce the standard of our drill, or the promptness of our movement.

"Going to church," and "going to parade," were the only entertainments left for the inhabitants while under martial law, so the spectators outnumbered the regiment generally.

In camp each company had the same distance to march to get on the line at Dress Parade, and came on the line as you would count one, two, three, four, right and left from the markers with the Adjutant and Sergeant-Major on the jump. Every man seemed to have his muscles strung with willingness, for they knew it was soon over, if all went well. But here in New Berne, some companies were a long distance from our parade ground, and others quite near. Tomlinson's time was given in orders, as the regimental time, and commanders of the companies warned to be near the line when the Adjutant's call was sounded, ready to march on when the band played.

In a few days the companies had this down to a certainty, except one. I noticed that this captain when late, would not double-quick his company when he heard the band start in to play, which was as much as to say we could not go on without him. So the next evening when I saw he was even later than before, and all were on the line except his, the right company, I stopped the band, closed them up to the left, and went on with the parade. The band had played down the front, turned, and were halfway back when Captain Churchill stepped up behind me, and said, "Move up Adjutant, and I will put my company in line." "No, Captain, you can return your company to its quarters." Soon the band blazed in on my right, and as I went to the front, I saw his company returning to its quarters under Lieutenant Bond.

Captain Churchill had come round to the front near the colonel. Parade over, the colonel walked away with Lieutenant-Colonel Peabody, Captain Churchill following up in the rear. At headquarters the two colonels passed up stairs to their rooms and I turned in to my office, on the lower floor. Captain Churchill was left in the hallway. Soon he said to the orderly, "I



REGIMENTAL HEADQUARTERS IN NEW BERNE WHILE DOING PROVOST DUTY

would like to speak to Colonel Codman." The orderly came to me and I told him to go to the colonel's room and ask, if he would receive him there, here, or in the office. The colonel said for him to come up.

That evening at dinner, the colonel looked pleasantly at me and said, "Well, Adjutant, Captain Churchill wanted to know if you commanded the regiment. I told him, not exactly that, but you represented its commander, and I was surprised you had not shut him out before." Colonel Peabody thought the captain might have wanted to argue the point, whether he, as captain, was to take such drastic orders from an adjutant. Colonel Codman said, "it did not follow that the adjutant being executive officer of this regiment need have orders direct from my lips to deliver anyone of it, if he is right, I am bound to sustain him."

Now, the regiment not being on the move, had visitors from Boston. Rev. Dr. Lothrop with his daughter, the wife of our Lieutenant-Colonel, Edward W. Kinsley, and others.

The winter weather is delightful in North Carolina, and now with our visitors we were having the heyday of our army service; but there came an interruption. One morning in March, as Lieutenant Pond has so well told in his paper, "A Stirring Day."

In April, we were relieved from duty in the city and went into tents near our two companies, now in Fort Spinola, which united the regiment for parade only. When Sergeant Green of the Color Guard went with his Company G, to Fort Macon, Corporal Keating acted as Color-Sergeant, and took great pride in the position. If the order under fire was given, "forward on the colors," he was a bit tardy, until he got a chance to turn his trousers up to knee-high, then he was alert as a tiger. He went up the face of the Dover earthworks all right.

While quartered in the city, I had a birthday party. I invited those I could accommodate, and instructed Deede to get the largest turkey in the city for our dinner. You must understand the stock of turkeys had long since been exhausted. But Deede never failed us if that which was wanted was within his reach. We dined on turkey. From the time we left Boston,

there was a case of champagne being kicked about with headquarters' baggage, for which the colonel had no use, as he, while in command, never allowed himself to use wine, as he would have to pass judgment on his men that over indulged. The Major kept his eyes on it, and for fear it might be wasted, he got the sisters at the hospital to say how much it was needed there. At our mess-table I joked quite a deal about "our wine." My birthday friends adjourned to my room, which connected by a double closet with the colonel's room. We had never used this closet. My friends were having a pretty jolly evening when there came a knock on this closet door. Holding up my arm for silence, I opened the door, and the colonel walked to the centre of the room, with a bottle of champagne under each arm. "Gentlemen," he said, "I am not using wine on this campaign, but I wish you would include me in your drinking this to the Adjutant's long, happy and prosperous life, which he so well deserves."

After the colonel had retired, a knock came on the hall door. The night-orderly handed me an envelope. As soon as I glanced at the enclosure I handed it to Lieutenant Thaxter to read, which was as follows :

Dear Gershom C
 Who I may be,
 It matters not to say,
 I wish for thee
 Prosperity,
 On this thy natal-day.

Long years ago, this vale of woe
 You chanced to enter in, sir,
 Your happy lot no doubt to show
 Your Victory o'er friend and foe
 Your parent's named you Win-sor.

In camp or city, youth or age,
 Amid the battle's din, sir,
 Most obstinate, life's fight you'll wage
 And never yield, that I'll engage
 For you must ever, win, sir.

The campaign o'er, in peaceful mood
 Again you'll meet your kin, sir,
 That lady fair! It's understood
 Is ready to be won and woo'd
 The "merry wife of Winsor."

In health and love, we all will trust,
 You'll never be out of tin, sir,
 In fortune's race may you be first
 And ample store of golden dust
 We hope you soon will win, sir.

Advanced in years, for youthful toys,
 When you care not a pin, sir,
 No doubt you'll have maturer joys,
 And will not be known by girls and boys,
 By name of "Old Brown Winsor."

We humbly trust with length of years
 Without one mortal sin, sir,
 'Mid manhood's grief and childhood's tears,
 The aim of Christian's hopes and fears,
 The golden crown you'll win, sir.

Dear Gershom C,
 Who I may be,
 'Tis vain for you to guess
 I wish for thee,
 Prosperity,
 Long life and happiness.

New Berne, N. C , February 19, 1863.

For months I did not know to whom I was indebted for so ingenious a remembrance. My friends in Boston allowed the *Boston Journal* to publish it thinking it would lead to an acknowledgment by the author. It was not until one night while on duty in Boston, during the Draft Riot that Dr. Kneeland admitted that it was a trail from his pen, and how much he had enjoyed the blind hunt.

My relations with the colonel were so close that his modes

of thought, of reasoning, of action were so plain to me, that I would ever be aware of any faint-heartedness, of evasion, or lack of courage, or justice, if there were any. But there never was.

If I started in to write about Colonel Codman, it would take more space than could be given in this review. His administration and tactics were fine. Two items only will I give.

When in camp, every Sunday morning the regiment was paraded for religious service.

Those men for Catholic service step four paces to the front.

Those men for Episcopal service step three paces to the front.

Those men for Methodist service step two paces to the front.

Each detachment was put under a non-commissioned officer, and marched away. Then the regiment was formed in a hollow square and we had service by our chaplain, who was always prompt, energetic and interesting. The leading voices of the singers were by Myron W. Whitney and William H. Beckett, in after years artists who graced operas, oratorios and New York Trinity Church Choir, respectively. Even the least devout men became interested.

While on provost duty in the city, the mornings after guard mounting, were devoted at headquarters to regimental court martial. One of the men had been up twice before for having liquor while on post. When the man stepped before him, the colonel settled down in his chair, run his hands into his pockets, worked one foot slowly, and was silent for a few minutes. Then he said, "Lawrence, I think you have proved your unfitness for duty that is required of our men here in the city, I shall not send you to Fort Totten. You will be detailed as helper to your company cook, and do no duty with a musket." We had left the city and had been in Camp Massachusetts quite awhile. The colonel had asked me to ride to town with him. When near the covered bridge, I saw a man coming with a bundle on his shoulder. Seeing us, he put it down, and stood at attention. I said, "Colonel, hold up, that man wants to speak with you." He stopped and turned his head from the brown study he was in and said at once, "Oh, yes, it's Lawrence." "I would like my musket back, Colonel." "Yes, yes, I will think that matter over, Lawrence"

and twitching his reins, we moved off. Our term of service was now getting short. In the hurry of getting away the colonel ordered Lawrence to have his musket and take his place in the ranks. Did he forget Lawrence's homegoing? Some of you afterwards served under other commanders. If you found them always ready to give out all the punishment they could, then your mind must have reverted to your first colonel, who did not relish punishing any man.

Away back in Camp Meigs at Readville, when the regiment was forming, a man came to my tent, and said he would like to be detailed into the band, as he felt he knew more of music than of drill. "That is certainly what the bandmaster is looking for and you may report to him, saying that I sent you, and for him to try you out." Each department was so busy and there having been no parade of the regiment as yet, I had never met the bandmaster of a few days. The next morning, among others waiting, was a man in plain uniform, who said, "I am the bandmaster. The man you sent me yesterday will not do, he has never played a brass instrument." I sent for the man and then said to the bandmaster, "My understanding of what you wish to find in this regiment is, twenty or more enlisted men, that understand music that you may put instruments in their hands and teach them to produce harmony from them. Now take this man to your band tent, give him an instrument, and have him practice every day for a week. Then, if he won't do, I will listen to you." Turning to my man, I said, "What is your name?"—"Myron W. Whitney, sir." The bandmaster did not come back. Years after the war, when Whitney had become a famous singer, I boarded a train one night, and took seat with him. He said, "Winsor, when I go over my mental list of those who have rendered me assistance, during my professional studies, I find you very near the head of the list for your persistence in having me follow what I thought I understood, rather than have me perform the drudgery of a private soldier."

Two days after we went to Camp Massachusetts, the regiment was ordered to Core Creek, where we went into bivouac just off the railroad bed. General Palmer had a number of regiments

on the Washington road between us and the Neuse River. General Amory was in command on the railroad bed. The next morning Captains Minot's and Tappan's companies under Major Sturgis, were sent up the railroad bed, to feel the enemy and hold a cross-road.

Before noon our regiment supported by the Seventeenth Massachusetts, under Lieutenant-Colonel Fellows, followed the two companies. As the rails were up, and the culverts open, the field and staff were on foot. The day was hot and close, the ground swampy. When we overtook our two companies, Captain Bumstead's company was sent on the cross-road to the right to open communication with General Palmer's column. As the regiment proceeded up the road bed with Captain Churchill's company out as skirmishers. The enemy were forced from stumps and logs. As the way widened out, Captain Daland's company was deployed on the left. Toward night we had driven them within their earthworks, at the junction of the Washington road and the railroad bed. We could not wait for the other column to come up on the Washington road as it was getting late. So Colonel Codman, who was in command of our column, decided, after conferring with Lieutenant-Colonel Fellows (General Amory who was ill being left behind), to charge the face of the works, which was made of sleepers and iron rails from the road, covered with sand.

Captain Homans' company was sent from the left to a wood ahead to try and get in a cross-fire —when the order was given to "charge."

Captain Denny's company, carrying the colors, had not been deployed, but held in reserve on the railroad bed, in platoons. When all was ready the order was given to Company A, to fire by platoon and then the regiment, deployed, to charge. Corporal Keating waved the colors for the third time as the signal for all to start, and just then there came a sheet of lead that made the air kick all about us, but it was aimed about a foot too high, Then was our opportunity, and everyone took advantage of it. forward they went! slowly followed by the Seventeenth *en masse*. With bayonets, for an Alpine stick, our men gained the top of the earthworks, the white State Flag waving from it.

We fired some lively volleys after the retreating rebels. Captain Homans' men had helped for there were four dead bodies within the works. Colonel Codman was walking the top of the work, stepping over his men, ordering them to "cease firing." I had jumped down within the works, and was cutting a gourd from the waist belt of a reb, that was shot through the lungs, still blowing froth and blood from his mouth.

In reply to the colonel's order, the men would look up at him, and then bang away again, feeling sure they found rebels in the edge of the woods. Then he called for me to send a drummer. The men, for the drummer's beat, stopped their firing.

The explanation to my mind was, that the men did not propose to give up what they had gained, and to be sure of that, without a second thought, could not see what harm there could be in making sure, for possibly the colonel might be in error. This was nothing new of our volunteers, for they knew when they were doing a good piece of work. On a larger scale, the same idea predominated at Missionary ridge, when the centre under General Thomas advanced. The order was to take the first line of works at the foot of the ridge, but when the men had passed it, and the color-bearers kept going, the men rushed up, and up, so if Generals Sheridan and Baird who commanded these divisions, wished to, they did not stop them, for they were sure to gain the summit, which they did, much to the astonishment of General Grant.

A company skirmishing for the column on Washington road, now crossed our rear and halted. Its captain reported to Colonel Codman for orders, and was instructed to pass into the woods to the roadway and ascertain if the enemy had any artillery there. Our orders had been fulfilled. We had lost one dead, and three wounded. It was dark and the order was given to return nine miles to our bivouac. It was very hot and sultry. The only water to be had was that along the road bed, covered with scum and dead leaves. Now, it was every man for himself again, except the wounded and the colonel. When his responsibility relaxed, he felt the strain of doing his work on foot, then came a reaction which required assistance by his men for awhile.

Colonel Peabody and myself, also felt this strain, but managed to stick to the pioneers and were the first back to our bivouac. After "coffee," we bunked together on the ground with a rubber blanket over us, for it was to rain. The next morning when I got up, my hair was matted over my eyes and ears by the heavy down-pour, while I had never even dreamed of rain.

Captain Minot's company had not been with the regiment, on a march, until this one. After breakfast Captain Minot lined up his company and said "Men, you may be called on today for as hard, or harder march than we had yesterday. I want to know what men I can rely on, for Company C has got to keep in the front, now we are back with the regiment." Most of the men wanted, at least, a chance to soak their feet, but there were quite a number who wished to be left behind. "Well," said the captain, "I think the next time I want to recruit a company, I had better go to a Female Seminary for them. Break Ranks! March!" He said to me afterwards, "Why, Adjutant I could not today march them a mile, before I would drop." But evidently he did not propose to have his men know it, if they were to remain in bivouac. The rumored movement on New Berne had been forestalled. The next day we returned to Camp Massachusetts.

Colonel Jones commanding our picket line, nine miles out on Batchelder's Creek was ever on the alert, and allowed no rebel post within his reach to remain unmolested. His own regiment, the Fifty-Eighth Pennsylvania Volunteers, was located with him at the creek, and he had command of all pickets on his right, to the Neuse, and on his left, to the Trent, an arc of some fifteen miles.

Not many days after our return from Core Creek, an orderly rode into camp about nine o'clock one evening, with an order for the colonel to have his command ready in twenty minutes, to load on the cars and proceed to Batchelder's Creek and assume command of the picket lines. If the enemy attacked in the morning, to bear in mind, that the general's fighting ground was at the works near the city, and so, not to bring on a general engagement but notify right and left, and retire. The regiment

was ready when the train of flat cars was backed from the city across the bridge to our camp. We had taken only the men, leaving the horses, most of the drummer-boys, and the band behind, until we knew of our need on the morrow.

While alongside the track, loading, two of the drummer-boys from camp, "cheeked it," and begged me to take them, saying in a hurried way, how they attended to the wounded at Kinston, and what need there always was for them, when a fight was on; didn't I send them back from the swamp at Kinston, for the stretchers to come in. "Oh, Adjutant, let us two go, do!" My answer was, "We may need one more, so here quick, now draw lots", taking up some straw from the side of the track. Little Shields, who never was downed at any of his tricks, drew the long straw, dodged away in the darkness for his drum. Even General Foster started to call him down once, but the boy came out ahead.

It was the afternoon of Goldsboro bridge fight, the day when the Forty-Fifth was not of the advance brigade. Shields had tramped ahead to see what was going on. He had got up where exploding shells and falling branches reminded him of Kinston, so he concluded he had better hold on where he was, until there was a "let up," so sat on a log with his drum slung on his back. General Foster, with part of his staff soon halted there and looked the ground over. Presently the general said to his aide, "What is that drummer-boy doing back here?" The aide asks the boy, "Why are you back here?" The boy rose, saluted, "Sir, I am waiting for the Forty-Fifth Massachusetts to come up."

After the train got beyond our works, we could hear other regiments moving on the highways, later on some had stopped for coffee, and had small fires going. Unloading in the camp of the Fifty-Eighth Pennsylvania, our men made coffee. There stood a C. S. A. army wagon, with its hitch, and a piece of artillery, the trophy of the afternoon fight.

The colonel must now look to his new command. We entered the headquarters' tent and saw the body of Colonel Jones, shot through the heart by a sharpshooter, while out with his regiment. Captain Daland's company was sent scouting to

Burnt bridge, at our right. Lieutenant Thayer, with Company G, to the Red House on our left. Finally with the One Hundred Thirty-Second New York, Colonel Classen, at Burnt bridge, and other regiments on our left, we settled down for the night, except the engine, that ran all night, just for the effect of its whistle on the rebel commander. Before daylight our pickets reported that the rebs were astir. At the front you could hear them calling their men up. After awhile they moved off. Their brigade commander had decided not to attack. The next noon we returned to New Berne, with the body of Colonel Jones, and two days after were ordered to escort it to the steamer that bore it North.

Large daily details were now made from the Forty-Fifth, to work on new earthworks.

The weather had become very hot, 105 degrees in the daytime, and about 92 degrees at night. Malaria and all its kindred were now rife. Some men that marched out on the details in the morning were brought in on a stretcher at noon, and a few died by night. Our sick were increasing very fast. Everybody was sick of the summer climate, and seemed to lose interest, and began to realize they had struck up against an enemy they feared more than the rebels. Our strength was ebbing away. General Lee was moving into Pennsylvania. We got an order to report to General Dix at Fortress Munroe. Getting our sick from hospitals and other regimental effects together, we took train to Morehead and there boarded the steamers *S. R. Spaulding* and *Tillie* passed Cape Hatteras, and at Fortress Munroe reported the regiment to the secretary of war, as ready for any duty, but when he found we had two hundred and sixty men down sick the whole regiment was ordered to Boston for "muster out."

Speaking of the wastefulness of war methods. Here was a regiment that given a month's rest in a Northern climate, to regain their health, was in its prime, and should have been retained in the service at any reasonable cost. True, many re-enlisted, but the efficiency of the unit of a regiment was lost, and that is the reliance of an army.

The regiment while in action had eighty-four hit, of these, twelve were killed, viz.: Samuel F. Richards, Clarence W. Bas-

sett, Edwin R. Clark, Thomas Daudley, John H. Williams, Henry M. Putney, Edward H. Daggett, Theodore Parkman, Dennis Boerdhouse, James Murphy, George Cooper and William L. Parker.

Eight died of wounds : Elbridge Graves, Henry F. Benson, Aaron H. Loring, Charles L. Ingram, George K. Robinson, Albert Brooks, William I. Rand and Abel R. Parlin.

Fourteen disabled from wounds and discharged : Horace Holmes, John Perkins, Jr., George A. White, Robert B. Tougue, Obed Coffin, Stephen A. Gibbs, Henry Gromer, Davis Hall, Edward H. Johnson, William C. Marden, Frank Brooks, Benjamin H. Rockwood, Alvin A. Merrill and James Sheenan.

Total loss thirty-four men. Recovered for duty fifty men.

Major Theodore O'Hara of Frankfort, Ky., after his service in the Mexican War, mused, as all writers have who have seen service on the firing line, of their dead.

His fine mind depicted in verse, what thousands have felt, but never could express so well. The first verse is full of tender sentiment :

"The muffled drums sad roll has beat
The soldiers last tattoo:
No man on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
But Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead!"

May I say to the present and future members of the First Corps Cadets :

Those of us who went out from the corps and were mustered in the United States service one, two, three times, that can now have the privilege of standing on the curb to look at the corps as it passes, give but a glance to the commander, for he knows the whole of a soldier's duty, and is ever the same, reliable under all circumstances. It is the privates that we envy, for the reason of the many advantages they have over us of 1861, and how much better fitted they are than we were to go forth—when the

call comes again the cadets of that time have only to go to the State House and ask for the old colors of the Forty-Fifth Regiment, put out their call for men and lead them forth. They certainly can find no better men than we led in 1862, but they might do better as officers, than we, for they are now, and ever will be better grounded in field service than of our time, as I have tried to explain.

Improve your opportunity by studying the United States Army regulations as well as your tactics; illustrate your study of earthworks and small forts, by building miniature works in the sand; go out to the edge of the woods and exercise your voice in giving the commands; have blocks of wood in your room, so that you may work out the movements of company, battalion and brigade; study Francis Galton's "Art of Travel"; commit to memory all the orders from "Attention" to "Echelon" by battalion, at thirty paces, on first battalion," etc.; practice making requisition blanks from the army regulations, then fill them up and sign them, so if called on suddenly you would at least have some idea how to proceed.

You are a member of the finest military school in infantry, outside West Point, if you will but improve your opportunity. In time of war the state is ready to give you the best commission your improvements can command. If you are well grounded there will always be an opening and promotion for you.

There was a captain who went from Boston in the Civil War that was ordered to throw up an earthwork, with his men, while on picket duty; when the work was finished the ditch was on the *wrong side*. If he had had your opportunities he would have been dismissed from the service for such an error.

The Enlistment of Colored Troops.

BY PRIVATE ALBERT W. MANN OF COMPANY A.



WHEN President Lincoln called for troops in April, 1861 to put down the rising insurrection, some colored men in the city of New York hired a room and began to drill in military tactics. At that time, as all through the Civil War, there were many sympathizers with secession in New York City, and they threatened these colored men with violence and in order to secure the public peace, the police authorities felt compelled to order them to cease drilling. Before the end of the war a regiment of colored men was raised and equipped by the Loyal League of that city, and marched down Broadway on its way to the seat of war, amid the cheers and plaudits of thousands.

In 1862 General Hunter organized negro regiments in his department of the South. A howl of indignation went up in Congress from the rebel sympathizers in that body. Mr. Wickliffe of Kentucky introduced a motion asking the Secretary of War, if General Hunter had organized a regiment of fugitive slaves and whether the government sanctioned the act. Hunter made explicit answers. He replied to the first question, "No regiment of fugitive slaves has been, or is being organized in this department. There is, however, a fine regiment of persons whose late masters are *fugitive rebels*, men, who everywhere fly before the appearance of the National flag, leaving their servants behind them to shift for themselves as best they can." A few weeks later, Secretary Stanton, by special order, directed General Rufus Saxton, Military Governor of the Sea Coast Islands, to "arm, uniform, equip and receive into the service of the United States, such number of volunteers of African descent, not exceeding five thousand" as would be useful.

General J. W. Phelps in command above New Orleans, in the summer of 1862, finding crowds of colored people flocking to

his camp, asked permission of General Butler to arm and equip negro regiments. Butler had no authority to do so. He recommended Phelps to employ them in servile work on the fortifications. Phelps replied, "I am not willing to become the mere slave driver you propose, having no qualifications that way," and throwing up his commission, returned to Vermont. Very soon afterwards Butler called for negro volunteers from the free colored men in New Orleans, and full regiments were formed.

A year passed by and but few of the thousands of colored men made free by the Emancipation Proclamation were found in arms. There was quite a general prejudice against them, but as the war went on, this prejudice, like many others, passed away, and in the summer of 1863 the President was authorized by Congress to accept colored volunteers. From this time on they were freely enlisted, and nearly two hundred thousand of them fought in the ranks for the preservation of the Republic and for their own freedom.

Within the Confederate lines, the colored men in bondage were freely used in the military service, but not with arms in their hands. Under white leaders, they were "armed and equipped with axes, shovels, spades, pickaxes and blankets," and built many of the fortifications, which defied and held in check, the Union Army.

In Massachusetts, "the employment of freedmen as soldiers in the army of the Union was favored from the beginning and looked forward to with fond hopes by Governor Andrew and prominent public men in the Commonwealth. They saw in this, the certainty of a successful issue of the war. Thus what was predicted early in the struggle, became a truth, "Africa was carried into the war, the black man was made a soldier with a musket in his hand, and on his body the uniform of a loyal volunteer"

The movement for the organization of colored troops forms a very interesting chapter in the military history of the old Bay State. It was a very rare thing to see a colored man in military uniform. They were not allowed to form part of the militia, nor could they be enlisted in the regular service.

It was regarded by many as an experiment of doubtful utility, and many in their secret hearts hoped it would prove a failure. But that far-sighted statesman, Governor Andrew, had faith that it would succeed and was constant and persistent in urging it upon the general government. History has long since awarded him the full meed of praise for his wisdom and sagacity in this, as in many other matters which distinguished his administration and placed Massachusetts in the forefront in that memorable struggle.

On January 26th, 1863 an order was issued by Secretary Stanton, giving authority to Governor Andrew to recruit a colored regiment in Massachusetts, and on February 7th he issued an order for the good work to commence. On May 14th, which was less than one hundred days, the regiment was filled to the maximum, and was known as the Fifty-Fourth Massachusetts. Before its organization was completed, there were so many colored men anxious to enlist, it was decided to raise another regiment and this was also rapidly filled. These two regiments of colored troops were the *first* that were organized in any of the loyal states and they were armed and equipped in the best manner. Governor Andrew determined to select for officers of these regiments the very best material that could be found in the Massachusetts volunteer service. "They should be of acknowledged military ability and experience, of the highest social position, if possible, in the State, and men who believed in the capacity of colored men to make good soldiers. For colonel of the Fifty-Fourth Regiment he immediately fixed upon Robert G. Shaw, a captain in the Second Regiment Massachusetts Infantry, a gentleman of education, a brave officer, and connected by blood and marriage with the oldest and most respectable families in the state. Captain Shaw was afterwards relieved from his command, and came to Boston to superintend the recruiting of the regiment." When the organization of the Fifty-Fourth was completed, many gentlemen in New York, who favored the enlistment of colored troops, desired to have the regiment pass through that city on its way to the front. They wanted to have it march down Broadway that the people might see it, and that New York might imitate

the example of Massachusetts in regard to colored regiments. But others, equally friendly to raising colored troops, counselled against it and their prudent counsels prevailed. The Fifty-Fourth Regiment was ordered to South Carolina and embarked on the 28th of May, 1863 on board the United States steam transport, *De Molay*. In the passage through Boston it received a splendid ovation, but the men kept close ranks, not a man left his place, not a straggler was seen. Two sons of Frederick Douglass, the colored orator, were in the ranks; the father himself was present to witness the departure of his sons.

In less than two months this regiment participated in that deadly and unsuccessful assault on Fort Wagner in South Carolina, led by their gallant Colonel, Robert G. Shaw, who was instantly killed. Because he commanded colored troops, Shaw was intensely hated by the confederates, and they foolishly thought they had dishonored him, when, as they proclaimed, they had buried his body "in a pit under a heap of his niggers."

On April 1st, 1863, Governor Andrew wrote a long letter to the secretary of war in regard to raising a colored brigade in North Carolina, which, he was assured, could easily be done, if the proper man was selected to organize and command them.

General Foster in command of the Department of North Carolina regarded favorably the formation of colored troops. In obedience to the suggestion from the War Department, Governor Andrew proposed the name of Colonel Edward A. Wild, of the Thirty-Fifth Regiment, as a suitable person for such a position. He was of the right age, a graduate of Harvard College, a physician by profession. His first military experience was as a surgeon in the Crimean War on the staff of Omar Pacha. He raised a company in 1861, and went with it as its captain in the First Regiment of three years' men from Massachusetts. He was in the first Bull Run fight, and in all the battles before Richmond, in one of which he was severely wounded. As Colonel of the Thirty-Fifth, he fought at South Mountain and Antietam, where he lost his left arm.

The enlistment of the colored troops in North Carolina was a matter in which the members of the Forty-Fifth Regiment took

a deep interest, largely so, because of the earnest support given to the project by the Hon. Edward W. Kinsley, the loyal and enthusiastic friend of the regiment. At the twenty-fifth reunion of "Company A, 45th Associates," Mr. Kinsley gave an interesting and thrilling account of his trip to New Berne, about this time, a little of the inside history, so to speak. He was well known to be one of Governor Andrew's truest and most confidential friends, and came down, *ostensibly*, as a servant to General Wild but *actually* in the capacity of a *diplomat*. Governor Andrew had seen enough of the bickerings and jealousies of army officers, to lead him to have very little faith in the success of the undertaking unless backed by brains and executive ability, and Mr. Kinsley must pack up, go to North Carolina, and look the field over. He went to Washington and had a long interview with Mr. Lincoln, answered questions and arguments innumerable, but the iron rules of war were not relaxed, no pass could be obtained. Determined not to be thwarted in his purpose he signed articles as a servant to General Wild and in that capacity entered New Berne. But the blacks did not come forward to enlist. Something was wrong and it did not take Mr. Kinsley long to find out the trouble. Among the blacks was a man of more than ordinary ability, a coal black negro, named Abraham Galloway. So great was his influence among the colored people that all matters of importance concerning them were left to his decision. Mr. Kinsley had several interviews with him, but still the recruiting hung fire. One day a message was brought to Mr. Kinsley to be at the house of Mary Ann Starkey, a colored woman, at twelve o'clock that night. He was there at the appointed hour, was blindfolded and led to an attic room. When the bandage was removed he could see, by the dim light of the candle, that the room was nearly filled with blacks, and right in front of him stood Abraham Galloway and another huge negro, both armed with revolvers. With these weapons at his head, they put him under a solemn oath, that any colored man enlisted in North Carolina should have the same pay as their colored brethren enlisted in Massachusetts; their families should be provided for; their children should be taught to

read; and if they should be taken prisoners, the government should see to it that they were treated as prisoners of war. To all of this Mr. Kinsley made oath and he was then conducted out of the house. He often avowed that these few moments spent in Mary Ann Starkey's house was the most thrilling experience of his life. The next day the word went forth, and the blacks came to the recruiting station by hundreds and a brigade was soon formed." Before leaving the North, Mr. Kinsley assured Governor Andrew and President Lincoln that the Massachusetts Regiments in the Department of North Carolina would exercise a protecting care over any colored troops that might be raised there, and he advised that the camp of the First North Carolina Regiment be located near that of the Forty-Fifth Massachusetts, which was done. It was no unusual thing for members of that regiment to go over to the camp of the First North Carolina and drill the "raw recruits" in the manual of arms, and afterwards instruct them out of the primer. On his way home from New Berne, Mr. Kinsley stopped at Washington and had another long interview with President Lincoln and related, in his own inimitable way, the success of the scheme, and the manner in which the Massachusetts regiments had treated the colored troops. Mr. Lincoln was deeply touched at the narrative and was thoroughly convinced that the government had done the right thing in ordering the enlistment of colored troops.

Benson J. Lossing in "Our Country," says of the colored troops and of the negro during the war,—“The natural docility of the negro made him an excellent man to discipline for a soldier; and his faithfulness and courage were never surpassed, in strength and endurance, by the white man's faithfulness and courage. Their conduct throughout the war was most remarkable. Their numbers, in some of the revolted states, were nearly equal to those of the white people; and in the absence of the men of the latter race, in the army, the whole region which they occupied, was absolutely at their mercy. There were, at first, apprehensions that the negroes, perceiving their opportunity and advantage, would rise in insurrection and assert their right to freedom. On the contrary they worked faithfully and patiently

for their masters, on the plantations, and there is no record of an attempt, by individuals, or in numbers, of that vast servile population, to gain their liberty. Not a woman or child was injured by their slaves; on the contrary, they were the trusted protectors from violence, of the wives and children of the confederate soldiers.

They had faith that God would, in his own good time, deliver them from bondage; and in that faith they patiently waited and suffered. Because of their faithfulness and forbearance, when they might have filled the land with horror, the colored population of the South deserve the everlasting gratitude and good-will of the white people there, whose families they protected and by their labor supplied with food and clothing during the terrible civil war.

History furnishes no parallel to the noble conduct of the negroes toward those who were making war for the purpose of perpetuating the slavery of their race."

The Sergeant's Story.

BY SERGEANT ROYAL P. BARRY OF COMPANY D.

From an address delivered in Melrose, Mass., in 1880, and published by permission of his daughter, Miss Amy Frances Barry.



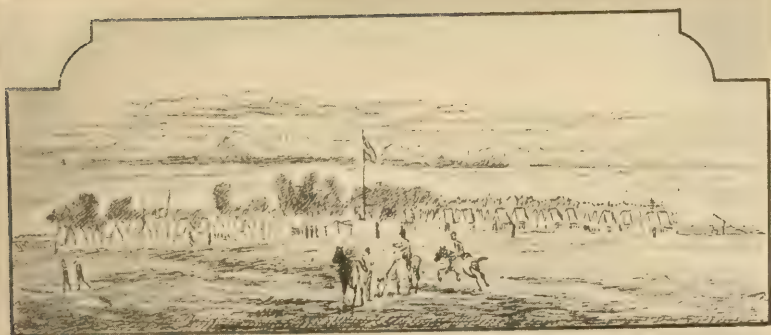
IN those days just after the close of the war, the three years' men used to ask a question, "Were you a soldier or a nine months' man?" When I heard that question asked by some bearded veteran who, perhaps, spent as much time in Confederate prisons as would cover my whole term of service, I was tempted to reply with trembling knees and bated breath — "Only a nine month's man, oh, mighty warrior." And yet when I think of sacrifices made by those who served only the short period, when I recall deeds of bravery, when I remember the many hardships borne uncomplainingly, and more than all, when I recall those of our number who "died on the field of battle," those who passed away in southern hospitals from wounds and disease, and others who carry with them honorable scars, I come to the conclusion that a man may be a soldier, and yet only a nine months' man.

The call for troops for this short period, brought two large classes into the field,—one, of young men, who, prior to the call were too young to enlist, another, and a larger class of men,—old and young, with families and responsibilities, home duties, which, up to that time, had restrained them from enlisting. These welcomed the call, gladly, as giving them an opportunity to do a *little* for the good cause, when they could not do *much*. Thus it happened that our regiment was composed of good material; of my own company, one-half was raised on Cape Cod, the other half in the city.

There were sailors who had circumnavigated the globe, fishermen, farmers, mechanics, tradesmen and clerks, ranging in age from eighteen to forty-five. All shades of religious and political



SERGT. ROYAL P. BARRY, COMPANY D



— Camp Massachusetts —

beliefs had their representatives. As regards religion, it was noteworthy that there was a general respect for it, even by those who seemed most reckless, and the profanity of the minority, while it was forcible, and in some cases, peculiar and original, had little of real viciousness about it. It reminded me of the old answer of the swearing sailor to the parson, "My cursing is a good deal like your praying, parson, we don't either of us mean anything by it."

Those men I learned to love with a brother's affection, their faults are forgotten. When we meet it is with a hearty grip of the hand, and long talks take place, the old scenes come back to us, we ask for this one and that one, and learn that some are dead—others are living in foreign lands—others are in the great West. Once a year a hundred or more of us come together—we have a dinner—once again we form a "Dress Parade," laughing at our awkward attempts to perform the once familiar tactics—and then we separate to meet another year with possibly diminished numbers.

Camp Amory, our first camp in Dixie, was on the bank of the river Trent, about a mile or two from New Berne. Our quarters were two long wooden barracks, each divided into five rooms. Every morning we went to the river bank to wash; later came breakfast, then guard mounting, and the morning drill for those who were not on guard. Dinner was followed by another drill of the entire brigade—then came the "Dress Parade," with its solemn and punctilious ceremonies. As the company assembled the orderly-sergeant would pass down the ranks, gently reproofing the men for some personal untidiness, then came the captain "spick and span" and he rolled his cold eye over the ranks. "Jones, those buttons have not been polished lately." "Brown, where are your company figures?" "Lost 'em, sir." "Get new ones to-morrow." "Smith, I foresee you will get some extra guard duty, if you don't present a better appearance tomorrow night." The discipline was severe—distances between officers and men, were always made great in our regiment, although at home, they may have been friends. Sometimes the discipline seemed too severe, but I think we all conceded that it was *not*, before we

finished our term of service. Our barracks were but a part of a large camp—beyond us the Fifty-First was camped, also in barracks, and beyond them the Forty-Third in tents.

Occasionally we obtained a pass, and going through these camps, walked up the bank of the river to the ruins of the old mansion, to which all the lands we were occupying belonged in the “ante-bellum” days. Sometimes as we smoked our pipe under the sunny side of its walls, we used to try and imagine the scenes which might have taken place there before the war—the river parties—the Christmas festivities and all that.

Picture to yourself the feeling of the owner returning after his four years of service in the Confederate Army—his home destroyed—not a building standing—fences destroyed and burned, his timber felled—the land wasted. “A righteous retribution,” you say, and you rightly say so, and yet when a man returns in such a case, and sets to work manfully to build up his shattered fortunes, accepts the situation, puts behind him the past, ranges himself under the Old Flag, is he not entitled to credit? And if it should happen that it don’t suit him to eat dirt and say he was wrong, and wear “sackcloth and ashes,” and all that, ought we to complain? I trow not. “Put yourself in his place.”

PICKET DUTY.

For several weeks we did picket duty on the other side of the Trent, and for five miles beyond the bridge. The men sought picket duty rather than camp guard, as it was more free and easy.

At the Block House on the other side, the main guard was set. There a detachment of, say, twenty men, under a sergeant, would start out on the wood road. At every mile interval, three men and a corporal would be left, and at the outer picket station, nine men and the sergeant.

It was easy business, the woods were very pleasant, and there was little to do. The Confederates were quiet, and were, no doubt ten or twelve miles away. This fact did not however relieve us from close watching and scouting when night fell.

The night hours seemed mighty long in these woods, especially do the hours drag between two o'clock and the break of day. Then all the curious woodland noises are hushed. The silence is almost appalling, the cold becomes unbearable, probably because the power to resist it has become weakened by the long vigil, your teeth chatter, your blanket seems little protection, and you hover over the few embers allowed, awaiting the dawn of day. But as the sun gets up, and the birds begin to sing, and your comrades wake and join you—the fire is started up—you boil your coffee, eat the nutritious hard tack, and salt horse, and finally fill your pipe. The blue devils that have been your companions vanish, and your life seems jolly and cheerful again. The rest of the forenoon we can sleep if we choose, for no duty is expected till afternoon.

THE LONG ROLL.

One night we were all sleeping quietly, when I was partially awakened by a confused noise which seemed a part of my dream, and yet, not of it. As I gradually came to my senses I found the drums were beating in the "square a continuous roll, increasing in volume, momentarily, as one drum after another joined in. The sergeants were rushing like crazy men from one bunk to another. "Turn out! Turn out! The Long Roll! The Long Roll! Come fly around. Tumble out!" One sergeant distinguished himself by ordering us to put on our dress coats and both belts, as though it was a "Dress Parade." Naturally we were not long in dressing, and as we grabbed our guns, and jumped into our accustomed places, the officers made their appearance. All sorts of rumors were afloat, the Confederates had driven in our pickets, but I never quite learned what did give the alarm. Whatever it was, the outer picket had fired one or two guns, and the other posts following the usual orders, had also fired, and so the alarm was carried into camp with the result of turning out three thousand men, but it was all in the way of experience.

I want to mention a case of real bravery on the part of one of our men, at the battle of Kinston, who had seen something of frontier life in Kansas and Missouri. The colonel desired to get

a little better knowledge of the location of the Confederates who were in front of us, and called for volunteers to go forward and report. Two men jumped to their feet, but the colonel signed to one to lie down again. The other, Whytal of Company D, just walked to the edge of the wood, trailing his rifle behind him, parted the bushes with his left hand, took a good look, turned about with deliberation and walked back, making his report to the colonel. I always thought that was an instance of real bravery.

The fire was very severe. It seemed a miracle he was not hit, for as it turned out afterwards, a Confederate regiment was only a few rods from him, and he was old enough to know the danger, and again he was alone. There isn't much courage required to make a charge when the regiment is massed together. You feel the touch of the elbows and shoulders of your neighbors, you are making forward rapidly, yelling, probably, excited and sustained by the excitement, but this cold-blooded bravery is rare.

On the second day of our Goldsboro march, much of the road was under water, from the overflow of the river, which crossed the road once or twice. At first there was some effort to keep dry shod, by walking on logs, and the hummocks, which projected above the swamp. One of the boys had been particularly active, in leaping from one dry spot to the other, so much so that he got himself disliked by the others, whose feet were wet, and as I came along behind him, and saw him balancing on a hummock, looking for another one to spring to, I couldn't resist the temptation, and I rubbed against him, so that he slipped into about a foot of water. It was a mean thing to do, and I shall never forget the reproachful look he cast on me.

Some of the boys were always scouting in the fields and farmhouses, doing about double the marching the company did, and seeming never tired, coming back with chickens, pies, etc., which had been given them by the hospitable people of the country. One of these found a horse one day, an old bunch of bones, white in color. Our comrade tied his blankets on the horse for a saddle, made a rope halter and this completed the harness.

He rode him all one day, but turned him loose at night, claiming that riding was harder work than marching.

I have often been asked to describe the sensation of being "under fire." Well, it is difficult to describe it. I have read in novels of the ardor which seizes the soldier to be in the front of battle. Charles O'Malley, you know, volunteered for the "forlorn hope," and all that sort of thing, but I can't say I ever experienced it. My impression is, that the average soldier don't care about doing any unnecessary fighting, but when it comes, why then he does it. So far as our men were concerned, they had their wits about them, were quite steady, obeyed every command, just as though they were on their usual drill, and were very glad when the fight was over.

Company D had very pleasant quarters at New Berne, when we were doing provost duty. Our house had open fire-places in each room, and every night a wood fire was blazing on the hearth, and those of us who were "off duty," would have a game of cards, or a social smoke till "Taps."

On Sundays we obtained leave to attend the Episcopal Church where Major Russell Sturgis, Jr., read the service. The singing was probably as good as any they were likely to have in that church or in any other, as the well-known basso Myron W. Whitney, who was a member of our band, used to sing there and the male quartette was made up of voices of a high order.

The church-yard surrounding the edifice was in fairly good condition, some of the inscriptions were a little quaint, as indeed they always are, when we go back a half century or more. I recall one on a stone over the grave of a young man, whose virtues were fairly and fully stated in prose, but the usual desire to burst into poetry was also manifested in four or five verses, of which I recall one.

"Ingenuous Youth! Thou art laid in dust
Thy friends for thee in tears did burst,
But though thy youthful qualities were great,
We all must learn with thee to follow Christ, the great."

While this leaves something to be desired by those disposed to be critical as regards rhyme and measure, no exception can be taken to the sentiment of the verse.

The next house to ours was a large brick house, one of the best in town. The blinds were always closed, and I supposed at first, that it was unoccupied, but found I was mistaken. Occasionally we could hear the music of a piano, and I learned that the family consisted of two ladies, and one or two gentlemen, and servants. When they took their out-door exercise, if at all, I know not, for I did not see them during our three months stay there. I used sometimes to wonder how they passed their time in their self imposed seclusion.

One evening we learned there was to be a negro wedding nearby, and I was detailed to take some men round and see that there was no trouble. It was quite a swell affair, the groom was dressed in black, the bride in white, and both had on very fine white cotton gloves. After the wedding ceremony there was a dance to the music of a fiddle, played by a darkey who sat on a table in one corner of the room. It was rather warm and rather close, and one of the boys found some cayenne pepper in his pocket and "sanded" the floor with it. (I would not like to say that he brought it there with a purpose, and yet it was not customary to carry cayenne pepper about the person.) Naturally the sneezing, with the dancing, aroused the indignation of the wedding party to such an extent that we had to withdraw.

Occasionally we had unpleasant duties to perform, in the way of searching houses of residents. I remember going through one on the order of the Provost Marshal Major Jones Frenkle of the Seventeenth Massachusetts. Some sanitary stores had been taken and suspicion fell on the inmates of this house. We went over it from cellar to garret, turned over the beds, opened trunks, pulled out the contents of closets, followed about by a young woman, about twenty years old, quite pretty, but boiling over with anger. I tried to reason with her but she wouldn't discuss the matter with that calmness, which, as you all know, is absolutely essential to reach a correct conclusion, in fact she seemed quite *prejudiced* against us, but we found nothing, and I confess I was glad to beat a retreat.

I recall the night ride on open platform cars, which our regiment took to Batchelder's Creek, to reinforce the Fifty-Eighth

Pennsylvania, whose colonel was killed just after a successful foray on the Confederates. The next day we escorted his body to the cars, a detachment of his regiment accompanying it to New Berne. The Drum Corps of his regiment furnished the music and I have seldom heard music of any kind that affected me more deeply. The "Dead March in Saul" is familiar to all of you, but you will never appreciate it, till you have heard it played by fife and drum. The fife played the air, the kettle drums playing a continuous roll, swelling and dying away with the cadences of the air, while the bass drum marked the measure with muffled throbs.

A few days afterwards we were invited to do escort duty when the colonel's body was put on board the steamer to be sent to his home in Pennsylvania. The same dirge was played by our brass band but the music was not so effective.

Our term of service having expired we embarked at Morehead City on steamers bound for Boston, and in a few days were in sight of the "Hub."

I am not easily stirred by emotion but I freely confess that at the sight of our New England coast, I felt my heart beat a little more rapidly than usual and was conscious of a shaking sensation at the throat as I caught myself humming an old air, which I used to sing at school—

" Hurrah for old New England
And her snow-capped Granite Hills,"

Some of the boys re-enlisted and served the remainder of the war, but myself and the majority, we just dropped back into our old ways and manner of life, none the worse I am disposed to think, for the life we had led in the South. It is said that the soldier's life is a demoralizing one, and there is a certain amount of truth in the saying, nevertheless, it is a question with two sides, much depends there, as at home, on the associations which surround the individual, the character of the officers, and the regiment, etc. Looking back on those Southern days, I find myself forgetting its hardships, and remembering only the pleasant

events, and the one thing which made the life bearable, not to say enjoyable, was the sense of freedom from responsibilities of all kinds. A munificent Government clothed and fed us, moreover, it paid us \$13.00 per month, in brand new greenbacks, of which we had no need, save to furnish us with tobacco, and (shall I say it) *Butter*, when in camp. Why, I was able to save or spare to others, more out of this income, than I have in some quite recent years. Then there were no conventionalities to be respected—no bosom shirt—no collar—no silk hat. If you were “off duty” and tired you could lie down in the sand and sleep.

There was much in the life to commend and to look back upon with a certain amount of regret and yet it was a serious business, how serious, those of us who lost our nearest and dearest, know, only too well—and if the war had been waged as some wars have been in the past for the aggrandizement of an individual, or of a nation, I could look back on it with no sentiment save that of horror, but our War was not such an one. It was waged for a vital principle, the Perpetuity of the Union, and with this principle vindicated, and now triumphant, not a dollar was expended, or a life lost, that we, of this day and generation have a right to regret, and we have an additional cause for gratitude that in this mighty struggle, the curse of Slavery, which had so long impeded and arrested the progress of the country, was forever removed.

But the war is ended and has been ended these many years. The country is now great and prosperous. It remains for us, who may, and I think will, experience the benefits of this prosperity to remember the past and avoid its errors.

Under Marching Orders.

They are going forth to battle,
God shield them, every one!
The sister for the brother prays,
The mother for her son.

“ The father of these little ones,
Oh, God, in mercy spare!”
So falters forth the waiting heart,
That hath no help but prayer.

They are going forth to battle,
Oh, we knew that this must be,
And we know some noble hearts must die,
Ere the hour of Victory.

For them, the danger and the strife,
And the hour so full of fate,
For us, the anguish of our dread
To hope, to fear, to wait.

They are going forth to battle,
God shield them, every one!
The sister for the brother prays,
The mother for her son!

ANNIE E. JOHNSON,
Nahant, Mass.

War : The Romance and the Reality.

A MEMORIAL ADDRESS BY CHAPLAIN A. L. STONE.

Judges, 5:18 "Zebulon and Naphtali were a people that jeopardized their lives unto the death in the high places of the field."



R. President, Comrades and Friends : I do not know how I can better honor the memory of the heroic dead whose graves we are, this week by beautiful custom to crown with floral tributes, than by bringing before you out of the record of the past a picture or two, of real army life, as we who lived it, found it. It is this plain, humble, unromantic record, finding no place in the stately scroll of history, which most clearly reveals the actual of war, and our debt to the men who endured its hardships and achieved its triumphs. In sketching for you some of the varieties of the soldier's experience, I must confine myself to what I saw and shared, and though this restriction will keep us at a distance from the most eventful scenes of the strife, its great battles and chief crises, yet we shall perhaps gain in vividness what we lose in tragic grandeur.

I had the honor of serving as chaplain of the Forty-Fifth Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers, through a nine months' campaign in North Carolina, and it is in connection with this brief term of service that all the personal observations of which I speak have been gathered.

One general remark I may however, at first interpose. What making war means, we have all learned to know, better than we once did. When we thought at first of warlike collision with the South, we pictured to ourselves a grand army of tens, or hundreds of thousands, in fair and ordered array. Every man in the ranks, a soldier and a patriot. Some gallant leader riding in the van. Each hand that held a sword, wielding it only at his will and word, and over all, its gleam reflected in every eye and stirring all hearts in noble unison, our country's starry flag. The



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signal given, this army should move right on, with measured tramp of feet, with prancing horses, with thunder of artillery to meet the foe. Then *battle*—right against wrong—twenty millions against eight. Northern strength against Southern vamping and victory for the Union. The triumphing army should follow fast and far on the broken and shattered rebel columns, allow no pause for rest or breath, beat them small as the dust of the balance, then with jubilant music return, their path lined with festive crowds, and saluting cannon from every height, throbbing out a nation's gratitude and joy. This was war. We were ready for this. We could interrupt trade and agriculture, and household dalliance long enough for this.

But this notion of war we very soon had to correct. The stern rude reality was too much you know for some men. They could have fought through one of those *poetical* campaigns, but the *prose* was hard and tough. It was this *prose* of war that took the nation by surprise. But we had to read it without a rhyme. War was not that swift, sudden, smooth, triumphant excursion. War couldn't start at a signal, except on paper. It hadn't rifles. They had all been sent off South by official traitors. It gets its rifles, but it hasn't bayonets. It adds these and it is without artillery. This want is supplied and where are the horses? Down came the droves of Vermont and Maine, and now alas, for ammunition—something blocks the wheels at every step. The cartridges are supplied—but, transportation!

Now then, "forward," but rations are lacking. Given the rations, once more, *advance*, but whither, upon what plan? War hasn't one leader. It has fifty, envious, jealous, self-sufficient, aspiring, ambitious, willing to see a defeat, which they could have intercepted, rather than a new star in a rival's crown. Or, if pure in love of country, disagreeing in the ordering of campaigns, perplexing themselves and one another, frittering away precious time, grand opportunities, delaying natural seasons. But let me transfer you now to the special scenes we are to recall. The embarkation in Boston Harbor and voyage to North Carolina, we may "skip." Only if anybody thinks it is a pleasure trip to crowd nearly two thousand men into a single steam trans-

port, sifting them down into the pitchy darkness at the bottom of the hold, packing them in horizontal strata like fixed geological formations or so many herring in a box, then bring upon the vessel the fury of a November storm, with driving rain and sleet, a rough sea, and hatches down, and ten days from port to port, I wish he might have tried it. The first sight of the strange hostile shore as our transport threaded the tortuous entrance of Beaufort Harbor, and the railway train bore us inland, made every heart homesick for dear New England.

Those fields near our first camp lay before us like the wastes of Sahara, and when the wind blew, it was like the desert simoon, bearing on its bosom a withering cloud of sand in which one could neither wink nor breathe. The eye ached for a New England hill, for one green pasture field, for a single rocky ridge, for a nice side expanse of emerald meadow, a yard of grassy lawn, for anything homelike to break the monotony of level desolation. All of us felt, I believe, that if we were fighting for soil and not for ideas, there was nothing in that first view worth conquering or holding. One drop of Northern blood was too large a price for a million acres. It is true that in our expeditions toward the interior we saw a better natural soil, higher culture, fairer mansions, more thrift, more refinement and more comfort.

New Berne itself, lying on a low sandy plain between the two rivers, was a pleasant town, with not a few really comfortable homes, broad streets (improved by Northern street commissioners, well shaded with elms, with gardens filled with fig trees, grape vines and roses, and yet this description applies to only the better part, and the gardens had other contents not so attractive to a New England eye, cabins for the enslaved poor and black olive plants in nature's first simplicity.

Three or four weeks after our arrival on the banks of the Trent, the routine of camp life well established, and some of us feeling perhaps that our experience was rather quiet and peaceful for war time, there came an order one evening at our dress parade that the regiment should march in forty-eight hours with three days' cooked rations in haversacks, and seven days' uncooked in their train. This broke in on the monotony of life in

the barracks and the tent, and three cheers went up from the long enthusiastic line. That was rather boyish and somewhat verdant. After that first expedition we never did it again. We knew better before long. The third morning after the order, our line was formed by the gray twilight that sifted down upon us at daybreak, through an overlying continent of fog. It is no light task, even with system and discipline, to start a small army and we did not number over fifteen thousand men. Gentlemen who sit at home and read the newspapers often wonder why soldiers don't move with more celerity—leap to arms—rush forth—make a dash, pursue a retreating army as a staghound the deer, and show themselves generally nimble and lively. We had, as you may remember, an abundance of such comments upon army movements. Put a heavy rifle into a man's hands, load him down with sixty or a hundred rounds of cartridges, make him carry fifteen pounds of overcoat and blanket, his rations for three days, and then halloo your staghound over ditches and hedges, through swamp and wilderness. He don't feel like it. He can't jump high, and stretch out fleet and far. He isn't a staghound, he is a pack-horse. The fact is our soldiers carried too much weight. The system was wrong. But the soldier was not responsible for that. Then there is a huge four-horse army wagon, a dozen, a score, half a hundred of them, loaded with rations for men, and provender for horses and extra ammunition; these are not exactly flying machines.

Here are hospital wagons filled up with stretchers on which to bear the wounded out of the fight, the use of which we soon enough learned. Here are ambulances, two wheeled, one-horse covered vehicles, heavy and lumbering, on stout elliptic springs and fitted with berths, in two stories for four wounded men. All these must be ready, provided with their accessories and appurtenances and take their places in due time and order. It can't be hurried, you can't move such an army like a squad of light horsemen. You can't start them as a gentleman orders his trotter to the door with an open buggy. You think you are ready and a mule kicks over the traces and entangles the whole team inextricably, till chains are broken and leather cut and ropes parted.

Move on again. A pair of wheel horses balk and lie down in the mud. Start once more after half an hour's delay, there goes an axle in that deep rut. The freight must be shifted to wagons already overloaded, and the wreck lifted out of the single, only practicable track. Meanwhile the artillery has not come up. When will that regiment of cavalry mount? Creep on a little, what now? A dead halt. What's the trouble? Nobody knows, or at least, nobody who will tell us. Forward at last. Ah, we see what the trouble was. A muddy creek had to be bridged, work for the pioneers, and here their axes have been patiently and skilfully toiling.

From early dawn till twelve o'clock noon, we had made, how much do you guess—perhaps three miles and had just straightened our column, so that we could begin fairly to swing off on our march. But men must feed who march under weight. Indeed dinner is a convenience to gentlemen who don't march at all. Halt, again. Ah, my friends, if you don't know it, let me tell you that it is not easy swimming with cannon balls tied to your feet, nor running races with packs on your backs, nor marching promptly and swiftly with an army train to engineer on Southern highways. Will you march with us a little way? The men are ordered to take the "route step," which is, in English, each man striding as best suits his instruments of locomotion. The guns are borne on either shoulder, or strapped over the neck, as weariness or caprice dictates. The colonel of each regiment with perhaps the lieutenant-colonel and the adjutant rides in the van. The major, surgeon and chaplain ride in the rear. "Forward" over the low interminable levels. The road is a sandy cartpath, flanked on either side with the inevitable ditch. It dips every now and then into little swampy runs that spread out in the travelled path, sometimes for many rods, with a miry channel often in the centre, sometimes a corduroy bridge crosses the lazy stream, often there is nothing but a single slippery log spanning them at the roadside. The soldiers at first pick their way a little daintily. Their feet are dry and their stockings clean. It took sometime to learn all the secrets of economic marching, but this lesson came earliest, that avoiding

difficulties always multiplied them. It came presently to be understood that the easiest way was straight through.

The men lost time in going round, lost strength, fell behind and had to "double quick" to overtake the column. A few miles under such alternations of scrambling, plunging and running, all and always with the heavy weights loading them down, tell upon a soldier's strength. A slender boy, the pet of some careful mother, slackens his pace. It is well she can't see him as he looks now. "Ah—are you used up?" "Pretty nearly so." "Give me your rifle up here, you will go lighter without it," and he starts forward with more elastic step. Another sits down by the roadside, face flushed, eyes looking hollow and desperate, a comrade pausing at his side. "What's the matter?" "Feet have given out, sir, they are all blistered." "Get up into my saddle a little while and rest them." Some more falling out. "What is it boys?," "Feel faint and sick." Then the surgeon speaks, "Wait till the wagons come up and take a little ride, then come on again as well as you can." So he writes them a pass for the wagons. Others are taken ill in other ways and the hospital knapsack is opened and such wayside remedies as we have, administered. All day long these scenes repeat themselves, drawing perpetually on our care and our sympathy. Some of the men, boys rather, we had no veterans, must return and give up the expedition. They were unfit to start. Their ambition was greater than their strength. They could not bear in their brave hearts that their comrades should be marching and fighting and they left behind. But they have to fall out and fall back. And still the word of cheer ring out over the staggering column: "Forward men!" "Keep the ranks." "Close up," and every call lends new life to flagging steps, till at last the dusky twilight settles down upon the wood and the host, and the hope of pitching camp soon buoys up drooping frames and spirits.

We look ahead. Up the long avenue of the wood and above the treetops a ruddy light glows in the sky. It is not the lingering crimson of departed day. It is more like the lurid glare of a burning city. The pathway that rifts the forest, opens like a

gate upon this flood of red ether. Soon our march emerges from the wood upon broad-cleared fields, and the sources of the wild illumination are given.

A thousand watchfires are kindled in long lines stretching away from the roadside across the breadth of the clearing. Other regiments in advance of us have lit these fires.

Into the deeper darkness on the margin of these lines of flame, our column, stumbling over corn ridges and bushes, and dipping suddenly into ditches, deep and wet, and coming up slimy and stained, is led. At last in the mid discomfort of soft bare earth, we halt. We, too, have reached our quarters for the night. Now, "stack arms" and then first for the materials whereof to make fires. But the fences for many a furlong are gathered already. We must go further for rails, and the wearied boys, yes and officers too, plod away into the blackness for pine rails. They make a glorious fire when you get them. Soon around these blazing pyramids the soldiers are grouped, drying their steaming garments, boiling tea and coffee, chatting, laughing, singing, as though all weariness and peril were at an end. The officers have other cares. Where is the forage for the horses? In the wagon train. And where is the train? Stuck in the mud miles back. When will it come up? Certainly not, until after midnight. And our faithful dumb allies—must they starve? Not, if we can gather anything for them. Again we tramp off into the darkness. At last we came upon a field of coarse, dry, sedgy grass, with a fibre as tough as that of grass. This we pull, lacerating our hands with the blackberry thorns that grow thickly in the midst of the grass, and our fasting studs eagerly welcome the unwonted repast. After a frugal supper from our haversacks, we spread our rubber blankets upon the cold moist earth, wrap ourselves in a woollen blanket, and with a saddle for a pillow, if we have one, if not we kick up a little pile of dirt and our feet toward the replenished fire, the night settling chill and damp around us. We take our last glance at the star, dim through the mist, and close our eyes in slumber.

Of course the most absorbing scene of the soldier's life is *battle*. Five times in our brief campaign our march met the

enemy. One of these engagements was near Kinston, a pleasant town on the banks of the Neuse, some thirty miles from New Berne. It had no very exciting features, perhaps, and yet it was memorable to us, as our first and sharpest fight, sweeping away nearly one entire company of our regiment. The Ninth New Jersey, a regiment of splendid fighters are ordered to penetrate the wood. They disappear under the leafy screen, and then the Forty-Fifth, our own regiment advances. Over us hummed and shrieked the deadly missiles from our own batteries. Upon our bosoms beat the leaden hail of rebel bullets, as, we, too, entered the wood. Then you looked upon the faces of your young men to see what countenances they carried into *battle*. The moment long, and variously anticipated, had come. This was war's grim reality. We entered upon the rear of the regiment in advance of us and then defiling to the right, plunged into the black, tangled swamp. Our first death came before the swamp received us. A round shot plunged its way through the lines, narrowly missing several files and dashing two gallant fellows dead to the ground. Not a man faltered. The cheeks, here and there, changed color. That was so in every battle. With some it was a paler, with others it was a swarthier hue. But look at the mouth and into the eye. The mouth was set in ominous sternness, lips, that mothers and sisters had kissed, were pressed together as though they would never part again, and the eye was bright with steady and resolute purpose. The music of rifle balls is in strange contrast with their deadly errand. It is a soft, low, singing tone, pleasant as a child's voice, keyed almost like a loving sigh. It isn't a music that pays much attention to time. The notes are now hurried and huddled, and now scattering and sparse, and always irregular. The serpent-like hissing and hoarse screech of a shell is a very different style. The forceful rush of a large solid shot is still another specialty. Our own rifles now take part in the chorus and the sharp sleet of minie balls heralds our steady advance. Little groups bending together show where a comrade has fallen.

Thither with strong and willing helpers from the "band," the chaplain hastens to lift and bear out his wounded boys. A swallow of water from his canteen, or a swallow of spirit from the

flask he carries into action about his neck and a word of comfort in the ear, and he toils back with his living burden to lay it down at the surgeon's feet and hurries toward the front again. I think the idea of following duty shuts out fear. Wherever duty calls a man at such times feels that he may go, without raising the question of danger. If he is where he ought to be, and doing what he ought to do, he need'nt dodge. All this time we are nearing the hostile front, which sends us such harsh salutation. The question crowds closer, which shall yield, shall this line of ours retire broken and baffled, or shall that concealed torrent of fire be stemmed and turned back? We cannot allow our flag to recede. At length we see our enemy. A deadlier storm greets us. A deadlier reply is sent back and then on our side bayonets are fixed. All of freshness and ardor he has ever known, gathers then upon a soldier's heart, and at the word "charge!" he leaps forward to the shock like a bolt of destiny.

After the fellowship of strife, pleasant and tender were the meetings and salutations, the joy that so many are spared, that we could look into eyes undimmed and upon forms unsmitten. Sad and heavy the task of counting up our fallen, searching for them in wood and marsh and committing to the earth those that shall fight no more. Memorials of their loved ones are found upon their persons.

Perhaps a Bible with a leaf turned down to such a passage as this, "Two men shall be in the field, one shall be taken and the other left." There are last words with the dying and their parting whispers hoarded up. The wounded are housed as well as the occasion will suffer, and night comes down with its healing dews upon wearied eyelids and the trampled battlefield.

A word or two concerning the return march as that has also its peculiar features. The men look upon one another as those who have been proved and have not been found wanting. Quiet, pale-faced striplings have turned out heroes. Individual instances of daring come to be known and repeated. Some hands bear with them souvenirs of the march. A book, snatched from some rifled house, a bit of household decoration, a scrap of rebel writing, some small piece of household furnishing to comfort a soldier's barrack.

In the rear of the regimental column are led, perhaps, a dozen captured horses, though comparatively few such spoils fall into the hands of the infantry. Our mounted warriors for the most part, sweep this sort of plunder clean. Foraging of any kind behind cavalry boys is proverbially unremunerative. In the midst of the closing company of the column moves a squad of rebel prisoners, not uniformed save in the inevitable butternut colored stuff, which seems the staple costume. They are long, lean, brown, lank, hairy and dirty. They are, however, social enough and converse freely about the war. Another feature of the return march is a procession of "contrabands," men, women and children, in strangest medley of rags, but with a kind of earnest and solemn joy on their faces, that make them look sublime. "Are you a slave?" you ask of one. "Yes, Massa, not now. No, bress de Lord." "Where are you going?" "Going to New Berne." "What for?" "O, we tought as de sogers was a gwine, we mout as well jine now, didn't know as de good time come again." So they followed the flag and saw its bright folds streaming over them, red with the flames of their morning, Freedom's star leading them on.

In the rear of the regiment ride our wounded in ambulances, suffering, but cheerful and brave. They bear the jolts and lurches of their unwieldy carriages, without a murmur, sometimes asking us to raise from across them the leg or arm of a friend patient that presses their wounds, sometimes announcing that the comrade next them had ceased to breathe, and suggesting that the face of the dead man be lifted a little apart from their own. I shall have accomplished my purpose in these sketches if they shall serve at all to make the actual life of the soldier more distinct and vivid. What we ought to commemorate is not simply the soldier's death, but his toils, his marches, all that he suffered and wrought under the flag, before, to his dying eye, its stars were blended with the lamps of heaven. All the land over these private memorials ought to be gathered and written, until they are held within the memory of the living.

One of the pleasantest scenes of camp life was always the arrival of a mail from the North. The camp swarmed. A strip-

ling son of mine, a private in the regiment, was postmaster. "Stand back, boys, give us room to sort the letters." This is done by companies in the chaplain's tent, ten boxes for the ten companies of the regiment. Outside a crowd of eager voices are communing. Within, the work goes silently and swiftly on. A thousand, perhaps two thousand letters are each to be handled and their superscription read. Every now and then one who cannot wait longer, without a crumb of comfort, will push half his face in, and ask beseechingly, "Frank, do you see any for me?" When an affirmative answer can be given there is a little jubilee outside. At length each has his own, and the camp is full of tender silence for half an hour, while misty eyes are following the familiar characters of loved fingers.

A letter from home saves the soldier from despondency, it saves him from temptation, it saves him from vice and ruin. If none seem to care for him, if amid the chorus of epistolary salutations, no friendly voice falls upon his ear, he will cease to care for himself, grow reckless and riotous, or sick and desperate. A stroke of your pen would have saved him. It is well enough to pray for him, but if you pray so much you can't write, I think it would be better to cut down the prayer a little, and leave room for the other.

Half a mile from our last camp on the banks on the Neuse, just before we left, there shot up the white tents of the First Regiment of North Carolina Colored Volunteers, under the command of Colonel James Bucher. The problem whether these newly enfranchised freedmen could be converted into serviceable recruits was speedily solved. The National uniform was as a magic robe to them and they straightened up and stood erect in it, at once men and soldiers. The touch of the rifle as their hands clasped it seemed to fill their veins with electric life. The new style of address so different from their ears had ever heard before, "Attention, Battalion!" Load, Prime, Ready!--Fix Bayonets! Charge Bayonets! transformed them from slaves to warriors. Their drill was not one whit behind the manual of white regiments. The colored women of New Berne, stimulated by a word read in their hearing which had been spoken by the Governor of this Commonwealth at the presentation of a regi-

mental flag, contributed themselves a hundred dollars, and purchased for their brethren a set of silken colors. That regiment went to Morris Island, where colored valor asserted itself on the dark and slippery parapet of Fort Wagner, and answered, once for all, the question whether colored soldiers can fight, and where a gallant colonel of Massachusetts lies in a grave, meant as an insult to his memory by the hands that dug and filled it, but which neither marble nor bronze could have made more honorable than the companion dust of those twenty-five colored heroes.

My own faith in the victorious issue of our cause never for one moment faltered. I never believed that God put the fate of this great nation into the hands of rebels, nor that instead of a broad, free Republic, he meant to rear here, on the ruins of the Republic and the neck of the African, a column of despotism.

When the war broke out, there stood on Shackleford Island, off the coast of North Carolina, in the midst of a thinly scattered and disloyal population, a tall flag pole on which, before the days of treason, the Stars and Stripes had been given to the breeze. Of course the sacred banner was torn down, and the new ensign fluttered in its place. But the pole was surmounted by a carved and gilded eagle. That was too national an emblem to be suffered to remain. An expert climber reached it and brought it down, and it was ignominiously buried in the ground. Scarce was the ceremony ended when there was heard the rush of lordly wings and a live eagle came sailing over and alighted on the desolate staff. The marksmen brought out their rifles, and bullet after bullet was sent aloft at the kingly visitant. But he only plumed his wings in contempt, or rose a few feet into the air, and then defiantly resumed his perch, until the riflemen with reason superstitious forbore to fire. Then the royal bird spread his pinions again and rose in slow gyrations to the topmost bough of a monarch pine near by, a hundred feet higher in air, than his gilded counterfeit had shone. So shall it be with our own eagle of empire and destiny. Its symbols may be desecrated and profaned. Itself may be the target of treason's murderous aim. But out of the tumult and out of the smoke of unnatural war it shall soar unharmed, with a broader sweep and to a lordlier height in the serene blue of heaven.

The Medical and Surgical Department and Ambulance Corps.

BY DR. SAMUEL KNEELAND, SURGEON OF THE FORTY-FIFTH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT.



ALTHOUGH the Forty-Fifth Regiment Massachusetts Volunteer Militia was enlisted for only nine months, it did its full share of the work of dislodging the Confederates from coasts and harbors of North Carolina. While they were an exceptionally fine set of men, physically and morally considered, they were not proof against bullet or disease, and the contents of this chapter will show how many of them laid down their lives to save the Union. Their work, even if of brief duration, was well and conscientiously done, and at a time of especial need, where, it was thought, and perhaps, with justice, had there been less delay and more energy in striking heavy blows that the conflict would be ended in less than a year from their enlistment. My experience with them was of the most pleasant character, and their continued warm friendship, I prize highly.

In February, 1862, I was detailed with other medical officers by Surgeon-General Dale of Massachusetts to proceed to Roanoke Island, and join General Burnside's forces and replace one of the four disabled surgeons.

While serving at the Hammond Hospital, Beaufort, North Carolina, I received on October 7th, 1862, the following letter from Surgeon-General Dale.

OFFICE OF SURGEON GENERAL.

BOSTON, Sept. 27, 1862.

DOCTOR:

You are offered the surgeoncy of the Cadet Regiment for nine months' service. Will you accept? Answer immediately, and if you

accept, state the earliest possible moment when you will return to Boston to enter upon your duties. The Regiment is now in camp at Readville.

Yours WM. J. DALE,
Surgeon-General.

This letter I at once referred to the Medical Director of the Department who endorsed it, as follows:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Oct. 7, 1862.

Dr. Kneeland has the consent of the Medical Director to avail himself of this offer at the earliest moment and will notify him by letter at once, that he terminates his contract.

F. G. SNELLING,
Surgeon U. S. Vols., Med. Director.

Losing no time I sailed for Boston from New Berne, arriving after a very stormy passage on October 15th, and reported at once to Dr. Dale, and went to the Readville Camp, where I was introduced to Colonel Codman. I received my commission on the 21st, and was mustered into the United States service on the 28th. Dr. J. B. Treadwell, Assistant-Surgeon, slept in camp on the 28th, and I held first surgeon's call the next morning.

The Regiment broke camp at Readville November 5th, and on arriving in Boston was escorted by the Independent Corps of Cadets to the Common where two flags were presented by Governor Andrew, and a collation served.

On the steamer *Mississippi*, I occupied a stateroom with the Chaplain, Rev. Dr. A. L. Stone, and Dr. Treadwell. The next day was cold, windy and rainy, the men were very uncomfortable in their close, dark, dirty and hot quarters below; the steamer was waiting for the gunboat *Huron* to escort and protect her. The storm continued for four days, and the sea was so rough that much seasickness prevailed; whiskey was served all round to warm and cheer the justly exasperated men.

Having had some months previous experience on gunboats crowded with soldiers, I at once saw that vigorous measures must quickly be taken to diminish the number on board, and to cleanse

the ship, or a serious epidemic would soon follow in such crowded quarters and such foul air, without adequate means for ventilation and cleanliness. On representing this to the colonel, he at once sent me to Boston to inform the Governor and Surgeon-General Dale of the dangerous condition of the overcrowded ship. As a result of this remonstrance, a partial, but insufficient relief was obtained by the removal of three hundred men. The Convoy was now anchored near by us and ready to sail.

On the 9th, the gale increased and the weather was cold with snow at night and was in every way uncomfortable. Dr. Dale came down and seeing for himself the overcrowded state of things sent off five hundred men of the Forty-Sixth Regiment to Boston by the steamer *Saxon*. Whiskey was again served to the men all round with happy results.

Monday, November 10, was clear and cold. Lanterns, buckets, mops, and shovels having been supplied by friends in the city, the cleaning up began in earnest, and scores of bucket-loads of filth of all descriptions were brought up from the hold and dumped overboard, and a general and thorough purification carried out. That the men escaped serious disease was most fortunate, and that they behaved with moderation, penned up as they were in such quarters, because someone had blundered, showed their good sense and self-respect. After the cleaning thirty-four barrels of apples and other fruits and vegetables were sent to our ship, by Swampscott fishermen in one of their fishing vessels, commanded by Captain Miles Blanchard. These supplies were most gratefully received and were a very healthful present.

Lying on and off in the rough seas, the work of transferring the supplies to our ship was difficult, but the plucky fishermen proved themselves equal to the task. Before sailing one hundred and fifty men were put on board, being a gain of six hundred and fifty on the first number assigned, a great relief both for comfort and health. The steamers *Mississippi*, *Merrimac* and *Saxon*, with their convoy gunboat *Huron* sailed about 5 P. M.

We took our breakfast next morning, the 11th, after a quiet night off Gay Head, the convoy boat being so slow, that we had to

slacken our speed to allow her to come up, thus unnecessarily prolonging the inevitable discomforts of the men.

On the 14th we sighted the Cape Lookout shore, and went into Beaufort about 1 P. M., sticking in the mud for a time on the way. The Regiment landed at Morehead City, our left wing passing the night in a large warehouse in New Berne, which town we reached after dark by rail on freight cars. The right wing went into camp on the Fair Grounds in hastily pitched tents, sleeping on the ground. This camp was near that of the Forty-Fourth Massachusetts Regiment, the members of which kindly provided supper and breakfast for us.

On the 15th of November, the regiment was quartered in barracks near the river Trent, about three miles from New Berne on a barren, dreary, sandy plain looking like a hot bed for epidemic diseases. The officers were in tents, sleeping at first on boughs on the sand. There were two other regiments encamped near us, guarding a bridge of some importance. The men were delighted to get into Dixie's land, exchanging gladly the long confinement of a crowded ship, even for this unwholesome and uninviting region. The regiment was well housed as far as exposure to rain was concerned, but the boards were green and damp, and the chimneys were unfinished; though the days were fine and warm, the nights were cold even to the formation of thin ice. These sudden changes soon began to tell upon health, and in less than a week, sixty-two reported sick, mostly from diarrhœa, colds and rheumatism from the bad water and the damp lumber of the barracks.

I wrote to Major Hoffman about the regiment going to Beaufort, until their quarters could be rendered more habitable, but without avail. Dr. Treadwell was detailed by Colonel Amory to take charge of the sick of the Seventeenth Massachusetts for a few days. Medical supplies were soon exhausted, and it was ten days before I could get a small amount of those most needed from the Medical Purveyor. The great changes between the temperature of the day and night were very bad for the sick, and hard to bear for the well.

To meet the demands I was forced to borrow some necessary

medicines from Dr. Babbitt at the Stanley Hospital at New Berne, and some bedsteads were promised for the most sick, but in the absence of these, it became expedient to send the latter to the Stanley Hospital where they could obtain better care, food, and surroundings, than in a newly organized camp, liable at any moment to be disturbed and broken up, by contemplated expeditions. Among the patients thus sent was Lieutenant Edward B. Richardson of Company A, who was suffering from a painful neuralgic affection of the thigh aggravated by the cold damp air of the tents.

Early in December, the Regimental Hospital was moved into the barracks of a company that had been detailed for special service, and this was well suited for the prevailing diseases. I requested permission from Dr. Galloupe to use a portion of his Brigade Hospital for the Forty-Fifth, and to attend them myself, but this was not granted. The hospital tents not being wanted, were used for mess-tents. During the first week in December, as the regiment was to go on the expedition to Goldsboro, seven men were sent to the Stanley Hospital. The cold was such that ice an inch thick formed in the night.

The regiment started on the expedition to Goldsboro on the 11th of December, and returned to Camp Amory on the 21st. On the next day there were eighty-two at surgeon's call, suffering mostly from colds, rheumatism, and the various laming effects of the long and hard march, and ten days exposure.

On the 23rd there were one hundred and five sick, the sustaining excitement of the expedition having been followed by the inevitable reactionary depression; the sick-list continued large for a week, though there was no serious case, until the first week in January. The comfort of the sick was greatly increased by some much needed slippers for hospital use, which I obtained from Dr. Page of the United States Sanitary Commission in New Berne.

In January there were many cases of miasmatic origin, with a tendency to brain disturbance; and a few displayed the type of the epidemic which was called cerebro spinal meningitis, as it was evident that the membranes at the base of the brain

were the seat of the trouble. This disease was rapidly fatal, destroying life in twenty-four hours; beginning with chills and fever, it soon became an inflammation as shown by the pain at the upper part of the neck, delirium, convulsions, and rigidity. It resisted all treatment, even the most vigorous, and all the cases which were accompanied by delirium and rigidity proved fatal; these were George H. Bearse and Elijah H. Wellington of Company D, and Charles C. Holmes of Company H, who died respectively January 3rd, 7th, and 24th, 1863. I thought at the time that it was due to the influence of the new lumber used in the construction of the hospital and barracks, but it is now my opinion, that it was due to the minute vegetable organism, microbes or bacteria, which, under certain favorable conditions, swarm and multiply in air, water and soil, especially in regions and seasons where marshes and river beds and banks, are alternately wet and dry, and where excavations are made in the earth in preparing camps and their accessories. Our camp was well cared for, and the sinks were free from noxious effluvia; in fact it is now generally admitted that the so-called miasmata are not gases, but germs floating in the air, or carried in the water. It must be remembered that it was the winter season when the air is comparatively dry and when the low state of the rivers exposed their banks to its drying influence, affording the most favorable conditions for the increase and transportation of these microscopic germs. Whether taken into the drinkable water, or inhaled from the air or touching the warm moist surfaces of the mouth and air passages, they found a suitable place for development and rapidly multiplied. In this way they gained access to the blood, and caused death either by the rapid growth of their spores which attack and disorganize the red globules, or by the generation of so-called ptomaines, the result and course of putrefaction and decomposition producing a poison of great virulence.

Early in January I was ordered to send the sick, except transient cases, to the General Hospital, accordingly George E. Fox, of Company A was sent to the Foster Hospital, where he died the next day, and Joseph B. Morey of Company H to the Stanley Hospital where he died February 15th. Sergeant Charles

E. Hickling of Company B was sent to the Stanley Hospital sick with fever; he remained there until February 19th, when he was taken home by his father. Such was the prevalence of chills at this time and the danger of their being developed into intermittent fever, that those doing guard duty at night, were required to take three grains of quinine at 7 P.M. This was not relished by some who had overweening confidence in their power to resist disease, and to placate them, the bitter was mixed with the sweet in the shape of whiskey; this sop to Cerberus was generally taken without a murmur for they loved quinine *less*, but whiskey *more*. (Shakespeare amended to suit the case.)

Just before the Expedition to Pollocksville January 16th, James W. Merrill, of Company F was taken sick, and sent to Hospital, where he died January 20th. After the return from this Expedition very few were sick, notwithstanding the heavy march back to Newbern in the drenching rain. On January 22d I was ordered to furlough our wounded; accordingly Benjamin F. Hoar, Company D, Edward McKnight, Company F, wounded at Kinston, and Corporal Luther F. Allen, Company A, Corporal George H. White, Company E, and Sergeant Wm. J. Tillson, Company F, wounded at Whitehall, were sent home. At this time the general health of the regiment was good and the sick were well cared for by their convalescent comrades, and the regimental nurses.

The morning of December 14, 1862, was a beautiful, sunny and quiet Sunday, soon to be disturbed by the roar of artillery and the crack of rifles bearing messengers of death and wounds to many of our comrades. Having no positive orders to remain behind I kept my post in the rear of the regiment and followed it with our chaplain, Rev. Dr. A. L. Stone and our Ambulance Corps into the hottest of the fight. In going through the swamp I was afoot, toiling along with the rest, when suddenly my advance was checked from below; one of my spurs got entangled in the roots which ran through the mud in all directions. I was held as in a vice, and soon found that the choice was between losing my boot, or my spur, and I wisely chose the latter, being forced to cut the straps. I thus got loose and that Yankee spur

may, at some future time be dug up and kept as a precious souvenir by the archeologists of the 20th Century. I was present at the battle of Newbern (eight months before), but the sights of that Sunday battle of Kinston more than equalled them. I saw two of our regiment in front of me, whose heads were knocked completely off, and one poor fellow, not of our regiment, the whole of whose lower face with lower jaw had been carried away. Lieut. J. Frank Emmons received a cut on the cheek which wound I dressed for him, in a semi-recumbent position. Had the rebel bullets come a foot lower, our loss would have been very great. The music was not exhilarating but it lasted until nearly noon, when the enemy began to retreat at all points. I saw no other surgeon in the fight. The action began suddenly. As it was, I rashly exposed myself, Dr. Stone and the Hospital Corps to great and unexpected danger. I seized a house in Kinston after the battle for the sick and wounded and slept for awhile during the night on a bed, a luxury I had not enjoyed for a long time. Assistant Surgeon J. B. Treadwell has elsewhere given the loss of our regiment at Kinston. Companies D and H suffered the most, and Companies B and F the least. I remember one case, I think it was Corporal Charles L. Ingraham of Company H, who was mortally wounded by a bullet which entered near the neck and passed out at the groin. Knowing that he could not live, he expressed no regret that his life was to be thus cut short, but simply requested that opiates might be given him to deaden the pain. As he now lay on the ground, head to the enemy, any bullet which struck would be likely to produce a fatal wound, either of the head, or chest or a penetrating wound of the abdomen and bowels. At the Battle of Whitehall, December 16, I established my hospital in a hollow, over which the shells howled frequently, and one shot plunged among us, killing one man close by. I thought it prudent to change my position rather suddenly and in so doing left behind my very useful surgeon's scissors, which were recovered by Private John D. Whitcomb, who was my hospital attendant, as stated, from the Ambulance Corps. I saw some other surgeons in the hollow.

Next day the 45th occupied the dangerous position of rear

guard, the enemy coming in behind us, but not attacking. On the 18th I was detached from the regiment, and placed in charge of the Ambulance Train to convey the wounded to Newbern. Nothing could be done for the poor fellows, in such a rapid journey in an enemy's country, liable at any moment to be attacked, but the simplest and probably the best dressings of their wounds keeping up their strength and courage by stimulants, and procuring a certain amount of sleep and freedom from pain by opiates. It was a terribly rough journey, but the painful jolts and shakings were borne without a murmur, with that stoical courage which I have before alluded to as accompanying, in the Anglo Saxon race, especially wounds, in which they took pride, a remnant of the old Viking character of our ancestors, who regarded death on the field of battle, an honor and passport to heaven. This Ambulance train was on the road all day of the 19th and reached Newbern in advance of the column, before sunset of the 20th; the wounded were all safely placed in the Hospital.

According to the statements of a rebel prisoner the fire of the 45th first caused them to retreat at Kinston, and we were, as proved by our loss of 19 killed and nearly 60 wounded, in the hottest of the fire. Our brigade was the only one engaged, except General Wessels, reports to the contrary, notwithstanding, and our loss was from 8 companies only.

On the Expedition to Pollocksville, I took a deserted house, started a good fire, and made the few sick very comfortable, though we all had to sleep on the floor, as we were outside our pickets and might easily have been gobbled up, had the enemy been there.

DOVER CROSS ROADS.

On April 27th we left Newbern and marched 20 miles towards Kinston, but found no enemy. On the 29th we engaged a rebel force at Dover Cross' Roads. Henry M. Putney of Company F was killed in this action, and four were wounded, viz: Corporal George C. Richards of Company E, Captain Joseph Murdoch of Company G, — Judson F Ames of Company K and Corporal Wm. F. Lentner of Company K.

This makes a total of 20 killed and 57 wounded of which I have a record, and 21 more died of the various diseases incident to the climate, making more than 40, whose bones remain in North Carolina soil, and two others died on their way home.

While doing Provost Duty at Newbern a large amount of most welcome hospital stores were received from some young ladies of Boston, the gift being acknowledged to Miss Cumston, also, from the father of Captain Thomas B. Wales, a box of wines and brandy for the use of the sick. On February 1 there were 46 on the sick list and 10 wounded. February 7 our Colonel received some severe bruises by a fall from his horse, and was obliged in consequence to remain quiet in quarters for a few days. On February 10, George Brooks, of Company, A died. Dr. Lothrop who left for Boston on the 18th of February, carried a request for medicines for the Hospital; soon after many useful articles were received for the hospital from Lincoln, Mass. through Sergeant James A. Walker of Company D.

At the end of this month there were in hospital 33 sick and one wounded. On March 15th I was appointed Post Surgeon, and commenced by inspecting barracks and visiting the jail.

In the middle of April, one of Company D's men was prostrated, and several were more or less benumbed, by lightning during a severe thunderstorm. Dr. Treadwell who had looked sick for some time went home on furlough April 16th. I received an ambulance knapsack from Dr. J. Mason Warren, of Boston, April 19th. I examined stragglers from Pennsylvania regiments, at Fort Anderson, on the other side of the Neuse, for duty, or the hospital. April 25, the regiment was relieved of Provost Duty, though I was ordered to remain as Post Surgeon, until my successor was appointed.

Provost duty is always considered a responsible and honorable one, and during our term of service, was held by the 17th, 23d, 45th and 44th Massachusetts Regiments. During the attack on Newbern, March 14th and the siege of Little Washington, N. C., and from the 17th to the 20th of April the 45th, one or two New York regiments and the garrisons of the forts were the only troops in Newberne.) Colonel Codman was in

command of the city. Our next Camp, Massachusetts, near Fort Spinola, was in a comparatively cool and pleasant place, except for the plague of a fine and penetrating dust which covered everything, and was very irritating to the eye and air passages. Officers, as well as men were in tents. The camp regularly laid out in avenues, planted with pine boughs, and tents raised on stockades four feet from the ground was rather a pretty sight, and the sanitary arrangements were good. Near the river was a small grove, with a few houses, where I located the regimental hospital, in a really charming and shady place. The health of the regiment was good, and there were no complaints except diarrhoea from sudden changes. All the ten companies were once more together on April 30th. New medical stores were received, and there were in hospital 30 sick, and 3 wounded. May 7th Dr. Siddall sent strawberries to the regiment, resulting in many cases of diarrhoea, a well meant, but mistaken kindness. Dr. Treadwell returned, and I was ordered to take charge of the Camp for convalescents: the next day I was appointed on a Sanitary Board with Dr. Delamater and Captain N. Willis Bumstead of Company D. We began by inspecting quarters; reporting to Dr. Snelling, Medical Director. May 28th Theodore F. Russell, of Company F died of a diphtheritic inflammation of throat; and the last of May there were 47 sick and wounded in hospital. During the first half of June, the Sanitary Board inspected houses, yards, streets and negro quarters, abating many nuisances and breeders of disease, and thinning out the denizens of the crowded and ill ventilated tenements. June 21st, G. Dudley Blaney of Co. E and Charles H. Manning of Company G, died of typhoid fever. The typhoid type were increasing in number and severity, and I picked out the men of our regiment to take home with us, the risk to life being greater to remain in Newbern than to take the voyage home. June 24 was a sunny and hot day, and we left camp at 8 A. M. for Morehead City, embarking on the steamers S. R. Spaulding and Tillie for Boston. The sick became cheerful, under the pleasing thought that they were going home. Some were quite ill, but as I have said I thought they could endure the discomforts of the voyage, better than to be

left behind in hospital. Ample provision had been made for their care, and the result proved satisfactory, as only two, Norman Hastings, of Company C, and William B. Price of Company E died, the former from internal bleeding, and the latter from exhaustion, both having been brought on board with but little hope of their reaching land. Arriving at Fortress Munroe, the Colonel went on shore and tendered the services of the regiment, although its time had expired; the offer was declined, as the number of sick from malarial fevers indicated that it was best for them to continue their voyage to Boston. I went on shore to obtain food and medicines. June 30th the regiment landed, marched to Boston Common where a reception was held, thence to Readville where the men were furloughed until July 6. I spent this day packing up my medical stores, which were transferred to Captain McKim and Lieutenant Pierson at Readville. Here ends my connection with the 45th Regiment. Very many officers and men re-enlisted for the war. Among others I did the same. After examination in Washington, D. C. I entered the Army as Surgeon of Volunteers, and was sent to the Department of the Gulf, then under command of General Nathaniel P. Banks. I reported to his Adjutant General, and to Medical Director Alexander, U. S. A., September 30th, 1863, and was assigned to duty at the Barracks Hospital in New Orleans. There I remained until the discontinuance of that hospital in May, 1865, when I was put in charge of the Marine General Hospital, Mobile, Alabama; where I remained until Feb. 6, 1866, when I was mustered out of the service, with the rank of Brevet Lieut. Colonel, U. S. Volunteers. Since my return to civil life I have been secretary and professor of Zoology and Physiology in the Mass. Institute of Technology for 12 years; since 1879 I have devoted myself to literary and scientific pursuits and lecturing after my travels in various parts of the globe.

Letter of Dr. J. Brackett Treadwell, Assistant-Surgeon Forty-Fifth Regiment, M. V. M., to the Boston Journal.

FIELD HOSPITAL, [2½ miles from]

KINSTON, N. C., December 16th, 1862.

To the Editor of the *Boston Journal*:

I send you a list of the wounded and also of the killed, so far as known, of the Forty-Fifth Massachusetts Volunteer Militia at the Battle of Kinston, which was fought on Sunday, December 11th. . . . In that battle the rebels numbered between three thousand and four thousand men, and were commanded by General Evans. Our loss is about fifty killed and two hundred wounded, belonging mostly to the Tenth Connecticut, which lost about one hundred; the Ninth New Jersey, about fifty; the Forty-Fifth Massachusetts about forty-five, and the remainder to Wessell's Brigade. The fire of the rebels was most deadly, and had they used conical instead of round bullets, the wounds of our men would have been of a vastly more serious nature. The rebel loss was less than half our own. Our men owing to the character of the ground, fired too high and too far to the right. The fire from our "Parrott," and "Weard" guns was most terrific. The woods through which the shot passed bear full evidence of this.

The veterans of Wessell's Brigade, who went through the Peninsular Campaign, and those of other regiments who fought at Roanoke Island and New Berne, testify that they have never before experienced such appalling and terrific fire, as was poured into our ranks at the short but bloody battle of Kinston.

The sons of Massachusetts in the Forty-Fifth Regiment have vindicated the ancient honor of their native state. They faltered not even in their first engagement, as the record of the bloody day fully proves.

Colonel Codman was always in front of his line cheering on his men, and in one instance was actually pulled back, so great was his danger, by one of his own officers.

Many acts of individual bravery might be mentioned: one only is sufficient.

Private Frank Brooks, Company I, while being borne from the field severely wounded, shot a rebel who was lurking in the woods.

Obstructions in the river prevented the ascent of our gun-boats in season to aid in the fight.

Immediately after the firing commenced I was detailed to take charge of a hospital just in the rear of the field. The wounded began to come in and soon exceeded one hundred in number—two other hospitals receiving the remainder. We are to take the wounded to New Berne in gunboats.

—Thursday the 18th.

The name of this town is often improperly written Kingston. It should be Kinston. Many of the rebel prisoners who were paroled after the battle of Kinston, have been again taken prisoners during the actions at Whitehall and Goldsboro. No means of transporting the wounded to New Berne have been provided. We hope however, to go down tomorrow.

List of casualties in the Forty-Fifth Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteer Militia at the battle of Kinston, December 14th, 1862.

WOUNDED.

Company A.—T. Parker, thigh, severely; Edmund W. Buss, face slightly; Horace Holmes, shoulder, severely; Elbridge Graves, shoulder and lung, dangerously, died December 17th.

Company B.—F. M. Lovell, shoulder, slightly; H. C. Ray, side slightly.

Company D.—G. Perkins, Jr., hip, not severely; T. L. Mercer, neck slightly; C. Savi le, head slightly; J. P. Foss, shoulder, slightly; T. C. Evans, both hands one finger off, leg severely; Corporal S. H. Nye, head, slightly; W. K. Wright, contusion, slight; F. W. Childs, hand, not seriously; S. Butters, thigh, slightly; Corporal G. Edmands, neck, not seriously; H. F. Benson, spine, seriously; A. H. Young, ankle, severely; G. E. Hart, back, slightly; Corporal G. Simons, neck, contusion, slight; Freeman H. Lothrop, slight.

Company F.—E. McKnight, arm, severely.

Company H.—S. Gibbs, shoulder; O. Coffin, thigh, severely; Corporal J. W. Rand, left arm and right thigh, amputated; A. Mansfield, knee sprained; F. Turner, thigh, not badly; T. B. Folger, neck, slightly; Corporal C. L. Ingraham, abdomen, dangerously; died December 15th; D. Hall, back, severely; W. H. Marcy, thigh, severely; Corporal S. H. Ellis, contusion, slight; G. K. Robinson, neck, dangerously; died December 18th; H. Hewett, contusion, slight.

Company I.—A. Brooks, abdomen, dangerously; died December 16th; F. Brooks, thigh, severely; B. H. Rockwood, foot, severely; J. Henry Blanchard, thigh, slightly.

Company K.—Sergeant W. M. Goodrich, shoulder, severely; A. A. Merrill, shoulder, severely; J. Sherman, face, severely; A. Parlin, shoulder and lung, dangerously; died December 18th.

Total number wounded forty-one.

KILLED.

Company B.—S. Richards, by shell.

Company D.—Bassett, by shell.

Company E.—Williams shot through head; E. R. Clark, shot through head.

Company K.—William Cooper, W. H. Parker.

Company I.—J. Murphy, shot through head.

Company H.—E. Daggett, by shell.

Whole number killed eight.

AT BATTLE OF WHITEHALL, DECEMBER 16TH.

WOUNDED.

Company A.—Corporal Luther F. Allen, neck, not seriously.

Company D.—Sergeant W. L. Wellman, not seriously; J. Wilson, wrist, severely.

Company E.—N. E. Symes, face, not seriously; G. A. White, leg, not seriously; O. Cushman, shoulder, slightly; Nevins, arm.

Company F.—Sergeant G. F. Tillson, head, not seriously; A. Poland.

Total wounded nine.

KILLED.

Company E.—T. Donnelly, shot through head.

Company H.—Color-Sergeant, Theodore Parkman, shot through head.

Company I.—Boedman.

Total number killed, three.

None of those wounded marked "severely" are considered dangerous. The wounded are comfortably situated in the General Hospitals at New Berne.

None of the officers were injured with the exception of Lieutenant Emmons, who received a slight contusion of the head at Kinston.

The wounded are doing well, Corporal Rand, Company H, being the only one who is considered in a dangerous condition.

J. BRACKETT TREADWELL,
Assistant Surgeon Forty-Fifth Regiment, M. V. M.



MISS SUSAN D. MESSENGER

Memories of New Berne—and the Massachusetts Forty-Fifth.

BY SUSAN D. MESSINGER.



WHEN in November, 1862, I found myself on my way to New Berne, N. C., actually to enter into the scenes of which I only expected to hear:—personally to know the excitement, danger, responsibility and privileges, I felt that I had enlisted truly, and must put on the courage, if not the uniform, and would be fortunate, could I make small entries in my little pocket diary.

My life in New Berne was very mixed, amid so many to care for, of every rank, but it is with a very tender feeling I think of the Forty-Fifth. They were “my boys” at home in Readville, and I had many near and dear friends in the Regiment. On my arrival at New Berne, I was greatly disappointed to learn the first day at table that the Forty-Fifth camp was so far away that I could not reach it except with an escort. I recall vividly my indignation at the time at hearing the “Forty-Fourth,” and “Forty-Fifth” called “Kid glove,” “Harvard Boys,” to whom General Foster would have to give all his orders in Latin. But my indignation was soon soothed by General Foster’s unqualified admiration of both regiments. He had just returned from Brigade Drill, and expressed himself with enthusiasm, “Colonel Codman is a born soldier, and the regiment moves like a unit.”

Another disappointment awaited me, “Company G,” my special company in Readville, was detailed to serve at Fort Macon, and must start before I could reach them with their parcels from home, or exchange even a hand shake with my many friends. My dear cousin Captain Joseph Murdoch had been appointed to serve on the staff of Colonel Amory, and had his quarters with us. Not until the 6th of December was Captain Murdoch free to take me to camp. We started for the railroad bridge over the Trent, meeting my other cousin, Sergeant Richardson.

We took him in and drove to camp, three in a buggy. The first to greet us was Dixwell Thompson, (bless his memory,) who sent for our brave little Sergeant, Charles Hickling. Dear boy! how well he seemed that day, and how little we dreamed of his five years of suffering, to begin before the month was out. So patiently, heroically borne, with true soldier spirit to the end. Then came Henry Wheelock and Captains Bumstead and Rich, and Lieutenants Robinson and Walker, all glad to see a woman.

I shall never forget that first day at Camp Amory. Captain Murdoch had business at the Fifty-First Regiment, and left me seated in state, surrounded by officers and privates, indiscriminately. I was invited to dine in camp, and I bade them all welcome to the little home in New Berne. We drove back by way of Fort Totten, and over such roads! passing through the camps of the Fifth Massachusetts, Fifth Rhode Island, Tenth Connecticut, to the camp of the Forty-Fourth Massachusetts.

OUR HOME.

And poor, old New Berne! what a wornout, shiftless, tumble down place, did this "city of beautiful residences," this "land of roses," appear to us on first acquaintance! But we grew to love it. Our little home was at headquarters, on Front Street, between General Foster's home and Governor Stanley's. A simple frame house, two rooms deep, formerly Headquarters of the Confederate General Branch. It was in a sorry condition, none of the original furniture left, save a book-case in the entry. Some articles had been brought to fit it up for use, but it was very forlorn.

The fog from the river was so thick the night we arrived, we could see nothing of the house—but the light of the fires built in our honor. All the doors and windows were open, the fog pouring in. But we were at war, and what were women there for, but to make a semblance of home, at least for our soldiers? We soon revolutionized the interior, drew the table into the centre of the room, covered it with books, photograph albums, work-baskets, etc.

The broken down sofa, with a shawl for an afghan, was drawn towards the fire, chairs disposed so as to look sociable, and with little black Toby's help, we obtained the wild bamboo vine, to cover the very soiled walls, and with our country's flag for drapery curtains we were ready to welcome all our soldier boys and sailor boys, too, for the Commodore's gig lay just off the shore in sight of the house.

THE EXPEDITION.

Before the Provost Guard life began for the Forty-Fifth, came the great event of December, the Expedition to Goldsboro. Long before, we knew from many signs that something was to be undertaken. General Foster had been to Washington, reinforcements had poured into New Berne, many war councils had been held, finally on December 11th, the army moved onward, leaving but a handful behind to protect the town. The Provost had promised to take me early to the fort, to watch the passing column, but the dense fog after we started so detained us on the road, we did not reach the line until after Amory's Brigade had passed, to my great grief. Belger's Battery was just moving, the Forty-Fourth came next, and as regiment after regiment moved along, it was an intense experience, as one soldier after another, dashed out of the line for a "good bye."

Mrs. Stevenson, the brave mother, one side of the column, and I, on the other. The boys told us afterwards, it was a comfort thus to have our "God speed." We had earlier helped off our "very own," but that morning we felt a mother's, a sister's yearning, for each of these thousands, who went forth so bravely to the self-chosen duty, perhaps never to return. The Provost was left as commandant of the town, Colonel Coffin of the Eighth Massachusetts, at the fort as military commander—details from each regiment in charge of the camps. Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Amory, Mrs. Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson, indeed all who needed care, in charge of the Provost, added to the perpetual vigilance for the town's safety. Strange lights appeared, rumors were afloat of mischief brewing within the town, of possible attack in our de-

fenceless condition ! Yet we felt no personal fear. As dear Mrs. Stevenson said, " Our whole heart was with our army, we had no room for self."

But it was a dreary waiting. We had a bit of comfort in looking at the two stands of the Forty-Fifth colors brought to us for safe keeping by comrade Richardson, who was left in charge of Camp Amory. We, that were left behind, met daily, one in thought and sympathy. Our first dispatch was glad and sad. " No staff officers injured of the Massachusetts Regiments, but a boat to be sent up the river to bring back the wounded and prisoners." And who might the victims be ? And the same dispatch brought to the Provost, the sad duty to care for the body of the gallant young Colonel Gray, of the Ninety-Sixth New York who fell at Kinston, at the head of his regiment. He came to New Berne just in time to go with the expedition, only twenty-three years old, the idol of his command, beautiful to look upon, and with a hero's spirit.

His chaplain came also and the funeral was from our house. We gathered all the women to pay tribute—old Mrs. Graham sent us flowers, all officers and troops that could be spared from guard, with the commodore of the fleet followed all that was left on earth of the young hero, wrapped in his country's flag to the boat, where a touching service was held. It was all we could do, and we felt it might be a little comfort to the bereaved mother.

Then another waiting—rumors of more battles, and at last the return of our boys, jaded and worn indeed, but full of life and enthusiasm and elated with success. I could send home such glad tidings for a Christmas Greeting ! None of our very own injured, but must add the sorrowful loss of Theodore Parkman, the Color Bearer of the Forty-Fifth. I went almost at once to Camp Amory—my friends Lieutenants Emmons and Hardy, were among the first to greet me, then Captain Churchill and his brave Sergeant Charlie Hickling looking so bright and cheery. The captain saying, as he placed his hand on Charlie's shoulder, " He has won the right to have the straps there."

But alas ! I was summoned before many days to the dear

boy's sick bed, and early in January, he was removed to the Stanley Hospital in town under the charge of the "Sisters of Mercy" from New York. I could see him daily, until his kind father came from the North to take my place.

THE SISTERS OF MERCY.

One word in passing, of tribute to those gentle women, who devoted themselves to the care of our sick and wounded soldiers. I saw them constantly and can testify to their constant, unselfish devotion to those brought to their charge. The Convent (so-called) was connected by a plank walk with the Hospital, and the passage between was all the outing these women had. The Convent was in a house formerly owned by Governor Stanley's father, a fine old mansion, well and elaborately finished.

He hardly expected a convent bell would ever be hung on his elegant staircase. One parlor was left furnished to receive the world's people; the other was their chapel, furnished with altar, etc. All the rest of the rooms were simply furnished, iron bedsteads, one chair in each and a wash-stand, save one room, in which Washington had slept when in New Berne, and which was also General Burnside's apartment; this house having been first his Headquarters. This room was kept for the "recreation-room" for the sisters. A table in the centre, a desk and books, a few chairs, no carpet, no feminine look, save the exquisite neatness which pervaded the whole house. The kitchen and wash-houses were the most interesting where the "lay sisters" made all the nice things for the hospital, and refreshed the bed-clothes. Everything so neat and clean!

The main stores they drew from the Government, but were entirely dependent upon contributions for all delicacies. They told me the "sanitary" was very liberal but "oh, the need so great!" Thanks to the kind Boston friends who sent us such liberal boxes of lemons, gelatine, oranges, guam-jelly, chocolate, etc., we could very often supply their need. Not one of us well ones could touch these delicacies, and it was indeed a happiness to be able to carry to the "Stanley," the Academy Hospital, to the "Forty-Fourth" hospital in town, or to the various camps,

"just the article needed." The "sisters" were interested in all who came under their care, but the boys of the Forty-Fourth and Forty-Fifth, seemed to win their peculiar sympathy. "How is it," one of the sisters said to me, "I find such gentle refinement among these men? They seem like petted children, yet so manly and uncomplaining." Mother Augustine's morning greeting to one ward, was, "Well, how is old Massachusetts this morning?" It mattered little what their creed—the loving service was complete and cheerful.

CHRISTMAS.

A strange Christmas it was! as warm as June. On Christmas Eve we had a real Negro Minstrel Serenade, "Them's cullud folks," Celia told me, "citizens brought up in New Berne, come to give the ladies a Christmas song, Tony Fisher, the leader." And with violins, banjos, and their voices they gave us indeed sweet music. The gladdest part of Christmas was going to the camps with parcels which arrived that very morning. First to the Twenty-Fourth Headquarters to take Christmas Greetings to dear Mrs. Stevenson and her boys, then to the Forty-Fourth Hospital to cheer them a bit, then through the Twenty-Fourth and Forty-Fourth camps, meeting so many cheerful greetings! Then to Camp Amory where a real Christmas greeting came from all ranks.

We had passed as usual three sets of pickets, wood cutters and wagoners, to all of whom we shouted, "Merry Christmas!"

What a rare carnival it would have been to me, could I have scattered "Santa Claus" bundles to each and all. After greetings from crowds of friends, my ever faithful Lieutenant Emmons took me to his own tent where I made a long call, although they were in the midst of preparing their feast from home boxes, cracking nuts, opening pickle-jars, and a sealed up pudding. The table looked very nice. Seven plates for Captain Wales and his two lieutenants, for Captain Tappan and his two, and Adjutant Winsor.

I was treated with the greatest deference, and feasted on ginger snaps and figs. The last I put in my pocket for my sick Provost,

who had so longed for some that morning. If they had known it they would have given me more. They were all as merry and bright as if war was a myth, far merrier than the anxious ones at home.

Among my many visits to Camp Amory, one stands out, fresh in my memory, when I undertook with Captain Murdoch to walk over the bridge to the camp. I so longed to see "Dress Parade" But the camp, like the Silver lake in the fable, seemed to recede as we approached, and we only arrived to find "dress parade" over. I was treated however, like a heroine, taken to see the sunset view from a certain point," rested awhile at comrade Richardson's quarters where I found my cousin comfortably settled, reading before a bright wood fire.

Dixwell Thompson walked back with us. He had been invited by Major Anderson to dine at Headquarters. I remember his words so well, "Is it very fearful to dine with a Major-General?" "No," I answered, "I have often, and survived." "Well," he added, "I have been in two battles and did not wish to run away, so I think I'll never be afraid of anything again."

PROVOST GUARD LIFE.

The days after Christmas were full of rumors of change. New arrivals poured in, the little town was overflowing with new brigadiers; Prince, Hunt, Wessel, Nagley, Palmer, each one out-ranking the last arrival. And in the camps equal excitement. Each regiment longing to go on the new expedition. A part of Stevenson's Brigade (Wessel's division,) the Twenty-Fourth Massachusetts, Tenth Connecticut, and Ninth New Jersey, were the first to start. Preparation and mystery still continued until on the 26th of January came the grand departure, and we bade "good bye" to the General Staff.

We were grieved to part with so many with whom we had been in daily contact since November, but the same day brought us great happiness. The Forty-Fifth came to town as provost guard. How safe we felt with our gallant friends to protect us! The very first evening Colonel Codman and Lieutenant-Colonel Peabody came to dine at our mess, with our friend Colonel Hoff-

man. He and the Provost, were the only members of the staff left behind. In one of my old letters sent home, I find the following :

"Fancy (instead of going to Readville) simply to look out of one's window, to see Captain Minot riding by as officer of the day, and every morning, while dressing, to hear the delicious Forty-Fifth Band at "guard mounting"! They do play most beautifully and thrill me to the heart. Such praise, too, comes from all quarters for the guard, "who do their duty so perfectly and thoroughly." Then the delight of dress parade on Broad Street, such a little way I am permitted to go alone, and I never miss the scene if I can help it." And in the weeks, the months that followed, dress parade became the resting spot in that strange life ; a sort of "good night" to each other, with no word spoken. It was where all collected, officers off duty, privates with short leave from camp, our various visitors from the North, Mr. Hickling, Dr. Ware, Mr. Bond, Mr. Wales, Rev. Mr. Barnard and others. I shall never forget the first Sunday after the Forty-Fifth came to town. I started with Captain Murdoch, before daylight to give "God speed" to the Forty-Fourth, who were to sail for Plymouth, and on our return we were just in time for guard mounting, my first experience, a beautiful sight it was on that bright, fresh morning. Captain Rich stood with us, happening up from the fort. The boys seemed to take my presence as a compliment, little understanding the real comfort these scenes were to me in my exile. I do not believe I ever stood on that Broad Street sidewalk by Colonel Codman's side without tears in my eyes, of pride in my comrades, and anxiety for the result of all this sacrifice. There were many sad hours, too, when death, by the strange congestive fever, took away one brave boy after another.

We felt that the expedition to Plymouth was planned to break up the epidemic. While the Forty-Fourth Regiment was absent, one of their number, left behind sick, brave young Hopkinson of Company F, fell a victim to the disease to the distress of his comrades. Another death in the Forty-Fifth saddened us all very much, George Brooks of Company A, who died just

before his father landed in New Berne. Mr. Brooks came directly to the Provost, so bright and happy, to learn how to reach his boy, and one of the Sisters of Mercy, had but just told us, "the dear boy had fallen asleep to awake in heaven!" But it was touching to see how calmly death in any shape was met by our soldier boys. They would have preferred to die on the battlefield, but there was never any terror. They had learned in war, one true lesson, to regard death with the quietness we should all feel, that it can never be untimely, because *God lives* and because what we call "death," is but *new life*.

We were so gratified as the days went on, to find that our little home had become a sort of haven for our own regiment. They all knew the latch string hung outside for all, even if sometimes it was a little awkward when "shoulder straps" and privates happened to meet as guests. I have often closed the door between the rooms, leaving my sister with the officers, that my privates need not fear they must leave. Woman's *unofficial* work in the army was very real, though hard to define. I never awoke in the morning without some charge upon heart and powers, our housekeeping was peculiar, our dinner parties, so-called, unlike anything known before. If fortunate enough to have something better than the usual rations, or, perhaps, if only the latter, the Provost would invite thus, "Whereas we dine at six do all come and let us have dinner together." We did not always have plates enough to go round! We had nine o'clock *teas*, too, for the tired men, to which all men were welcome. Mrs. Messinger had a chest of delicious tea sent from New York. We had but five cups and saucers, and those unlike, and often twice the number of guests! Little black Toby stood ready to refresh the cups and perhaps the tea tasted the better for the waiting. We quickly learned how to make tea to suit the various tastes, but I wonder if Major Sturgis remembers my perplexity over his first cup of tea, lest I had not made it right. He sat, with cup in hand, *untouched*, and in answer to my anxiety, replied with a good deal of feeling, "Oh, no, I am sure it is all right, but the aroma is so like home I would fain dream over it awhile."

They made us quite happy by naming our little parlor

"Headquarters of the Home," even as Foster's was Headquarters of the Army. Many of the regiment were constant guests at all hours, at either meal, amusing themselves over our attempts to make things homelike, laughing at our tools. One kind friend took compassion and brought me from his stores from home, a nice *dish towel* for my breakfast cups! How glad we were too, to take stitches for any of them! And many a brave soldier boy *with or without* shoulder straps, has begged the privilege of upsetting my work basket and rearranging it. "It was so like home," and of course was never refused. All this may sound very trivial, but many a long serious talk did we have together in such hours, and we women realized fully the sacrifice our soldiers were making for our country, in accepting so cheerfully a life utterly distasteful. And since this is all among friends, I may as well confess, the little *work basket* has been carefully preserved, a loving bond with those days of war—and the *dish towel*, too precious to use as intended always wraps some special bit of sewing in my work table and as often unfolded displays the valued mark, "Lieutenant Emmons, Company E, Forty-Fifth Regiment." Then the outside work a privilege? going to camps, hospitals, or company quarters, the glad agent between home and the army, owing to frequent dispatches to headquarters and the kindness of the general's aides. The list grew longer with every mail, bringing letters of inquiry from mothers, wives and sisters. The boys soon learned to know the Provost's carriage, and the little express woman with the grey bonnet! Any other woman could have done it, but the blessing to do this much for the *soldiers* was granted to me and I was very grateful.

Constantly such passages as this occurred in my home letters, "I found Mr. Whitcomb and delivered the parcel myself. We claim now the members of the band as friends. They little know the comfort they are to us!" We were very proud to receive a marching salute from them, as they left the general's after the flag raising. I ought to explain how the Provost became possessed of his carriage.

It was captured on one of the early expeditions and brought to General Foster for his wife's use.

She was too timid to ride in it, and positively refused, and when we arrived the general made a formal presentation of it to Mrs. Messinger, who, equally timid, scarcely would enter it, so it resulted in being a sort of express for the Provost's sister, whenever she could find an orderly, or escort, at leisure. We knew but few of the towns people. Dr. and Mrs. Tull were very kind, and sweet Mrs. Taylor, although bitter "secesh," became a dear friend. She naturally avoided us at first, although often obliged to come to our house for passes, etc.

It was hard for her to resist my gentle sister, so evidently unfitted for the life we were living, but she did so until at General Amory's headquarters, Mrs. Parkinson lost her little baby, and we wrote to Mrs. Taylor, begging a few of the white flowers we could see in her garden. Her mother heart was touched; her own children were far away in Mississippi, she had remained to care for her old father, who was true to the Union and refused to run. She not only sent the flowers to Mrs. Amory herself, but asked us to go and see her in her own home. The father died, she left New Berne before the war was over and we lost sight of her, but I am sure, if living—she would testify, that no one who comported herself as a lady, ever suffered from any intrusion, so long as the Eighteenth Army Corps was in command of New Berne.

We made frequent visits in other homes, to see old Mr. Graham, whose family (unlike faithful Mrs. Taylor) had left him alone, he, only being Union. It was pathetic to hear him talk of his sister and nieces and his hope of their speedy return, he had written them that nothing was disturbed in their home. He took us into the parlor (which he kept locked) where everything was left as they used it last. The music, open on the piano, not a book, ornament, or even chair displaced from the way they saw it last. He lived in his sitting-room—attended by his faithful negro, Frank. His house stood next the large hotel, which was burned by the rebels when they retreated and our army entered.

Our troops saved Mr. Graham's house from the flames, and the old man standing in his doorway was as safe as if war had not come to the town.

OUR GUESTS.

The greatest delight to the regiment was the arrival on the 10th of February of Mrs. Lieutenant-Colonel Peabody and her father, the Rev. Dr. Lothrop. The next day our guests, with Colonel Codman, drove with me in the Provost's carriage over the county bridge to brigade drill, Lieutenant Emmons escorting us on horseback, Colonel Peabody being that day in command of the regiment.

Our friends seemed much to enjoy this first experience of army life, as we certainly did their welcome presence. On the following afternoon Mrs. Messinger and I made the proper call upon Mrs. Peabody, finding Mrs. Amory and Mrs. Harris before us, and we all walked together to the Dress Parade. Such luxury for the boys! They were used to me but the addition to their audience of these beautiful women, must indeed, have been a blessing.

After the parade we followed the band to Forty-Fifth Headquarters on Craven Street, where all the officers of the regiment assembled to pay tribute to Dr. Lothrop. A touching scene.

Mrs. Peabody remained outside with us joining in the welcome with the rest of the crowd, mounted and on foot. After that we were all much together. We had the pleasure of entertaining at dinner, Colonel Codman and his whole staff, with Dr. Lothrop, Major Stackpole and Captain Murdoch, all of Boston, save my sister, and it was one of the happiest evenings we knew in New Berne.

We were all invited by the commodore to visit the *Hetzel* and *Miami* which lay off in sight of our home; Colonel Codman and Colonel Peabody could not leave. Our party consisted of Rev. Dr. Lothrop, Mrs. Peabody, Mrs. Amory, Captain and Mrs. Harris, General Palmer, Captain Murdoch, the Provost with his wife and sister, occupying two gigs. It was a delicious row with those eight brawny sailor boys, in their best "bib and tucker," and was only too short.

We visited the *Hetzel* first, the Commodore's headquarters, a small gunboat carrying only two guns, but so exquisitely nice.

The *Miami* was the largest gunboat of the fleet, and was commanded by Captain Townsend. She carried eleven guns, six 9-inch Dahlgrens, a pretty formidable looking affair to us who were uninitiated, with the tremendous steam apparatus, the roof of the passage covered with cutlasses. Commodore Davenport was intimate on shore, Captain Townsend we did not know so well, a perfect gentleman, one of the grave, quiet magnificent kind, in full rig all the time. His little son of nine always sailed with him, a complete little sailor, but much afraid of women, he had seen so few. The *Miami* was at the capture of New Orleans.

We were most hospitably treated, and back on shore hardly in time for Dress Parade. We were afterwards told "we were seen galloping over a field, to cut across to Broad Street, three women headed by Rev. Dr. Lothrop!" We could not miss the parade, as Dr. Lothrop said, "It was hard for him to keep his feelings within good breeding, for his love and pride of his boys." Surely the sight of his earnest face was a blessing to them and to us all. And how good it was next day, to go to church, and hear the Reverend Doctor preach. We went in with, and sat with the regiment. About half the Forty-Fourth was there as well. It was more of an address than a sermon, full of stirring patriotism, with a beautiful tribute to our country and to our soldiers; there were but few dry eyes in the audience. We followed the regiment afterwards to witness the beautiful Sunday ceremony of saluting the colors.

The Sunday services were always so restful. I remember one Sunday going alone to church and feeling discouraged, that after all one was able to do so little, and the uplift I received from Dr. Stone's helpful words on "Little Duties," from the text: "Such as I have, give I unto you."

Of course through all these days and weeks, there was much that can never be written, of Provost Guard life, of constant, daily, wearisome, and often distasteful work, without the inspiration of the battle-field. Yet surely with the compensation of duty well done, there was never a word, save of commendation for the fidelity of the guard. I remember one night the Commodore came to us in great indignation, because he was stopped by a

stripling of a sentinel, (who knew him perfectly well) and was forced to wait in the cold and dark, until an officer chanced to pass, who could give the countersign. "What did you expect the sentinel to do?" was asked. "Why just what he did, of course, and if this is the stuff your volunteer regiments are made of, the war will surely be a success, if the boy did put me into a rage."

We did not escape, but shared with the rest of the country, the continued anxieties, caused by reports of failure, defeat, demoralization, in the army, or in the government. But there was more quietude in the army than at home. Our boys had taken up the burden, so it had become *light*. They were serving their country in the best way they could.

THE GRAND REVIEW.

Our faithful aides of the staff made sure we were rightly placed. I was next to Mrs. Foster on the right of the line. The day was exquisite, the air soft and delicious, the sky of intensest blue, General Amory acted as general of Division. First came General Wessell with staff, commanding-officer, General Foster receiving the army, then Colonel Codman and staff, commanding brigade, our own Forty-Fifth heading the column. We, in the carriages were very proud of this.

Many of our guests left us early in March, but the 11th brought us Major Stackpole and his bride, who naturally belonged to us, as a part of the staff. And at first, War had anything but a serious aspect to our bride.

Bands, parades, devoted attention, and admiration, serenades by the Forty-Fifth, brigade drills when the Forty-Fifth wore white gloves in her honor; to say nothing of the Forty-Fourth Opera! It was a strange experience, walking with opera glass and fan, under the Southern stars, to company barracks, to listen to an opera in this garrison town.

The Navy lent flags, scenery was obtained from the theatre, the effect was beautiful. The performance was very touching, although intended for comic, particularly when the tired soldiers from the expedition dropped from exhaustion, it was a little too real.

THE BATTLE.

Under date of March 13th, I wrote home: "Tomorrow we are to have a great day for we celebrate the taking of New Berne. Grand review again of the whole army corps, before General Foster's quarters, so, of course, before the Provost's.

All the ladies will come to us, and we mean to wear every bit of red, white and blue we can find. The 14th was indeed celebrated, but not as we intended. New Berne was attacked and we were to witness a real battle! Rumors were ripe the evening before of pickets driven in. A whole brigade of New York troops were sent to reinforce the Twenty-Fifth Massachusetts on the outer picket station. We were awakened by cannon, a salute for the day, not anticipated. The fort across the Neuse was attacked by the rebels, four thousand strong, infantry and artillery. We were soon out on the wharf where we could see the course of the shells pouring upon our devoted men. No cannon had been mounted at the fort, the men had only their muskets for defence.

The water was too low for the boats to get into position. We watched the scene with painful interest, as we stood near the signal officer. We heard the order sent across, "Hold out to the last, reinforcements will come."

And they did hold out, although the rebel commander demanded surrender. How great was our relief when the water was high enough to allow the little gunboat *Hetsel* to approach, and her first shell went over the fort and into the enemy's midst. The town was saved. We four ladies were placed in a carriage and with an escort of horsemen, driven as near the scene as possible, where we saw the various gunboats now in full play, returning the salute of the morning, until the enemy retreated. Then we drove to the Forty-Fourth camp where we could see the reenforcements from the Eighty-Fifth New York going across on flats. Not until they were all landed, did we learn that we were standing on the very spot where the first shot fell in the morning. The whole Forty-Fifth, as provost guard, was under arms all night. Carriages were ready to take the wives and sisters to the *Hetsel* or to the fort. A fight was expected at night. Colonel

Codman and the Provost, alike fearless, but cautious, anticipating trouble as much from within as from without. Every avenue to the town was guarded by a brigade. Perhaps the very precautions defeated whatever was planned by the enemy. Inside the town all was quiet, and the sun rose on the 15th on one of the sweetest of mornings, the birds singing deliciously, the whole air full of peace and gladness in strange contrast to the excitement of the day previous.

A few days later quite a party of us crossed the Neuse to the scene of conflict. Every tree, house and tent completely riddled by the enemy's shot. We walked outside the fort to the first picket station, where we gathered peach blossoms, stood in the very ruts of the enemy's gun carriages and sang there "Glory Hallelujah" with full hearts.

The next scene to record was not congenial to any of us, viz., Mrs. Foster's party in honor of the victory. To fearfully select invitations by formal note, only, to generals, the governor, members of General Foster's staff, field officers with the ladies. The costumes were not startling—white gloves, sparse rooms uncomfortably hot, dancing very slow. The whole occasion would have been stupid, if any occasion could be so, in a room entirely draped with our glorious "Stars and Stripes."

Soon after to our great regret, came for the provost's wife and sister, *peremptory* "marching orders for home," we could not disobey! It was very hard for us to go, and we felt we should be a little missed. The days that followed were filled to the brim with last things for camp and hospital. We had one day with Company G at Fort Macon, going down with General Palmer.

And on the evening of March 25th we had a delicious serenade from the Forty-Fifth Band. Warm as June—all the windows open. And at three o'clock on the afternoon of the 26th we started on the *Emily* for Roanoke, accompanied by the Forty-Fifth Band, and all our friends at liberty to leave, followed by another steamer to take them back to New Berne. The wharf was lined with kind faces, full of regret, the band playing, "Say can I leave Thee." Colonel Codman, general officer of the

day, stood on the wharf until the last minute. When we reached the New Berne battleground, the band played "Yankee Doodle" and the "Bold Soldier Boy," in honor of the heroes of March 14th, 1862, who were on board with us, followed by the "Fourth Battalion tune." Everything was sweet and thrilling. Our friends dined with us, leaving us at seven o'clock, the band playing once more, "Say can I leave Thee," as we parted. And so we left dear old New Berne and the many friends bound to us by such close ties, and as it proved never to return. Before it was possible for us to do so, the headquarters of the Eighteenth Army Corps was changed to Fortress Munroe, and our next winter was spent in Virginia.

But our "good bye" to our soldier boys that day was in real earnest, "God be with you." We had truly become comrades, and we are so still. "God bless us all!"

The Rank and File.

BY SERGEANT-MAJOR HENRY G. WHEELOCK.

Some facts regarding the rank and file of the Forty-Fifth Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, as seen by its former Sergeant-Major, Henry Gassett Wheelock.



AT the request of our popular and efficient Adjutant Winsor whose word was once my law, I copy from a manuscript compiled from the regimental books and published in some Boston newspaper at the time the regiment left Readville for North Carolina in November, 1862, a few facts relating to the age, place of birth, occupation and residence of the enlisted men of my regiment.

Of native born there were eight hundred and fourteen from seventeen different states, seven hundred and sixty-six from the New England States and six hundred and thirty from Massachusetts alone; and the entire foreign born numbered one hundred and twenty-one from twenty different counties of whom forty-two, or more than one-third were from Ireland, England having fifteen, New Brunswick fourteen, and Nova Scotia twelve.

Now in addition to the fact that 814 enlisted men were native born let us look at the occupations of these men. One hundred and twenty-eight different trades were represented including one man who wrote himself down as *gentleman*. I do not remember his name because I found a great many who were in every respect thorough gentlemen, whether they were students or farmers.

The farmers were in number the greatest, numbering one hundred and sixty-six; clerks, one hundred and twenty-four; seamen, seventy-seven; carpenters, fifty; students, forty; teamsters, thirty-four; boot and shoe makers, twenty-eight; blacksmiths, fifteen; butchers, eleven; masons, fifteen; merchants, fourteen; painters, twenty-one; printers, ten; fishermen, nineteen. This small list of fourteen occupations made up two-thirds of the regiment.

Presuming this showing to be a fair average of the seven-teen nine-months regiments called for from Massachusetts in the

fall of 1862, the first question which arises is "how did the Old Bay State get along with most of its artisans at the front?" The next natural question is why did all these young men go, I say young, because the average age of the regiment was twenty-five and nine months and its average height, five feet, seven and five-eighths inches. One company, Company F averaged five feet eight and one-quarter inches in height, and it was worth a day's walk to see them come in from picket duty, with every head up and shoulder square to the front, as if on parade. I have seen many French, German, English and Spanish troops, but never saw anything finer.

I believe that in spite of bounties, the short term of enlistment, and other reasons, that the majority of our men enlisted from simple, pure patriotism. A young man just ready to start out in life in his chosen profession was not likely to give up his prospects and a comfortable home for the discomforts of camp and bivouac, or for the love of being shot at.

But there is another side to this question. On the eve, almost, of our departure from Readville passes were freely given to the enlisted men to visit their friends or families, with the result that between October 1st and November 5th, 1862 the day of sailing from Boston, forty-five men deserted as follows:

A, 0; B, 1; C, 4; D, 1; E, 4; F, 3; G, 0; H, 3; I, 12; K, 17, of which number but four gave any place of residence, simply bounty jumpers a dead loss to the state for bounty-paid clothing and rations. Not a man deserted after reaching New Berne. The secretary of the Forty-Fifth Regiment Association gives the total number of the regiment 990 in officers and men.

Less deserters	45
" discharged for disability previous to November 5, 1862	13
" " " after November 5, 1862	20
" " " promotion	3
" " " on account of wounds	14
" " " to re-enlist	6
" killed in action	12
" died from wounds	8
" " " disease	24
" " " accident	1
	— 146
	844

ADJUTANT-GENERAL SCHOULER'S REPORT FOR 1863.

By reference to the Adjutant-General's report—it will be seen that one hundred and eighty-one of the members of the Forty-Fifth reenlisted in different branches of the service.

I joined the camp in Readville, September 16th, 1862, then in command of Captain Charles R. Codman. The camp consisted of several hundred thoroughly green men of the "hay-foot," "straw-foot" description with no other knowledge of discipline than each one's own sweet will coupled with the good old notion that he was free born and independent and as such was the full equal of his captain or even his colonel, in other words an unarmed mob, without anything particularly bad about them, only ignorant of everything pertaining to a subordinate position. It was disheartening to the few who, had at some time or other, been in some military organization especially the Independent Corps of Cadets, where some respect for the superior officer had been inculcated when we were, as I was once told "playing soldiers," so we all went to school, each learning from his superior until we all struck the fountain head of tactics, drill and discipline, the Colonel, who I presume, drank in his inspiration and knowledge from Hardee and Casey. Two months' hard work turned order and discipline out of chaos and the regiment went aboard ship November 5th, 1862, to sail for North Carolina in good trim, each man a little proud of his individuality as a member of such a good-looking, manly, determined lot of men, who later proved their worth.

STATISTICS REGARDING THE FORTY--FIFTH REGIMENT
MASSACHUSETTS MILITIA.

Apothecary	3	Engineer	2
Architect	1	Farmer	166
Artist	3	File Grinder	1
Awlmaker	2	Fishermen	19
Baker	5	Fresco painter	1
Barber	2	Gardener	2
Barkeeper	2	Gasfitter	4
Blacksmith	15	Gentleman	1
Blockmaker	1	Gilder	1
Bonnet bleacher	1	Glass blower	1
“ presser	2	“ cutter	4
Bookbinder	3	“ maker	2
Bookkeeper	3	“ moulder	2
Bookseller	1	“ packer	1
Boot or Shoemaker	28	Grocer	2
Brass finisher	1	Gunsmith	1
Broker	1	Harnessmaker	2
Broommaker	1	Hatter	5
Butcher	11	Hostler	3
Butter presser	1	Iron moulder	1
Cabinetmaker	19	Jeweller	4
Carder	1	Laborer	13
Carpenter	50	Lawyer	4
Carriagemaker	3	Leather dresser	5
Carriagesmith	1	Lettercarrier	2
Carver	3	Lighthouse keeper	1
Caulker	2	Machinist	12
Chairmaker	3	Manufacturer	4
Chemist	4	Mason	15
Civil Engineer	1	Mathematician	1
Clerk	124	Mechanic	2
Clockmaker	1	Merchant	14
Coachman	2	Milkmen	2
Collector	2	Miller	1
Contractor	1	Moulder	2
Cooper	6	Musician	1
Coppersmith	1	Music printer	1
Cutler	1	Music teacher	1
Druggist	1	Operative	4
Drummer	4	Organ builder	1
Expressmen	6	Painter	21

Papermaker	2	Soldiers	2
Paperhangings manf	1	Sparmaker	1
Patternmaker	1	Stablekeeper	2
Pedler	2	Stage driver	1
Performer	2	Stair builder	2
Photographer	5	Stereotyper	1
Plumber	1	Stone cutter	8
Pianoforte finisher	2	Stucco worker	1
" maker	1	Student	40
Printer	10	Tailor	3
Porter	1	Teamster	34
Provision dealer	4	Telegrapher	1
Publisher	1	Tin worker	3
Ropemaker	7	Trader	1
Safemaker	1	Trunkmaker	1
Sailmaker	2	Type founder	1
Salesmen	11	Upholsterer	1
Sawyer	3	Varnisher and polisher	1
School teachers	8	Waiter	1
Seamen	77	Watchmaker	3
Sexton	2	Weaver	2
Ship carpenters	3	Wheelwright	1
Silver plater	1		
Solicitor of Patents	1	Total number of trades	128
<hr/>			
Maine	67	Ohio	3
New Hampshire	48	Indiana	1
Vermont	14	Illinois	1
Massachusetts	630	Michigan	2
Rhode Island	9	Kentucky	1
Connecticut	5	Louisiana	1
New York	22	Alabama	1
New Jersey	1		
Pennsylvania	4	Total Native Americans born	
Maryland	4	in the United States	814
<hr/>			
England	15	Turkey	1
Scotland	1	France	1
Ireland	42	St. Helena	1
Germany	12	Holland	2
Cuba	1	Sweden	1
New Brunswick	14	Norway	1
Nova Scotia	12	Switzerland	1
West Indies	1	Denmark	1
Canada	8	Spain	1
Greece	1		
Prussia	4	Total foreign born	121

Average age of the whole regiment exclusive of officers, 25 years, 8 months, 20 days.

Average height of the whole regiment exclusive of officers, 5 feet, 7 $\frac{5}{8}$ inches.

Oldest company, Company H, 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ years.

Youngest company, Company A, 24 years, 3 months.

Tallest company, Company F, 5 feet, 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Shortest company, Company H, 5 feet, 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Total length of the regiment exclusive of officers, 5,302 feet, $\frac{3}{4}$ inches.

Tallest man, 6 feet, 4 inches, only 18 years old.

Shortest man, 4 feet, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches, a drummer boy 16 years old.

Oldest man, several of 45.

Youngest man, 14 years.

The United States takes no one over 45, so that the ages are not correctly given above that age.

Fifty-five men are over 40 years and 194 are under 20.

Fifty-two are 6 feet or over in height and but 3 are under 5 feet and they are drummer boys.

Memories of the Civil War and of Camp and Field in the Forty-Fifth Massachusetts Regiment.

BY PRIVATE EDWARD F. REED OF COMPANY I.



IN stretch of memory and imaginative thought, we seem once more to be living in the exciting days of '61 to '65 and in a vision we see again the restless activity and commotion of the times, and listen to the eloquent and impassioned oratory of citizens and statesmen, whose patriotic utterances, particularly when advocating the calls for enlistments were interspersed with the inspiring martial music of the bands, which participated in, and added interest to, the frequent public gatherings of the people.

THE CALLS FOR VOLUNTEERS AND THE RESPONSE.

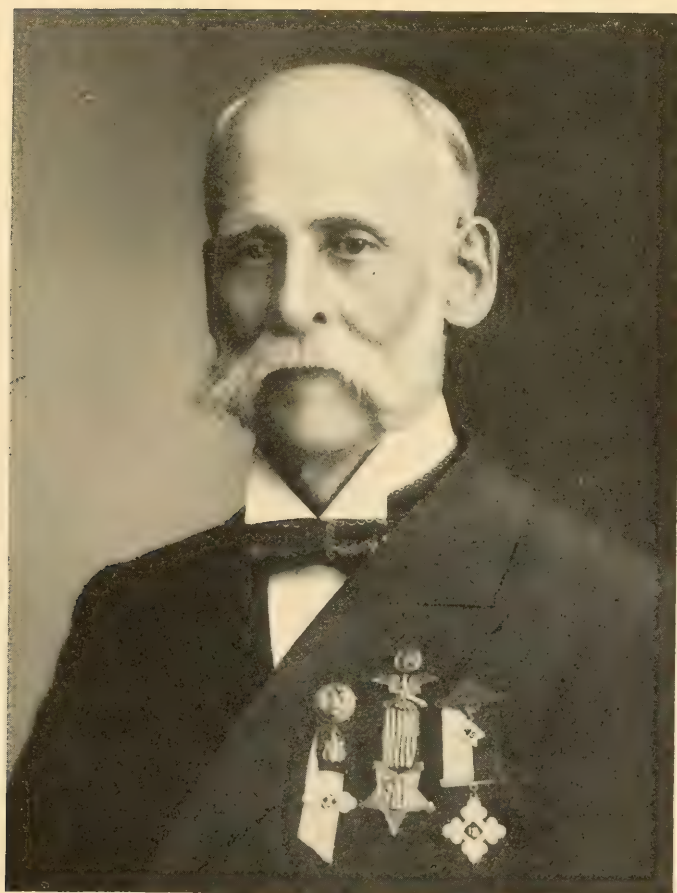
We recall with great complacency and pardonable pride the prompt and hearty response of the sons of Massachusetts to the pathetic calls of our great President Abraham Lincoln, promulgated by Massachusetts' well-beloved War Governor, John A. Andrew for State Militia in the emergency, and later on for volunteers in the United States service, to aid in suppressing the rebellion.

How promptly and well our militia, who responded to these calls, performed their duty to their state and their country, finally enlisting almost to a man in the service of the United States, for three long years, in which they invariably fought valiantly and well, history today attests.

The volunteers called for and obtained during the first stage of the conflict were hustled to the seat of war, immediately, or closely following enlistments as the emergency of the time demanded men quickly, the volunteers responding to later calls, were sent into camps and thoroughly drilled before leaving for the seat of war.



NEW BERNE, 1862
THEN



EDWARD F. REED, CO. I
NOW

A SURGEON'S EXAMINATION.

That historic old edifice—the Old South Church—was used as a recruiting headquarters and as a rendezvous for the surgical examination of enlisted men, a fact not now generally known.

It was in this building the writer successfully passed the critical examination of the duly commissioned surgeon, and he rarely passes this ancient edifice without recalling the day. On that momentous occasion we were in the august presence of the surgeon, and with clothing almost entirely removed, were subjected to a most thorough and rigid examination, being thumped, heart and lungs tested, teeth as to soundness, ears as to hearing, eyes as to sight, etc. This was followed by numerous interrogatories, in which each recruit was asked if he was in the habit of drinking, and “if he ever had the horrors.” As we were then only nineteen years of age, and had never drank a glass of intoxicating liquor, the latter appeared to us, at the time, as entirely unnecessary and uncalled for.

The facts as ascertained were filled into the blank form provided by the Government and as the examination proved satisfactory, it was equivalent to our being accepted. We still have that surgeon's certificate carefully preserved.

The examining surgeon in the writer's case was Charles D. Homans, M. D.

WHO STOOD THE HARDSHIPS OF ARMY LIFE THE BEST?

It is a well authenticated fact that in the long severe marches of the Civil War, it was frequently the case that large robust men, brought up to mechanical work, general labor, or on the farm, were among the first to succumb and drop out of the ranks, while pale faced youths, apparently lacking in general good health and vigor, when enlisted, having left clerkships, colleges, or schools, for the service, withstood with perfect success the weariness and privations of the march, and fought as valiantly and as well as their more robust comrades—who were expected at the outset to far excel them in sustaining the hardships and arduous duties of military service.

THE OUTFIT OF A SOLDIER IN 1861.

The following named articles comprised the required outfit for each man.

Overcoat and cape of light blue. A dress coat of dark blue, single-breasted, with narrow stand up collar, and the Army blouse of the same color for common wear, and fatigue duty, both were trimmed with the United States Army regulation brass buttons, on each of which was prominently embossed an American eagle. Pants of light blue; shoes, stockings of wool, underclothing, white cotton gloves for guard duty, dress parade, and other occasions; a dark blue cloth cap, with patent leather visor, and having at each end a small United States regulation Army button, and on the top of the cap metallic letters indicating the company and regiment of the wearer. The United States regulation hat, was a black felt, the crown usually dented in from front to back, the wide brim caught up on the left side, and secured there by a large brass eagle, for ornament, and on the front the usual metallic letters indicating the company and regiment. Around the crown of the hat was a large three strand silk and wool cord, the strands being of different colors, on the ends of which were two silk tassels, which in connection with the gorgeous brass eagle and looped up side, gave the hat a jaunty and picturesque appearance.

Each recruit was furnished with a musket and bayonet, those of the Forty-Fifth were from the Springfield Armory, and the latest pattern. Attached to the under side of these muskets was a wide leather strap, so arranged as to be drawn out and was used to sling the gun over the shoulder for ease in carrying on the march. With the musket was furnished a black leather belt, having a solid brass plate used as a buckle in front of the wearer, on which appeared the large letters, U. S. in relievo, and attached to the belt was a leather bayonet scabbard, with the end brass tipped, and also a leather cap box for holding percussion caps. Another wide black leather strap, made to pass over the right shoulder, on which was affixed about over the heart of the wearer as an ornament, a large solid brass disc with an Am-

erican eagle in relieve, was used to sustain the black leather cartridge-box, on the flap of which in the centre was another oval brass piece, identical with that of the belt buckle, with the large letters U. S. in relieve again displayed.

There was a knapsack of black enamelled cloth, a tin cloth-covered canteen, a haversack of water-proof material, having a strap to pass over the shoulder, a tin dipper, tin plates, knife, fork and spoons, two woolen blankets, and one of rubber.

The weight of the Springfield musket was about $9\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., cartridge box and plate 1.67 lbs., belt plate, bayonet scabbard and brass frog about one pound. Cartridge boxes were made to carry forty rounds, but on the marches in which the Forty-Fifth participated each man carried sixty rounds, weighing about 5 lbs., all of the above making a total of 17 lbs., to this must be added the weight of the blankets, canteen of water, haversack with three days' rations, as common on the march, an overcoat, all approximately 25 lbs., making a total of 42 lbs., which had to be carried by volunteers when on the march, on expeditions into the enemy's country.

AROUND THE CAMP FIRE.

We found on taking possession of our barracks at Camp Amory on the Trent that they were minus of chimnies, and as winter was at hand, it was necessary to provide warmth for the comfort of the men. As our regiment was composed of men from every walk of life and had skilled artisans in every mechanical trade, enough masons were found and detailed from the various companies to build the chimnies and the material was obtained from the old Planter's House nearby as described by comrade Mann in his paper on "Camp Amory on the Trent."

These chimnies were constructed like those of the olden time with immense openings to allow the reception and burning full length cord wood. The huge fire-place was large enough for men to sit in the chimney when the fire had burned low, and left only the dying embers. The boys greatly enjoyed these cheerful and warmth-giving fires, and sat around the blazing pitch-pine logs

during the long winter evenings, "swapping stories," reading, writing, or playing cards, to relieve the tedium and monotony of army life. It was with great reluctance that we complied with army rules at the sounding of taps, which required the extinguishing of candles, at the nightly order of "Lights Out!"

A LITTLE FUN AFTER TAPS.

One of the non-commissioned officers of Company I had made himself rather unpopular, because of his reporting some of the men for mere trivial violations of the unwritten "after taps" rules, and finally made one complaint which caused great indignation among the members of the company. This "non-com" occupied one of the top berths at the extreme end of the room against the partition which separated our company's quarters from that of another. He was the fortunate possessor of an immense tin dish pan, which, when not in use, was hung on a nail driven into the partition over his berth, making it quite a prominent feature, located high up, at the end of the company room, attracting the attention of all who entered.

At that time nearly all the occupants of the berths had invested in the then recently dug crop of sweet potatoes purchased of "contrabands" and which, for lack of space elsewhere were usually stored in boxes, secured to the side of the building at one end of the berths. These were baked in the embers or boiled when desired, or when occasion demanded a light lunch on all-night guard duty. During the day following the unpleasantness alluded to, and the threat by the "non-com" that another violation by any of the men, would bring dire consequences, one of the "boys" was seen by several members of the company, reaching far out from the berths, and significantly swinging his right arm, evidently, for the purpose of obtaining the right position and range, so that after dark the pan could positively be struck by a potato. That night after "Taps" was sounded and the cry given "Lights out!"—when all had settled down to quiet, a shadowy arm might have been seen by the adjoining "top bunkers" reaching out as far as possible from the bunk, the connect-

ing hand grasping a huge potato, which, after several experimental swings, was loosed, and the potato, shot as from a catapult, striking the target squarely, as intended, making a most terrific noise in the stillness of the night, the force of the impact loosening the pan, and causing it to tumble from its support, onto the owner and from thence to the floor below, making in the latter fall, a most resounding racket, sending forth reverberations which could be heard in all the barracks. This caused much excitement and exhilaration among the men who manifested it by loud laughter and shouting which was taken up by the men in the adjoining room, and so passed along from one company's quarters to another, until the officer of the day and a detail of the guard arrived and visited the various company quarters, in order to ascertain the cause of the disturbance and great exuberance of spirit thus plainly manifested in forbidden hours. Upon their arrival, the men were apparently and (suspiciously) fast asleep, and in the quarters where the disturbance commenced, no one (?) knew anything at all about the cause of the fall and subsequent gyrations of the unfortunate dish pan, but the innocent sweet potato, smashed into innumerable fragments, which were scattered widely over the floor, in the vicinity, pointed in no uncertain manner to the primary cause of the uproar, and the smiling verdict of the investigating officer was clearly expressed in his soliloquy as he left the barracks, "Boys will be boys."

ONE OF OUR BRAVE BOYS AT KINSTON.

Comrade Brooks of Company I who was near the writer, was shot at the battle of Kinston. Upon receiving his wound he immediately jumped up and started to run to the rear for surgical assistance when the writer and one or two others, shouted to him to come back and not expose himself unnecessarily, as at that particular time the concentration of the enemy's missiles, made it almost suicidal to stand erect, but he did not heed the advice, and was again shot, this time in a vital spot, which later caused his death. As he was being transported on a stretcher from the battlefield, he espied a rebel in the woods, and raising himself up, fired his musket, which he still retained, and killed him.

He died December 14th, 1862, the day of the battle. By a singular fatality his brother Frank was afterwards shot, and discharged October 23d on account of wounds.

RATIONS.

Among other remembrances of Army life, which have left an indelible impression on my mind, is that of "Falling in for Rations" — The outdoor life and exercise gave us most voracious appetites, in contrast to that of our usual home life. We were always ravenously hungry at meal times. At these tri-daily occurrences, the men fell "into line" with more than their usual alacrity, each with his quart tin dipper and plate, and cheerily marched to the Cook House for "Grub," where the ample dipper was filled with coffee, *sans* milk, but invariably well sweetened with molasses, or crude brown sugar, which was closely allied to the sugary deposit, found in the bottom of molasses casks, while the large plate was invariably filled to overflowing with good nutritious food. The victuals most frequently supplied were beans, to which a goodly supply of "treacle" was added in cooking, and thus formed a component part, and over these, as the cook dealt them out, was thrown, if desired, a liberal allowance of vinegar, and a dash of black pepper. Beans were alternated with "Salt Junk," the Army name — "Salthorse" the Navy name for corned beef, which was of the common and cheapest grades. Through the good offices of the Colonel, however, our regiment occasionally procured fresh beef, supposedly by his not drawing on the Commissary for the "Saltjunk" to which the men were entitled, taking the value in money, and by adding to the amount thus obtained, we occasionally had a ration of fresh meat.

Potatoes and other vegetables were plentifully supplied. Sometimes the cook varied the monotony of the corned beef boiled dinner, by freshening out the "Saltjunk" by soaking it in water several hours, and making a fresh "beef stew" with vegetables. Hard tack was used for bread, except on rare occasions, and for dessert, we were daily given a full plate of boiled rice,

over which was poured a plentiful supply of cheap black molasses, which "smelt to heaven" of rum. Occasionally, our "hard tack," owing to the warm climate of the South, combined with the extreme antiquity of the material, was found to be densely populated with "skippers," such as are sometimes found in cheese, and when the biscuit was broken, they "skipped" out. Whenever this happened, the remaining "tack" was sent back to the Commissary by the Quartermaster, and a fresh supply of more recent "bake" was delivered. On the whole, however, the food furnished by the Government, while at rigid variance and inferiority as to quality and daintiness to that to which the men were accustomed at home, was nevertheless, wholesome, and the hungry men invariably put it out of sight, with much "gusto." Of course it will be understood that the men had recourse to the Sutler's Establishment where condensed milk, sugar, canned meats, and in fact almost anything could be purchased, and finally it was arranged with the cook, to serve coffee without treacle, and the Quartermaster furnished a better quality of brown sugar, which was acceptable, the men buying condensed milk of the Sutler.

That the Government was frequently imposed upon by unprincipled persons engaged in furnishing supplies is shown by the following incident. One day the Cook of Company I, Comrade _____, whose occupation in civil life was that of a butcher, called the writer into the Cook House at Camp Amory on the Trent, when he had just opened a barrel of "Army Beef" (Salt Junk), and showed me a piece he had just taken out. He asked me if I knew what it was. I replied: "Why, corned beef, of course." He laughed and said it was undoubtedly horse or mule, and explained, at some length, that a beef creature had no such bone as was encased in that meat. There is no question but that he was correct, as he was an expert butcher, fully acquainted with the anatomy of beef animals, and consequently could not be mistaken.

It is unnecessary to add that the men were not served with that meat, for after dark, it was consigned to a deep hole in the

ground unknown to the boys or Quartermaster, as we concluded it would be best to say nothing about it, the balance of the meat in the barrel being all right.

The writer, however, told his cousin Will, his bunkmate and companion, and it was some time before we felt at all ravenously inclined for "Salt Junk" diet.

REMINISCENCES.

When the Forty-Fifth ceased firing at the battle of Kinston, on account of the retreat of the enemy, they left their dead where they had fallen and pushed on out of the swamp to where the Confederates had been in force, a large proportion of them having been ensconced behind rows of resin barrels for protection from Yankee bullets, from which position, in partial security from danger, they loaded, and kept up an incessant discharge of musketry at the Forty-Fifth, which, without cover, but taking advantage of military strategy, loaded and fired, lying down, and thus partially offset the disadvantage they labored under in their duel with the enemy, both sides, meanwhile "firing at will," *i. e.*, each one loading and discharging his musket as rapidly as possible, without regard to any orders, or system, and notwithstanding the security of the position of the enemy's infantry, backed by a perfect avalanche of shot and shell from their artillery, the Yankees won. As Company I left this sad and gruesome scene of bloodshed and death, the writer and other members of the Company passed the body of their Company Comrade Charles E. Munroe, lying prostrate, with white upturned face, as they supposed, dead, and this cast an additional gloom and sadness over them, as he was well liked by all. The reader will readily imagine and understand our surprise some hours later when we were encamped in the town of Kinston, when he unexpectedly appeared among us. It was as if he had risen from the dead, for we all thought we had seen the last of him in this life. He was a good, patriotic, and brave boy, and was much esteemed by all who knew him, but was far from being in robust health and the excitement of the battle fray, augmented by being reduced to short rations, through the loss of our bag-

gage wagons, and the loss of rest and the fatigue of the march, was more than nature could stand, and he was obliged to succumb to the inevitable, and "fainted dead away."

He was one who always performed his duty to the best of his ability, faithfully and well, as shown afterwards on this march, and with the company at Morehead City, Fort Macon, and Fort Spinola. He became inured to the hardships of Army life, but near the end of our term of service he was taken down, a few days previous to our departure for home, with that scourge of Army life in the South, "spotted fever," then prevalent, and usually quickly fatal, and died in the Hospital at Newbern, June 22, 1863, the regiment embarking for Boston a day or two later, his body was brought home in the steamer. As there was no means then of telegraphing, on account of the intervening Confederate territory, we could not inform his parents, sisters and friends of his decease.

They were on Boston Common with the thousands of relatives and friends of returning members of the regiment to greet him on his arrival home.

The writer well remembers the dismay and sorrow of his family when they were informed of the sad circumstance and that his body was on the steamer then lying at Battery Wharf.

It was one of the sorrowful, pathetic scenes of Army life that time will never efface from memory.

SOME MEMORIES AND INCIDENTS OF THE EXPEDITION TO GOLDSBORO.

Just before the army halted for the night on Saturday, the day before the battle of Kinston, the Forty-Fifth arrived at what appeared to be a sluggish stream of water, and as we had drained our canteens—all were eager to quench their thirst, and so drank copiously from the stream and then refilled our canteens. As the surface of the water was but a few inches below the bank of the stream or ditch, the sides of which were abrupt, and the water of some depth, the writer following the example of the others, laid down to reach the stream with his lips to drink, and in doing

so, the musket, which was slung over his back by its strap, slipped over his head, plunged into the stream and was entirely submerged, but was quickly grabbed by the strap and saved before it sank to the bottom of the stream. The gun being loaded and the barrel filled with water, I thought the powder would be wet and thus render the charge useless. That night the writer tried to borrow a screw such as we used on the end of the ramrod to extract bullets, but could not find one among the members of Company I. Then I went to the captain and to members of other companies, but none of them had this important and oft-times necessary article. Consequently it was impossible to replace the old charge with a new one. It was therefore with considerable misgiving that the writer entered the swamp at Kinston, as to the musket being of any value, but when the regiment opened fire on the Confederates, he was overjoyed upon pulling the trigger, to feel the musket respond and speak with its accustomed vigor, speeding the bullet true to aim into the enemy's ranks. It was a momentous occasion and one we shall never forget.

For sometime previous to our being ordered into the swamp at Kinston to flank the Confederates, our batteries had been diligently shelling the woods in order to dislodge and drive out the enemy who were supposed to be in considerable force there, but through some mistake, or delay, orders were not received by them to desist until after the Forty-Fifth had entered the woods on the edge of the great swamp. In consequence of this, several shells were thrown in close proximity to the passing regiment, and one exploded right in its midst, one large piece of solid jagged cast-iron from the explosion torn missile, passing with terrific force directly over the writer and nearly buried itself in the trunk of a large tree, a foot above his head. This explosion wounded several men and killed one outright, the concussion blowing the face entirely away but leaving the skull. Death was instantaneous and the peculiar circumstance was, the body became immediately rigid, dropping on hands and knees, and was in that position when the writer passed, and it was said, was found in the same position after the battle.

As we were struggling through the mire and underbrush of

the swamp in order to flank the Confederates, the order was sent down the line to each company to "throw away blankets," as their weight and bulk retarded our progress, and would prove a serious hindrance in action. The blankets were thrown off the backs of the men into the swamp, without halting, as the regiment pressed forward to meet and engage the enemy, and were left so far behind that few of them were ever recovered. Some of our men were fortunate enough to find blankets which had belonged to members of other regiments, but the larger portion were obliged to go without and slept in their overcoats, that cold December night, on the frozen ground. After the battle and before our troops crossed the bridge to Kinston, the writer, while strolling about, came to a tent which had been occupied by some Confederate officers, and found there among other articles, some very fine blankets, much better and heavier than those carried by our troops, being of pure wool, while ours were part shoddy. These he quickly confiscated and deemed himself unusually fortunate, and that night, he and his cousin, William H. Reed of Company I, cuddled comfortably together, with two blankets over and one beneath. A day or two afterwards, the tortures we were enduring led us to make a critical examination of the blankets, and we found them filled with that insect pest of army days "gray backs."

In passing through the swamp, Company I passed an officer of another regiment behind a large tree, who was brandishing his sword in the air, and yelling at the top of his voice, "Go it boys, go for them, etc." As our company had several men who had seen military service abroad, this action excited their ire, and one of them raised his musket and ordered the officer out on penalty of being shot, and as he saw the man was in earnest, he was forced to vacate his shield, the tree, and march on. We never learned who he was, or of what regiment.

In that battle in the swamp each man loaded and fired at will, and one of the members of Company I, a "Cape Codder," in the excitement of the occasion, and his desire to fire again quickly, after loading his musket forgot to remove the ramrod. Consequently when he pulled the trigger, away went musket ball, ramrod

and all, fortunately and miraculously not bursting the barrel, but causing a most terrific "kick" of the musket which made his shoulder ache for some time. His comrades frequently joked him afterwards, in regard to this incident, facetiously saying, that he was so accustomed to stringing alewives and other fish on rods, that he was trying to string rebels on his ramrod. He was a good fellow, brave and well liked and this "jollyng" was not intended to disparage him in the least.

In the battle some of the members of the Forty-Fifth came very near firing upon a regiment of Pennsylvania troops, which was coming through the woods, mistaking them for Confederates, as they were uniformed in a butternut gray, very similar in color to that of the enemy. Their exhibition of the United States colors alone prevented the catastrophe.

One of our comrades had a pack of playing cards in the breast pocket of his coat. A rifle or musket ball from the Confederate lines passed nearly through the pack leaving him uninjured, save a slight bruising of the skin.

When the regiment was at Camp Meigs, Readville, Mass., before leaving for the seat of war, we were visited by a salesman, who exhibited and offered for sale, a "Yankee Invention," in the shape of a steel vest, to be worn under the blouse, which was intended to be bullet proof. Very few of them were sold and for various reasons, namely, they were not actually bullet proof—they generally caused the deflection of a bullet, so that it would glance and perhaps fatally injure some other soldier, and last, but not least, most of the men felt that their bravery would be called in question if they wore one. Among those who bought one of these vests was Comrade Frost of Company I. During the battle of Kinston he was struck in the cheek and the bullet passed through his mouth, tearing out nearly all of his teeth and coming out on the other side. After his recovery he was frequently jollied about the vest and told he had the article on in the wrong place, that he should have worn it over his face, as a helmet. It is needless to add, that the vest was discarded, and we believe all others in the regiment were also.

After the regiment came out of the swamp at Kinston in

broken detachments owing to the battle fray and the difficulty of getting through the mire and underbrush, the writer, his cousin, W. H. Reed, and a few others stood together in a group watching the retreating Confederates and the burning bridge, which the enemy had fired, to prevent the crossing of our troops. The Confederates from their intrenchments across the river were still firing shot and shell in our direction, and one shell, of the round type, in which was inserted a time fuse, came rolling along towards the group, its force nearly spent, with the fire spluttering and liable to explode at any second. It stopped about where we had stood, as we all quickly separated as it approached, to give it "right of way" all anxious to get as far away as possible before the explosion. At this time when the exigency of the occasion seemed to demand the putting of as much distance as possible between us and the sizzling missile of death, one of the men of the regiment, whose identity has unfortunately been lost in memory during the years that have intervened, ran up, grabbed the smoking shell and quickly threw it into the ditch alongside which was filled with water, which instantly put out the burning fuse, and thereby saved some, if not all of that group, from death. It was an act of real heroism, combined with great presence of mind, and we regret exceedingly that we cannot recall the name of this brave man.

The poor whites of North Carolina who lived in the dense pitch-pine forests and were engaged in the business of tapping the trees and converting the sap into tar, rosin and spirits of turpentine, were generally of a very low order of intelligence, about on a par with the ordinary negro of that time, very few being able to read or write, and the recruits from this district in their dirty butternut colored clothing, a mere apology for a uniform, looked like tramps, most of them having long, straight yellow hair, falling almost to their shoulders. Several companies of infantry were recruited by the Confederates from among these people and they formed part of several of the North Carolina regiments, but the majority of the Southern soldiers were of a much higher standard of intelligence.

Among the nearly five hundred Confederates, which Company I held under guard as prisoners, for a short time after the battle of Kinston, the writer conversed with several, some men of intelligence, but the majority of them from companies recruited from the tar and turpentine forest sections of that State. One of the latter gentlemen volunteered the information that "We uns' 'lowed (allowed) we could lick you uns out of your beuts (boots) but you Yanks are mighty good fighters."

Another volunteered the remark that the Confederate officers considered the swamp impassable to a besieging army, and another said an officer told his men "If the d— Yanks did get through, they would retreat quickly under their concentrated artillery and infantry fire."

Most of the prisoners, particularly the more intelligent, expressed themselves as well pleased at being captured, as many of them had been taken from their families by enforced conscription and had but little heart in the Confederate cause. On this memorable march we often came across contrabands with whom the men conversed, oftentimes with much delectation, their odd way of talking, their description of their masters, and their ideas of freedom, being very laughable. Many thought they would never have to work any more, but would live in the "Norf," which in their estimation was a "land flowing with milk and honey" without labor. Their ideas as to distance were also very ludicrous. When asked how far it was to some certain place ahead, they would reply, "Well, Sah, 'bout a right smart mile (or some other specified number of miles) I reckon." These Southern "right smart, I reckon," miles invariably proved a very delusive estimate, and generally would be found to be correct if multiplied at least by the number 3. Several hundred of the "contrabands" fell in the wake of the army and accompanied it to New Berne in their desire for freedom, but we found many who would under no consideration leave masters who had always well treated and cared for them, and who had now none but good words for their "Massa" and "Missus" and their children.

Among those who participated in the engagements of *Kinston* and *Whitehall* several men were entirely deprived of the power of speech by the windage of projectiles from the Confederate Artillery or by the explosion of shells near their faces, causing a partial paralysis of the nerves of the tongue. These men were dumb for days, and some of them for weeks, before the nerves resumed their functions, making articulation again possible, and thereby renewal of speech.

During this period of enforced silence the unfortunate victim could express his thoughts and desires only by chirography, and consequently each one so afflicted carried constantly a slate and pencil, or pencil and paper.

This resultant effect of closely passing shot and shell is of common occurrence in battles where artillery is used, as the missiles in their rapid flight create a great atmospheric pressure in front, and a corresponding vacuum behind, consequently when they pass or a shell explodes close to the face, in which latter case the shock and atmospheric disturbance is still more intense, it causes the person to gasp and lose breath through the windage or suction, thus affecting the tongue and resulting in temporary loss of voice.

A solid shot from one of the Confederate batteries came tearing through the Virginia rail fence some distance in front of us and instantly killed Comrade Boerdhouse of Company I, who was the next man on my left. Captain Rich instantly asked who was killed, and some one who thought it was the writer, replied "Reed," but I answered "No, it was Boerdhouse." Comrade Wilson of Company I, who was the next man to the writer on his right, was soon after shot in the wrist and this leads me to relate the following anecdote regarding him. Wilson had seen service in the Crimean War, and could handle a musket in such an expert manner, in fancy movements, and go through the manual of arms with such lightning rapidity that it was simply wonderful. He often told of his former military service much to the entertainment of his comrades, who were nearly all raw recruits, and frequently expressed the hope that the regiment would

soon be engaged in battle strife. After the battle of Kinston he said, "Ah, boys, that is what I like," but at Whitehall he was for the first time wounded, and thereafter, although some of the boys would occasionally ask him, referring to the battle of Whitehall, "if that was what he liked," he had but little to say. The bullet which was afterwards extracted he wore as a charm on his watch chain after his recovery.

Once on the march to Goldsboro, the army halted for the night in an immense cornfield and huge campfires were kindled and maintained throughout the night, for warmth, the men confiscating the surrounding Virginia rail fences for fuel. After making coffee and hastily swallowing rations, the boys prepared to "turn in" for the night as usual, with rubber blankets on the ground, to keep out the dampness, and woolen ones over them, but they had reckoned without their host, for they soon discovered that restful sleep was there impossible owing to the unevenness caused by the corn hills, and this was much augmented by the stubble which had been pulled up by the men in the vain endeavor to level these rounded hills. We do not know through whose inadvertence a camp was selected in such a spot, particularly at such an inopportune time, when the men required sound refreshing sleep if they ever did in their lives. Many and loud were the imprecations heard as the men turned and twisted during the night, with aching backs and sides, in the fruitless endeavor to relieve the tedium by frequently changing their position.

The day of the battle of Goldsboro the Forty-Fifth, owing to its colonel being officer of the day of the army, was the rear guard of the entire Federal expedition, and consequently on the return march the nearest to the Confederate forces, a position of great responsibility and danger in case the enemy should charge with infantry or cavalry the rear of the column. The regiment had under its protection and care, all the wagons and vehicles used on the march. These contained baggage, commissary and quartermasters' stores, ammunition, etc. Among these were the ambulances and other vehicles of the hospital department, which

contained surgeon's and medical supplies, tents, cots, etc. Every military organization connected with the expedition had its wagons containing provisions and other supplies with the single exception of the Forty-Fifth, which had lost theirs, through the breaking of a bridge the second day out of New Berne, which precipitated wagon and four horses into the creek below. Being therefore without food supplies, they had been very scantily provided for, by partial rations taken from other regiments, and consequently the men had sought food elsewhere, and had subsisted largely by foraging, often on the march, going off quite a distance from the main column. The writer well remembers the hotly expressed indignation of himself and comrades on one occasion, directly after the loss of the regimental stores, when, after being on the march from early sunrise to nearly midnight, during which the men had subsisted on raw sweet potatoes and peanuts, having no time to cook them, and having thrown themselves down, and dropped at once into sound sleep, were awakened and presented by the quartermaster's department with one half of a "hard tack" each. Most of the men were so irate that they would not deign to eat it, but threw it away, needing rest more than the food, and quickly dropped into sound, refreshing sleep.

During the battle of Goldsboro, a train arrived within the lines of the enemy, containing re-enforcements, being packed full to overflowing with Confederates, and while still in rapid motion, was fired upon by the Union batteries, whose shot and shell created great damage, both to the men and the rolling stock of the Confederates. When a projectile struck the train the inmates were evidently panic-stricken and did not wait for the cars to stop, but piled out indiscriminately, one over the other, jumping off the car platforms and some even forcing themselves through the car windows, so eager were they to get out of danger of the Yankee artillery missiles, evidently believing the old saying, "Everybody for himself and the devil take the hindmost." The scene was much enjoyed by all who had the fortune to witness it.

On our return march after the battle of "Goldsboro Bridge," the army bivouacked one night near the scene of our first engagement in Kinston Swamp, and the following morning resumed our homeward march, passing very close to the site of the bridge over the Neuse which was burned, by our troops, after crossing it, the day following the battle. The news of the return of the Union Army and its close proximity to the town caused renewed consternation, amounting to a panic, among the few Confederate troops, the town people and Confederate sympathizers, who were in the town, as they expected the army would this time take permanent possession of Kinston. The column, however, kept on its way to New Berne, but this time avoided the round about way which they had previously travelled, and took the main direct road, which the enemy expected General Foster would follow on his outward march which was thoroughly fortified at one point with earth works for artillery, and rifle pits for infantry, all so concealed as to be practically an ambuscade, that they might surprise and entrap some of the regiments constituting the head of the column, and thereby carry dismay and possibly defeat to the entire army. General Foster was, however, too wary and able an officer to be caught in any such spider's web, as he had ascertained all these facts from his scouts. Here he brought his wonderful strategical ability into play, to checkmate this plan of the Confederates—that same ability which had served him before, and continued to serve him while in his country's service. He abandoned the direct road to Kinston, taking a round about route, entailing many more miles of marching, in a somewhat different direction but still on a road, from which later on, by cross-roads, the expedition could reach Kinston and by so doing avoided one useless engagement, which would have resulted in a severe loss of life and perhaps defeat. Such was Foster's strategy that the enemy believed that he intended to force his way over the main road into their network of ambuscaded rifle pits and masked batteries. By making a feint in that direction with a small portion of his troops he kept the enemy from transferring his forces to any point which would interfere with, or cut off the Union Army from safely and peaceably reaching the outskirts of

Kinston, and this farce he kept up until the main body of the Union Army was miles on its way and beyond molestation from that batch of the Confederate forces. These abandoned ambuscades and earth works we saw on this return march, passing them in the road where they were plainly exposed to view, and we all realized how formidable the enemy would have proved in these intrenchments had we fallen into the trap set for us.

As the Forty-Fifth approached the bridge over the Trent on its return march from the Goldsboro Expedition and came in sight of their camp grounds and barracks across the river, the regimental band struck up "Home Sweet Home." It is needless to say that every one of those tired, footsore and begrimed warriors was truly thankful to get back to his old quarters after that wearisome ten days march of privation and carnage, during which they had traveled about two hundred miles over loose sand roads, through muck and mire, forded streams, subsisted partly on raw sweet potatoes and raw peanuts, after the loss of the regimental stores, fought in battle strife, and had not once been under cover, save the canopy of heaven, slept on the frozen ground, wrapped in blankets during those cold December nights when the water in the canteens was frozen in the morning, and had to be thawed out over the camp fires, before the thirst could be appeased. During this time, of course, their clothing had not once been removed—when wet and saturated as it had been on more than one occasion, it had to dry on the men. Often there was no water to wash the face and hands, and such looking hands and faces, blackened by the greasy soot from the pitch-pine camp fires, and burning woods through which they had forced their way, after the Confederates had set fire to the turpentine forests to cut off their return—pores so filled with grime, that soap and water would not remove it, or aught but time. Can the reader wonder at their sincere thankfulness and satisfaction at reaching what was for the time being, home to them, where they could enjoy a bath, a change of clothing, cooked food, and a good night's rest under a "roof tree" with clothing removed.

Many prayers went up that night to God for loved ones far

away, and thankfulness for their own preservation and safe return, for the men of the Forty-Fifth Regiment were generally of a religious trend of mind.

While the Cadet Regiment was composed almost entirely of Protestants we know that all will acknowledge the truth of the following quotation, and join in paying grateful tribute to the noble women therein referred to. Religion played no part with them in ministering to the sick and wounded. They did their full duty faithfully and well, to Protestant and Catholic alike. God bless these women! Surely they will have their reward in the other world, if not in this.

We know all will echo the following sentiment:

“To Mother Madeline and the Sisters of Mercy, who by their tender care and skilful nursing, lightened the pains and ennui of many a poor sufferer in the Stanley Hospital at New Berne, and who stood the only representative of mother, sisters and home, by the bedsides of our dying soldiers, we owe our earnest and sincere thanks.”



FRANK A. FIELD, COMPANY A

"Our silent absent"

Comrade Frank A. Field of Company A.

*They answer not at roll call! where gone and whither fled?
We query, and the answer comes, "They are thy honored dead"
They answer not at roll call! what, are they gone from earth?
And will no more their voices, join in our songs and mirth?
They answer not at roll call! when their names we here repeat
In vain among our number, we look, the loved to greet.
They answer not at roll call! they sleep, the good and brave,
While we at memory's altar, strew garlands o'er their grave.
They answer not at roll call! for now their spirits fled,
In silence, here we give, "Our loved and honored dead"
They answer not at roll call! nor will we meet them here,
But memory and friendship, will keep their spirits near.
They answer not at roll call! and broken is our line,
To night, let us in friendship, bight wreaths for them entwine,
And thus keep green the memories, of comrades gone before.
They'll answer not at roll call: we'll meet them here no more!*

Reminiscences and Incidents of Army Life in North Carolina in the Eighteenth Army Corps

A LESSON IN MILITARY ETIQUETTE.



MY first experience in Military Etiquette was quite a novel one, which I shall never forget, and happened in the following manner. Our regiment had been sworn in at Readville, and we came into Boston to listen to a public oration given in our honor. We were lined up on Boston Common, all "spick and span" in our new uniforms, waiting for the services to commence. The Governor was about to deliver his address, when it was discovered that Colonel Codman was absent. As luck would have it, I was despatched as an orderly to go to the Colonel's house, and inform him that everything was in readiness, and we were waiting for him. I proceeded on the "Double Quick" and soon arrived at the Colonel's home. Ringing the bell I inquired of the servant who opened the door if the Colonel was in, and being answered in the affirmative, removed my cap as I entered. As I was shown into the room where the Colonel was seated, I bowed most politely. The Colonel looked at me very sternly for a little while and then gave me the following advice, for my future guidance: — "A Soldier *never* takes his cap off, but salutes in the following manner:" — (giving me the salute, which I returned, after hurriedly adjusting my cap.) I thanked him as well as my confusion permitted. He then inquired the nature of my visit, which I briefly stated. "All right," he answered, "report back to your company. I will be there about the same time you will." We saluted each other, and then parted, and I returned to my company *a wiser soldier*.

OUR FIRST ENGAGEMENT.

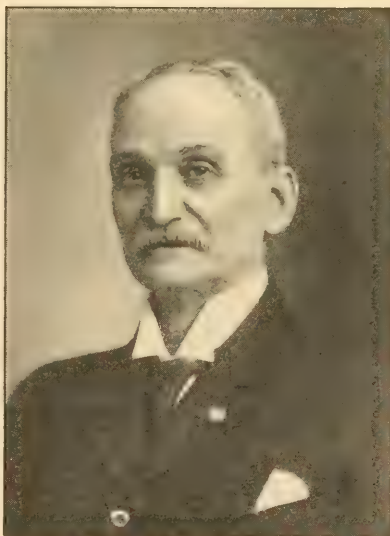
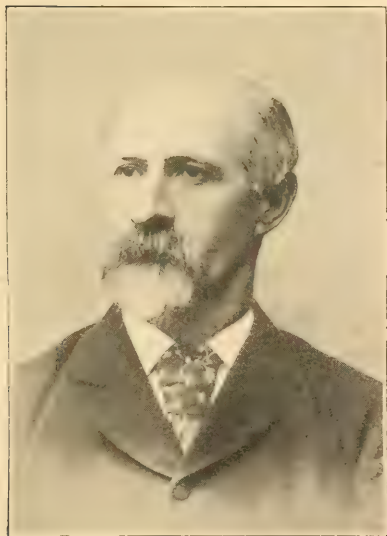
"Now, men, we are going in to face the Enemy; the first man

I see running away, I will be a worse Enemy to him than to any in front." Colonel Codman rode up and down on horseback as he issued these orders to the 45th Massachusetts, as we were lined up for our first engagement at Kinston, N. C., December 14th, 1862 "We were all more or less frightened" writes C. S. Pike," "and had there been a favorable opportunity to run without anybody seeing me, I would be running yet." Orders were issued to "Forward March!" and we proceeded on our way. The fighting had already commenced, and the shots, only a little in advance, could be distinctly heard. On our way we met two men carrying a wounded soldier of the gallant 9th New Jersey, and the sight of his bloody appearance gave me a creepy feeling down my back.

Our regiment advancing, must have cheered the poor fellow, for as we passed, his face lighted up with a smile, and he shouted, "Go in boys, and give them ——." And we determined after that, to go in, and come what might, we would be prepared for it. As we reached the firing line, we were ordered to lie down, in order to avoid the enemy's fire. The "Johnnies" were invisible, but from the number of shots fired, and the way they picked us, there must have been quite a lot of them. Directly in front of us were clumps of hedges and bushes, and from behind these we were firing across a road, on the other side of which were more trees and bushes. Wherever we saw a puff of smoke, or the head of a "Johnnie" we fired, and after a few shots we got right down to business. Nothing daunted the "rebs" returned our fire, with interest. We had been fighting for some time, when suddenly from the rear, a loud shout was heard, and Lieut. Alfred Winsor and fifteen or twenty men jumped out to the road to close in on the "Johnnies." What a sight met our eyes! There were the "Johnnies" behind a rail fence popping away at us from all sides.

An old house, somewhat back from the line was lined with "rebs." From behind the chimney they were shooting down at us.

In the excitement Lieut. Winsor lost his revolver, and a shot struck the end of my cartridge box, and bent the brass letters, "U. S." Lieut. Winsor, seeing the hopelessness of the situation



EDMUND F. PARTRIDGE, CO. I
WALTER M. FISHER, CO. C

CORP. GEORGE L. HAINES, CO. D
CHARLES S. PIKE, CO. H

ordered, "About face," "double quick, march!" — You may be sure his orders were promptly obeyed. We lost quite a number of men that day, and from that time on, we considered ourselves well seasoned soldiers.

"ON PICKET."

Company H had received orders to detail several men for picket duty — while the regiment was located at Camp Amory on the Trent, and I happened to be one of those selected for that duty. I was stationed next to the outer picket. This was my first experience. We took turns and all went well, until my turn came. I had been on duty but a short time when, all of a sudden, the outer guard fired his gun.

No sooner had the men who were with me heard the report, than they all made for a big tree, leaving me all alone.

It was up to me to fire my gun, also, so as to give the alarm, which I accordingly did. It is not the most pleasant feeling in the world, to be alone at night on guard, knowing that something was amiss, and expecting any moment to be shot down by a bullet from the "rebs." I don't think I ever reloaded my gun quicker than I did that night. I was certainly scared, but I knew I had to wait there, until the Officer of the Guard arrived. In a few moments I saw a man approaching, and shouted to him. "Halt, who comes there?" — "The Officer of the Day with the Countersign," he answered. "Advance and give the Countersign" which he did, to my great relief. He then enquired the cause of the trouble, and upon my informing him, that it was at the outer picket post, he proceeded to investigate. Returning afterwards he reported everything O. K. The outer picket had fired at a boat going up the river. The alarm caused quite a commotion in our camp across the river. In their hurry many of the men turned out, minus hats, coats and shoes, while some even forgot their guns.

OUR COLOR BEARER, THEODORE PARKMAN.

The Color Sergeant of Company H was one of those rare men whom we meet once in a lifetime.

He rarely thought of himself, but always of others. On the march, and when facing the enemy, he would assist others, either with a helping hand, or with some timely fatherly advice. Theodore Parkman, of Newton, Massachusetts, was the son of a clergyman, and surely no son ever followed more closely in his father's footsteps, than did our beloved Color Sergeant.

In the evening, in the camp, after "Dress Parade," and after the bloody battle of Kinston, he would gather the men of his Company around him, and speak of things that made us all better and nobler men. But his good work was suddenly cut short, on that sad day at Whitehall, N. C., December 16th, 1862, when we were supporting a battery in that fight. All of us in Company H, and also every man in the Forty-Fifth deeply mourned his loss, for he was one of the best and noblest men in the regiment.

"WHEN THE BAND COULDN'T PLAY."

We were guarding the baggage wagons at Goldsboro', N. C., December 17, 1862, and simultaneously eating that delicious substance known as "hard tack," while our battery was some distance ahead, giving it hot and heavy to the "rebels."

Soon the word came in that our battery was victorious, and had utterly routed the "rebs." Our bandmen, who had halted near us, were regaling themselves with liberal helpings of "hard tack" and when they heard the good news, they started in to play the "Star Spangled Banner." The music had progressed but a little ways when we noticed several musicians blowing very strenuously, without producing any sound. Others put their eyes to the mouth piece hoping to locate the trouble, and giving a parting blow, stopped. Finally the whole band had to give up, amid roaring laughter on all sides.

The rest of us knew what the trouble was, the men had their mouths full of hard tack, and we gave the band cheer after cheer. Never before was the "Star Spangled Banner" so fitfully rendered, and thereafter the bandmen took great care to remove all particles of food from their mouths before rendering any music.

"A WET TIME."

We had a very difficult and disagreeable march on the 28th

day of April 1863, when orders were issued to go out and demolish some earthworks which the "Johnnies" had erected up the Neuse River.

We marched along the railroad track, and it commenced to rain, as I never saw it rain before. It came down by bucket-fuls, and it seemed the farther we marched, the harder it rained, until we were actually wading in water. But we had to keep on marching, and the water grew deeper and deeper. Imagine pushing your way through water, waist deep, with a gun, 100 rounds of cartridges, a blanket, and raining pitchforks, and you will have some idea of how we marched that day.

We had 40 rounds in our Cartridge boxes, and 60 rounds in our blouse pockets. When we examined our ammunition we found what we had in our cartridge boxes was all right, while that in our blouse pockets were minus the powder, it had all been washed away. We approached the earthworks, with a great deal of circumspection, and the "Johnnies" after the exchange of a few volleys had given us leg bail — It may be stated that Company H took the "Johnnies" departure all in good part, not one of us swearing or using any emphatic language. Our Company H was the Color Company, and the next day being May Day, it occurred to me that it would be a good idea to make a wreath for our flag. Accordingly on our way back from the capture of the earthworks I gathered a bunch of wild flowers, to be used the next day in decorating the flag. We marched nearly all that night, halting at one o'clock in the morning, when we went into bivouac and slept until daylight. When I got up in the morning my tent mate looked at me in a surprising manner, and asked me if I felt sick. "I told him that I never felt better" — "Why, my good fellow," he exclaimed, "you have the small pox" When the Surgeon examined me, he pronounced it "measles" caused by our nautical march of the previous day. — Measles or no measles, I was determined to make the wreath, and placing the flowers beside me on the ground, I sat on a low stump and commenced the wreath. When about half way through I fell over unconscious. In this state they found me, and I was transported in a platform car, to Newberne, a rubber blanket thrown over me. The Flag

got no decoration on that day. I had all the decoration on my face, besides a two week's stay in the Hospital.

CHARLES S. PIKE of Company H.

COMPANY I, AT FORT MACON.

Benson J. Lossing, the historian, who visited Fort Macon in 1864, tells us that the fort was built of brick and stone, and named in honor of Nathaniel Macon, a distinguished statesman of North Carolina. Built for defence against a foreign foe, its principal strength in masonry and guns, was toward the sea, and it perfectly commanded the narrow ship channel at the entrance to the harbor.

The Confederate flag that was displaced by the National banner was made of the old United States flag, that was over the fort when the insurgents seized it, a few months previous. The red and white stripes had been ripped apart, and then put together so as to form the broad bars of the Confederate flag. The superfluous stars had been cut out, and the holes thus made, were left.

From the reports of General Burnside and Commodore Lockwood, we are informed, that, "the troops of the garrison were held as prisoners of war on parole until duly exchanged, the number being about five hundred. The officers were allowed to retain their side arms; and both officers and men had the privilege of saving their private effects. In this conflict the Nationals lost only one man killed, and two wounded. The Confederates lost seven killed and eighteen wounded. The fruits for the victor were the important fort; the command of Beaufort harbor; twenty thousand pounds of powder; one hundred and fifty 10-inch shells; two hundred and fifty 32-pound shot; one hundred and fifty 8-inch shot, and four hundred stand of arms."

"The Confederate commander of Fort Macon, at the time of its capitulation, was Colonel Moses T. White, a nephew of Jefferson Davis, who declared he would not yield until he had eaten his last biscuit and slain his last horse"

Our company was detached from the regiment and assigned to duty at Fort Macon, North Carolina. We were drilled in heavy

artillery and soon became expert shots. We were quartered in the casemates of the fort and felt quite secure as we laid down at night. We had charge of about forty criminals, some with ball and chain. Others had more freedom, but were obliged to saw all the wood that was burned in the casemates. We were very fond of oysters, and could go out any time and get all that we wanted and I tell you, comrades, they tasted good. Once in a while there would come a high south wind, and if there were any blackfish that were after their dinner, and they got a good school of fish between them and the shore, they would drive them in, in a big wave, and the school of fish would be thrown high and dry upon the beach, and I have seen at least five hundred barrels of fish left there by the receding wave, and sometimes eight or ten blackfish. These latter were from ten to fifteen feet long and weighing from one thousand to fifteen hundred pounds. Whenever this happened and the boys in the fort found it out, they would hitch up a pair of mules and haul in fish enough for five hundred men.

We used to go up the island hunting ducks, when we came off guard and could get a pass. The island was about fifteen miles long and only one family lived there, whose name was Wade, the family consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Wade, two daughters and one son. We used to like to call on them, when out on our strolls, and get them to cook us a hoe cake in the ashes of the fire place. They were not much like our New England girls for they were "snuff dippers" and would sit with their snuff sticks in their mouths, and in their hair plenty of live stock, but as long as the hoe cake was free from such pests we did not mind. Bacon and duck's eggs and hoe cake was a fine dinner in those days, after a tramp of six miles to the house.

We had the time of our lives in old Fort Macon. The officers used to go through the quarters after "taps" (9 o'clock) and all the lights were out. We always had a good big fire in our fire places, and just before 9 o'clock the boys would put on lots of pine wood, so that when "taps" sounded we had a good bright light in the casemates from those resinous pine logs. The officers on duty would come around again and make a great

fuss because there was so much light. We got tired of their complaining and decided to give them all that was coming to them, so we got together all the old turnips, potatoes, cabbages, cast off stockings, etc., and these we wet, and when a good dark night came and everything was ready we threw on a lot of wood just before "taps," and it was not long before the officers came in and said "we want these casemates dark," and they put the fires out with pails of water and when they thought they had accomplished their object and had given us a good reprimand and were ready to leave, at a given signal, they got it from all quarters of the room. All our implements, prepared for the occasion, were hurled at them, and a madder set of men than those officers, no one ever saw. They swore they would have every one of us in the casemates court-martialled but finally concluded to do nothing about it. After that no officer ever came in to put out our fires. They gave us a wide berth in that respect and from that time on we had all the light we wanted.

We used to watch for the mail steamer that came from the North twice a week, and as it passed by the fort we felt well assured it had many welcome letters from home for us. Then we had the boxes from our families and friends, filled solid full with good things for our comfort. Beaufort is just across the bay and I used to go over there in the middle of the winter, when everything in the North was covered with snow and ice, but in Beaufort the flowers in bloom, and the leaves on the trees all green. The residents there all used white sand on their floors. I was often stationed on picket up the island. Once while lying in a bough tent, with cedar leaves for a bed on the ground, I thought I heard a peculiar rush under my head. On investigation I found three copperhead snakes just keeping warm and they appeared to be enjoying themselves. Had they bitten us, we would have been dead in five minutes.

In the fort we had a baker who made a big batch of the nicest gingerbread, once a week. He had no trouble in selling it quickly at 25 cents a pound, and every comrade of Company I will testify that it was very good.

Target practice with the big guns was often indulged in.

One occasion of this kind I distinctly remember, as it concerned our washerwoman, who, by the way was a man. He had his line of clothes out to dry and that day we were firing shells. They cut the fuse too short, and they burst soon after leaving the cannon, and the guns being depressed too much, the clothes on the line were all cut to pieces. More than that the shells put an untimely end to two mules and five hogs, that were quietly feeding on the grass plot.

We were glad when our term of service nearly expired and we joined the rest of the regiment at New Berne preparatory to leaving for home.

Private D. W. FISHER of Company I.

COMPANY C.

Early in August, 1862, E. J. Minot, afterwards captain, was authorized to recruit a company for the Forty-Fifth Regiment. Men were enlisted from Boston and surrounding towns, Franklin's entire *quota* of (38) thirty-eight men, under Lincoln's call for nine months' men, including Lieutenant L. R. Whitaker, forming a part of this Company.

At a meeting of the recruits and citizens in the Old Town Hall at Franklin a few days before going into camp at Readville, Rev. William M. Thayer, the author and temperance lecturer, in closing his remarks to the recruits, requested all who wished, to come forward and take the temperance pledge before going away; it is needless to say, all signed; and so far as the writer remembers, it was faithfully kept.

Early in September, we went to camp at Readville with nearly full ranks, the third company to arrive, each man carrying his own blanket, as it was impossible for the government to furnish blankets as fast as they were required at that time.

Company C was the Color Company, and held that position at all times when with the Regiment. While in camp on the Trent river, early in December, "C" was detailed for Provost Duty at Morehead City. The first days of duty then were far from pleasant; the weather extremely cold, we had neither barracks nor

tents but later secured a building formerly used for school room. By building bunks around the wall, and with plenty of wood in the open fire place we managed to keep comfortable, but duty here was both hard and exacting. We covered the whole peninsular above the village to the boat landing a mile below. In January we returned to the camp on the Trent in season to go on the Trenton expedition, and get our full share of the Mud March on the return.

At Cove Creek "C" skirmished on both sides of the railroad until the enemy's camp and breast works were located beyond the Dover Road; holding their pickets until the Brigade came up late in the afternoon.

Nearly one-half of "C" men responded to the call to quell the draft riots in Boston, in July, 1863.

WALTER M. FISHER of Company C.

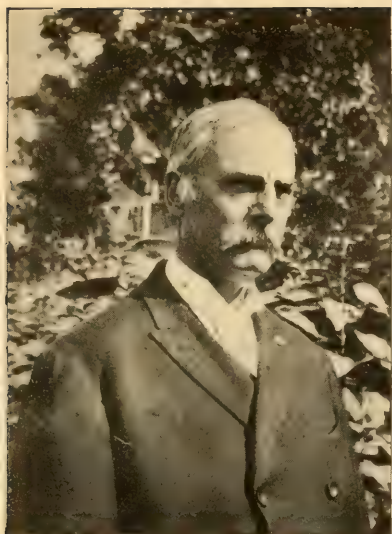
Sometime after the war, I was talking with Rev. Dr. A. L. Stone, the chaplain of our Regiment, and the conversation turned upon the efficiency of the Band as an Ambulance Corps, when he related the following incident out of his army experience. He said, "While the Regiment was under very heavy fire in one of the battles of the Goldsboro Expedition, I went onto the ground, with a stretcher carried by Myron W. Whitney and another comrade and I said, 'Is not this fearful, Mr. Whitney?'"

His quiet answer was one of the best practical lessons in simple Christianity that I ever received, "Is not God here, as much as anywhere, Dr. Stone?"

HENRY G. WHEELOCK, *Sergeant-Major*.

COMPANY D.

Many incidents come to mind as I recall my army experience in North Carolina. One night I was doing picket duty on the banks of the old Trent river. The night was very dark and I was ordered to keep a sharp lookout for anything moving.



CHARLES T. CARRET
WELCOME J. JOHNSON



EDMUND B. JOHNSON
HERVEY S. JOHNSON

About 1 o'clock in the morning I heard a slight noise, and challenged twice, and receiving no answer took good aim and fired. This, of course, turned out the whole guard. Upon investigation it was found I had shot a cow. My aim was good for I had hit her in a vital spot. The boys had a good laugh over it, but I thought of the result, had it been a "Johnny reb."

ALBERT L. WHEELER, Company D.

The first member of the Forty-Fifth Regiment to fall in battle was Private Clarence Bassett of Company D.

He was killed by a shell from a Union Battery, which was shelling the Confederate position. The Forty-Fifth was, at the time, marching by the flank, a short distance inside the edge of the woods, to get into position for the advance against the enemy. The battery was firing over the regiment and one of the guns, not having the muzzle sufficiently elevated, the shell struck a large tree and its course was turned so that it passed through the ranks of Company D, striking Bassett's head and killing him instantly. The writer was just in front of Comrade Bassett, and distinctly remembers this event

By the same shell that killed Bassett the other three men in the file, Corporal Nye, and Privates Edward P. Jackson and Thomas L. Mercer, were all knocked insensible and slightly wounded, but soon recovered.

It has always been the writer's recollection, that the shell struck the tree under a large limb, and this was what caused its deflection, as otherwise it would have passed over our heads. A comrade of our Regiment with whom I have talked regarding the incident, says that the shell struck the side of the tree and not under a limb. So do recollections of a forty-five year old event differ!

C. T. CARRET, of Company D.

Our Regiment was doing Provost Duty in New Berne and I was stationed at General Foster's Headquarters.

He and his staff came out, and I saluted them with "Present Arms" and they all returned the salute, General Foster by taking off his cap. At the same time there was a Captain of a company passing along on horseback, and I saluted him, but he did not return the salute.

General Foster approached me again, and I thought he was going to keep me busy, but he raised his cap, and remarked, "Never mind the salute, Sentry, but if that officer passes you twenty times, do not salute him, and if there is any trouble report to me."

E. W. CHILDS, of Company D.

Lieutenant Samuel Thaxter was First Lieutenant of Company D. One day he was drilling the company and dressing up the line, and gave the command, "In there on the right," but as the line didn't straighten to suit him he walked up and punched Chipman and said, "Stick your belly in." Chipman replied, "It wont go in, Lieutenant, it's natural." He turned his back to the Company and was convulsed with laughter for several minutes, before he could continue the drill. He was a good officer, a brave man and beloved by all his Company. I understand that he has passed to the Great Beyond. Peace be to his ashes!

Hunger forgets fatigue. The night before the Battle of Whitehall, when we went into bivouac, Tom and I were out after rails to build a fire, and on nearing camp, I said to Tom, as we were passing through a thicket, "Tom, if an old sheep was to come out here, I don't believe I could run for it, hungry as I am." Hardly had the words passed my lips, before an old ram came out, and I no sooner spied him, before the rails were dropped, and I chased Mr. Ram. I made good time, but could not quite reach him with knife in hand. On my return to the bivouac, Tom was rolling on the ground, laughing and kicking up his heels, and said, "I thought you said you couldn't run, but "Chip" you made good time."

On the voyage from Boston to Morehead City there was a certain member of Company D, who had been very seasick, and one afternoon as he stood on the bow of the old *Mississippi*, he looked off at our consort, the gunboat *Huron*, and exclaimed, "Godfrey Mighty, how she pitches." After that he was always called, "Godfrey Mighty."

A sad memory which clings to me to this day. After the battle was over at Kinston, I had permission to go back to the field and search for my blankets, and in my walk I saw what I supposed, was a wounded comrade, seated with his back to a stump, and as I drew near I saw that he held a pencil in one hand and paper in the other, and just as he had written, "Write Mother," death had called him home. He had answered the last "roll call" with that dear name, "Mother," on his lips.

H. CHIPMAN, of Company D.

SOME REFLECTIONS ON THE MUD MARCH.

The feast, the flow, the papers, the music, the Roll Call, the familiar faces, grasping each other by the hand, the heart, the brain! A night of cherished memories, when oblivion seeks the sunlight of contact to unfold its glittering mantle around the circle of the chosen few! One man will not answer to the Roll Call. Our esteemed comrade Levi D. Jones is gathered in the harvest. His good nature, his welcome presence, his convictions for the right, will be for us the best tribute for his eternal welfare. A New Hampshire man, he had much to encounter to gain a livelihood from its sterile soil.

History may never reveal what this "Mud March" had to do with breaking the spinal column of the Rebellion. The now silent Generals, Foster and Amory, are not here to relate to us how the burning of a little bridge on the upper Trent, and another at Onslow Court House, became the entering wedge for the destruction of Southern aspirations. That a brigade of infantry

and a squad of cavalry under General Amory performed this heroic task, we are here to bear witness. Pollocksville does not cover much space in Johnson's Encyclopedia. It locates it in Jones County, with a population of 1263. Trenton is put down as the capital of Jones County, with a population of 814. While this information may be reliable, at this remote period it does not occur to us that Trenton boasted of a Capitol building. It may be that in the evacuation the people took it away with them. We remember the Post Office, and our distribution of the mail, and the saw-mill, whose departing usefulness was cut short by the torch of the invader. Pollocksville did not strike the Grand Army as being a point of great business expectations. The town clerk was unfortunately absent, and could not enlighten us as to its future prospects. We found a circular in which the writer boasted that Pollocksville was an educational centre. The college grounds were well set with royal hard pines. Whatever may have been the exercises of the day, the classes in Algebra, Chemistry and Mental Gunnery had put their heads together in rapid retreat. A redeeming feature in this march was the release of many of the blacks, who with their kith and kin made a break for cover under the wings of the Union Eagle.

Much has been said and written of the importance of the contraband exit from the South during the conflict. The list shows many bright examples who are doing good work today. The color line is best defined by those who treat them for a mind. The simple color of the skin has naught to do with what's within. The impressive point of this description as put out by Stacey's postal, had its inception at Young's Cross Roads entitled the "Mud March." This is a subject which had a direct application to our soles.

The Government records may not sustain the committee in announcing this title, but the Secretary of War would bear us out in the assertion, that under adverse circumstances, it is one thing to put your foot down and another to take it up from the place where you locate it. Another strong point is whether you have a foot, or a foot and a half to deal with. This may be like unto an example in Euclid, that the broader the sole, the greater

the contact. The will power is under complete subjection when you plant yourself in a mud hole, your standpoint is obliterated. "In place, Rest!"

A night of discomfort, wherein our upright and downright condition, our corporeal declivities were well afloat under the perspiring forces of a North Carolina thunder storm. As we emerged from the crisis in the morning, we had the satisfaction of being thoroughly enrolled as members of the Cold Water Army. Well, we were making history for our country, when in the last agonies of the sub-soil explorations.

MacAdam and his family never got the benefit of a contract for laying stone cubes on that eighteen miles of road that landed us on the Trent at New Berne, that Saturday evening. In the language of Mrs. Bedotte—"we were all poor critters"--seeking glorious renown for an undivided Union. The Government has not yet awarded the full measure of praise for sacrifices made by this adventure into Jones County.

The death of George Brooks was hastened by this rough work, and other good and true men were made sick and lame. The records of the war are full of poorly planned movements by the Northern Army—ambition to accomplish without power to execute, put more men under the turf than were killed in actual conflict. Nations may yet learn how to subdue each other by arbitration, rather than by force of arms.

When that day arrives, the voice of nature can sing anthems of joy, and standing armies can plant their banners on the threshold of good fellowship. Then the reapers and the gleaners will be ten-fold bending the strong right arms.

GARDNER GILMAN, of Company A.

A tribute to a worthy comrade of the Forty-Fifth, who has answered to the last "Roll Call."

Lieutenant John G. Tilden was a member of Company G and served his term as a member of the Forty-Fifth with honor.

He entered the navy as a boy, becoming an apprentice at the Charlestown Navy Yard. Such famous men as Rear-Admiral

Hichborn, Webb, Hart and Wilson, began their careers in this manner. Rear-Admiral Hichborn, who started in this service with Lieutenant Tilden, was his cousin, and has attained world-wide celebrity as a naval constructor.

Previous to the Civil War, Mr. Tilden worked among other ships, on the *Merrimac*, the famous iron ship of the South, whose contest with the *Monitor* will ever be memorable, also on Farragut's flag ship, the *Hartford*, both of which were under construction at the Charlestown Yard.

When the call came for nine months' men, Mr. Tilden enlisted and went to the front with the Forty-Fifth (Cadet) Regiment.

When hostilities ended he returned to Charlestown and was appointed a Carpenter in the navy with a warrant rank.

In the Spanish-American War he served on the *Lancaster* at the naval base at Key West, and also saw service on other ships.

Returning to Charlestown he was promoted to chief Carpenter, ranking with ensigns, but after them. After retiring from the Spanish-American War, Lieutenant Tilden had charge of the big scales at the Charlestown Navy Yard, and was noted for his kindness and attention to visitors to the Yard, his vast fund of information being freely drawn upon for their benefit.

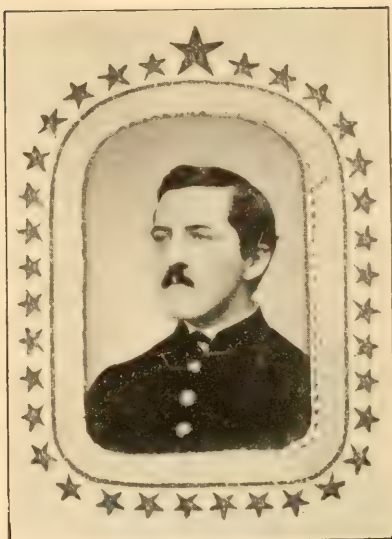
He reached the age for retirement February 18th, 1902, and would have left the active service then, but was continued on duty at the local yard as the result of a special request made by the commandant of the station and other high ranking officers, a most unusual honor.

While attending to his duties at the Yard in the summer of 1906, he was prostrated with the heat and taken to the United States Naval Hospital at Chelsea, and it was because of this illness and at his request, that he was retired. He was a past commander of Abraham Lincoln Post G.A.R. of Charlestown. A hero of two wars, he was also a member of the Loyal Legion of the United States, the highest honor which American fighting men can attain. He supervised the laying of the keel of the



ALBERT D. NASON, CO. C

NATHAN WARREN, CO. G



ALBERT W. MANN, 1862
21 years old

WILLIAM H. BECKET, CO. A



Olympia, Dewey's flag ship at Manila. Just as he went on to the retired list the ship went into the reserve squadron at Norfolk.

ROBERT W. STORER, of Company G.

Just before we went into the swamp at Kinston, I was sitting next to Lieutenant Pond eating persimmons, while he was writing in a memorandum book. After we got through the swamp and before the charge was made on the bridge, I was next to him on the front line and at that point we were five and six deep. He was always cool and cheerful. One of our men behind us, must have been very nervous for he came within an inch of shooting him. He was stuug by the powder. As we filed into the woods on the right of the road, we passed in front of the fire of Belger's Rhode Island Battery. One discharge killed a man in Company D, just in front of us, and two in Company K, just behind us. As we were going through the swamp I happened to get a little ahead of the line and Captain Denny asked me if I could see anything of the "rebs" and just then I caught my first view of them. Our cook Davenport was ahead of me at that time without a gun, and feeling very happy. Elbridge Graves was next to me when he received his fatal wound. After we got through the swamp and on high ground, we were moved to the right. That move saved our regiment from the severe loss which came upon the Tenth Connecticut. Our two regiments became greatly mixed up. A man of the Tenth Connecticut and myself fired at the same time and he was shot through the head. That made two men killed next to me. Some of our *boys, who saw the man fall, thought it was myself.*

When we were at Cove Creek before we charged the breast-works, at the junction of the road and railroad, a funny incident happened. Some one had captured an old man who lived in the house over on the left of the railroad. Colonel Codman, with revolver in hand, was asking him questions, and particularly wanted to know if there was a cannon mounted at the breast-works just ahead of us. This was an important thing for Company A to know, as we carried the colors that day, and were to

charge up that single-track railroad bed. Just then one of Company A's men came along. He had captured a long-handled iron spider, which he was very anxious to put to use. Leaning over the colonel's shoulder, he said very earnestly, "Say, old man, have you any corn meal over at your house?" He wanted to fight on a full stomach. I saw Lieutenant-Colonel Peabody under quite a heavy fire, sitting on a stump of a tree, smoking a cigar, and as cool as he would be watching the bathers at Atlantic City.

Chaplain Stone was also a cool and brave man. When one of our officers was wounded in the shoulder at the battle of Whitehall, *he went on to the field and helped him off.*"

HENRY S. BLISS, of Company A.

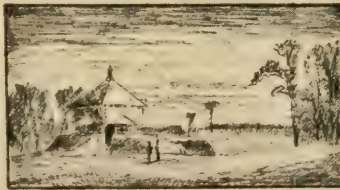
We were in Camp Amory on the Trent. It was "Thanksgiving Day." At about 11 A. M. the regiment was drawn up in form of a hollow square, and a sermon was preached by Chaplain A. L. Stone. It was not a sunny day, the barren sands of the parade grounds did not add cheer to the occasion, and as Dr. Stone in his inimitable manner led our thoughts to the old homestead and vividly pictured in imagination our approach to the parental dwelling, the joy of the first glimpse of the dearest spot on earth, the walk along the road, the opening of the front gate, the walk to the front door, the greetings of father, mother, sister and brother, well it was almost too much for us, and we turned away towards our barracks with a prospect of salt horse and hard tack for our Thanksgiving dinner in a mood which is not easy to describe.

It being a sort of holiday, a happy thought suggested a tramp outside the lines and up the Neuse River. Securing a pass a little group of some half a dozen armed only with our pass and pocket pistol or two, sallied forth into the unknown country. The white population in the region traversed had left for parts unknown, but the colored people still remained occupying their old quarters while "massa's" house was deserted.

After a tramp of several miles we came upon one of these



SERGT. WILLIAM H. WARD, COMPANY K



BLOCK HOUSE



RESERVE PICKET STATION

plantations, and made exploration. We talked freely with the colored man who seemed to be in charge, told him we were out for a walk up the river, and asked if he could get us up a dinner, and if so what he had for food. He replied he could cook some fish, make a hoecake and furnish a few other viands. We asked about the fish, how he cooked them, etc. He replied, "They is good fried, but they is *rather lovelier* stewed." We ordered the fish cooked the "lovelier" way, and appointing an hour when we would return for dinner, pursued our explorations up the river. When we arrived back at the appointed hour he was ready and we sat down to our Thanksgiving dinner.

We had hardly seated ourselves around the table spread with all the good things he could provide, when he stepped up to the table and said, "Now gentlemen, this is the Lord's Thanksgiving Day and some of you must say "Grace," or have it said for you."

One of our party responded and asked him to say grace. He folded his hands, turned his face heavenward, and in simple, appropriate, eloquent and reverent manner acknowledged the Almighty as the Giver of all good things, and gracefully implored the divine blessing on both the food and the guests.

So we had that day both a Thanksgiving Day sermon and a Thanksgiving dinner—all quite in contrast with the usual experience in camp and field.

I recall a little incident of Comrade Ames at Gum Swamp. He was shot in that fight, the ball entering his cheek and coming out through the back of his head.

He was near me when he fell and I went to his relief, bound my handkerchief around the wounded head, called for a stretcher and sent him to the rear, never daring to hope that he would reach home.

He was taken to the hospital at New Berne, and after a time discharged and sent to his home in Newton. His recovery was complete, except that he lost control of the eye above the wound. It was said that when he attempted to close the eye it

would turn up. His case was somewhat similar to one which occurred in Vermont many years since. A quarryman had a steel drill, two or three feet in length, shot up under his chin, and out at the top of his head, and recovered and lived for several years.

The following item was taken from a copy of a newspaper, called the *New Berne Progress*, published before the capture of the town by the Federals.

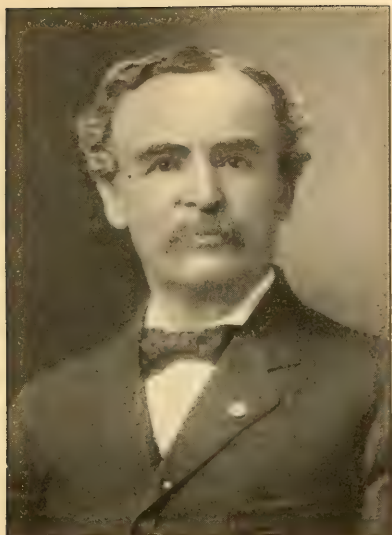
"Negroes assembling in different parts of the town on the Sabbath to preach or hold prayer meetings or for any other purpose, is in violation of the Acts of the General Assembly and ordinances of the town, and injurious to their health, habits and morals."

Sergeant WILLIAM H. WARD, of Company K.

NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF SERGEANT CHARLES E. C. BRECK
OF COMPANY B.

1. A NIGHT'S FROLIC IN THE READVILLE BARRACKS.

The boys will probably remember the little "circus" held in the barracks one night, which started from one of the boys wanting a window open, and another wanting it shut, this alternating open and shut business finally awoke most of the other boys, who decided to take a hand in the controversy, by pelting the original contestant, with bread, apples, junks of meat, or anything that came nearest to hand, which continued until the orderly threatened to report to the captain, and then the fun redoubled, one of the sergeants going along in his stocking feet to see who the offenders were, was hit on the side of the head with a half loaf of bread. This proving too much for his dignity, the captain was called in and lamps were lighted, but every private was sound asleep. The captain awoke us, however, after some trouble and informed us that any man caught throwing anything would be punished, and after this little speech he put out the



CORP. FREEMAN H. LOTHROP, CO. D
SERGT. CHARLES E. C. BRECK, CO. B



SERGT. HENRY M. BOND, CO. B
SERGT. FREDERICK DEXTER, CO. B.

lights and returned to his quarters. The door had hardly shut on him, when a stone accidentally rolled itself from one end of the barracks to the other and one of the lamps concluded to break, and a variety of material, in quantity about a peck, was suddenly attracted towards the corner occupied by the sergeants. The captain was called in, and every man, except one, who was sick, was turned out and formed into line and an effort made to find out who created the disturbance, but being so suddenly (?) awakened out of a sound sleep, no one could tell, or seemed to know anything about the trouble anyway. Then we were drilled for two hours by moonlight to wake us up. The other companies found out what was up and came out to view the parade

While we were being drilled, the sergeants searched all the bunks, but could not find anything, only in one bunk, and the occupant would have been put in the guard house, had not the other boys all sworn that they knew he had not thrown anything. When the officers were tired of drilling us, we were marched to our barracks, and allowed to resume our sleep which had been so rudely disturbed.

2. ON BOARD THE TRANSPORT MISSISSIPPI IN BOSTON HARBOR,
NOVEMBER, 1862.

The surgeon-general and some other doctors came down today (November 9) to examine our "pig pen." We don't know the result, but hope it will be something in our favor.

The officers' horses are most all sick. Major Sturgis' black horse is very sick. They took him out of his stall and rubbed him and worked over him a long time, but it did no good. When the tug boat came alongside they lowered him down on to it, and sent him up to Boston.

As soon as the tug boat started from the ship he got up and whinnied, he got better as soon as he was clear of the ship. We would do the same. Quartermaster McKim was on board the tug boat. The colonel invited him to come on board the steamer, but he declined.

The boys on board the *Merrimac* did not use him very well

when he was there and he would not trust himself aboard our ship. It was lucky for him that he did not. The boys on the *Merrimac* pelted him with bread, pieces of salt junk and everything they could get hold of, one piece of meat striking him in the face. I understand that Colonel Codman in his conversation with McKim used some very emphatic language, telling him he wouldn't put a thousand hogs where he had put his fine men. He wanted him to land us on Long Island, or carry us back to Boston, until they got ready to start, but he would not. He stumped him to come on board, but he didn't dare to leave the tugboat. I think our boys would have thrown him overboard if he had come and I think he thought so too.

It has stormed ever since we have been down here, the sea has been very rough, and most of the boys have been seasick. The colonel paces his stateroom half the time when he is in it. When he is on deck he looks as cheerful as he can, but we can see he is uneasy and blue. He is afraid we will all be sick and die if we stay here much longer. He is doing all he can for us but as he is situated, cannot do much. He can't get ashore any more than we can. He ordered Captain Baxter to pull up anchor and go to Boston, but it was of no use, the captain could not do it without McKim's orders. Our quarters are at the bottom of the steamer's hold and are very dark, being lighted by only six lanterns for five hundred men.

3. FORAGING ON THE MARCH.

On the day after the battle of Kinston, on the march to Whitehall, our company halted at noon opposite a house, which, like many of the Southern houses, stood quite a distance back from the road. Visions of side meat, chickens and honey floated before our eyes, and a rush was made up the lane. The milk pans in the dairy were soon emptied, and the smoke house cleaned out, then the chase for chickens commenced, and, as was usually the case, they ran under the house for protection. But our boys were soon under there, too, when, lo, the freshly-stirred earth attracted their attention, and suggested buried treasures. Out

came the tin plates, and soon the earth was removed, and exposed kegs, which were soon rolled out, and the heads knocked in, and revealed what? Gold? Gunpowder? No—"Apple Jack" and "Peach Brandy!" Canteens were filled, and then the empty cans were filled and taken down to the company in the road, and other canteens were filled. The commotion caused by the sudden appearance of these fluids attracted the attention of the field officer, who rode rapidly up and a guard was at once put over the now almost empty kegs—but Company B did not get left that time. The exhilarating effects of that "apple jack" was such that two men of the company felt abundantly able to "lick" the entire Confederate Army—but, "who stole Barty's canteen" was not known for years after.

4. A KIND-HEARTED AND THOUGHTFUL OFFICER.

One afternoon Lieutenant Hollis had been drilling us and on coming back to quarters he formed us in line and ordered all those who used tobacco to step to the front; only about a half a dozen stepped out, the others, fearing some extra duty, or a knapsack drill for chewing tobacco, on "dress parade," or something of that sort, were much chagrined when those who had boldly stepped forward and had been ordered to the lieutenant's quarters, came out, each with a large hand of navy tobacco. He told them he knew they were out of tobacco, and out of money, and the company fund was where they could not get at it, so he had sent home for a box. The number of tobacco users in Company B suddenly increased, but the supply was sufficient to go round.

5. AN INCIDENT OF THE TRENTON MARCH.

One of the most ludicrous sights I ever saw was when we were leaving Trenton, the morning after we entered. That big, brawny stonecutter, Johnson of Company B, had looted a medical office and found a skeleton. He was marching off, the skeleton hanging over his shoulder, with a bayonet through his mouth

and his heels clattering on the ground, while a big leather-bound volume, some work on medicine was under Johnson's arm, giving the impression that private Johnson was going to set up in business when he got back to New Berne.

6 AT DOVER CROSS ROADS.

In this fight one of the "Needham Quota" saw something moving in the bushes alongside the opening, just in front of us, and thinking the "Johnnies" were trying to get-around on our flank, called the colonel's attention to it and requested permission to give it a shot. Permission was readily granted, and taking deliberate aim he fired. The shot went close to the mark, for, from one of the bushes started a yearling calf, which, thoroughly frightened and with tail erect, ran rapidly across the opening and between the fire of both sides to the shelter of the woods, his speed accelerated by the shouts that went up from the boys in blue.

It is a fact that in this fight our color bearer, little Sergeant Keating was too smart for the color bearer of one of the New York Regiments under General Palmer, for the colors of the Forty-Fifth were placed first on top of the earthworks, just as the New York color bearer was crossing the ditch. The New York regiment was a three years' regiment and had never been the first to mount their colors in any battle, and to have a nine months' militia regiment get ahead of them, was rather cutting.

After the "Johnnies" retreated we took possession, and staid there half an hour, then started back. General Palmer came riding up after it was all over and asked Colonel Codman what was best to do. The colonel told him he could do as he had a mind to, that he had routed the Rebels as he was ordered, and was now going back to camp. General Palmer was within hearing of the fight all the time, but did not come up, so the Forty-Fifth got the credit of that job. General Palmer, evidently, wanted us to get "licked," then come up and take all the credit, but Colonel Codman was too smart for him.

7. AN INCIDENT OF GUARD DUTY.

About twelve o'clock one night in February, two mounted men came to the bridge where I was stationed and wanted to pass. I would not let them. They said they would not be gone over twenty minutes, but I could not see it. Then they offered me some whiskey. I told them I did not drink. They said they thought every man in the army drank. I said it was bad enough for the officers to get drunk, without the privates drinking. They wanted to know if my officers drank. I told them some of them did. One of them asked if I would take a sergeant's berth if I could get it. I said, "No." Then he tried to hire me to let him pass. Said he wanted to see his girl, and started up his horse. I pricked him with my bayonet and ordered him to halt, or I would run him through. Told him no one could pass me except commissioned officers, or those who had passes signed by General Foster. He wanted to know how I could tell an officer in the dark. Told him I should make him dismount, if he was on horseback, as I could not see his shoulder straps unless he did so. Then he wanted me to see if he had a right to pass, and threw back his military cape, and you bet I was surprised when I saw the stars on his shoulder straps. I spotted his horse and let them pass. As soon as they were out of sight and hearing I whistled and called Higgins and Hersey, who were on guard near me and told them to look out for the horsemen for they were officers, and trying the guards and would soon be back. And they did come in half an hour but it was no go. When Captain Churchill came off duty the next morning he wanted to know who of the company guarded the bridge last night. I told him and he said it was lucky I did not let them pass, if I had, I would have been in the guard house before morning. He said it was Brigadier-General Palmer who was out trying the guards and complimented me highly for not letting them pass.

SEABROOK ISLAND, S. C. or STONE INLET, July, 1863.

Acting as Signal-Officer on staff of (late) Brigadier Thomas G. Stevenson, formerly colonel of the Twenty-Fourth Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers, through his kindness I was permitted to see what happened in the following story:

He was in command of his brigade at that place to lead the land attack against Charleston, S. C., and was to co-operate with the Navy in their attack by water against Sumter, Moultrie and many other forts in Charleston harbor.

I will endeavor to name the Ironclads of the *Monitor* pattern: *Patapsco*, Captain Ammen; *Nahant*, Captain Downs; *Montauk*, Captain Fairfax; *Catskill*, Captain Rogers; *Wehauken*, Captain Beaumont, and one or two others.

I was invited by Captain Rogers to go to Port Royal. We left early in the morning on board the U. S. Despatch Boat *Daffodil*, formerly the *Nellie Baker*, that used to ply between Boston and Nahant.

When near Port Royal we spoke a tug boat which reported that the Navy had captured a Rebel ram, and we hastened to the scene and there she was at anchor.

As the story goes, out came the ram from the shore, with a small steamer accompanying the same, loaded with people and a band of music playing "Dixie," to see her ram the Navy boats.

The *Patapsco*, Captain Ammen, and the *Nahant*, Captain Downs, were waiting for her. The ironclads slipped their anchors and opened fire on the ram, which paid no attention to their fire.

After several shots from the two Navy vessels, Captain Ammen of the *Patapsco* (which so far as I can learn had the only rifled cannon in the fleet, a six-inch in his turret, got in one shot over her after port hole and smashed her through. The ram surrendered, and the little steamer with her passengers went back, probably not feeling as happy as when they came out.

This ram was a Scotch vessel and was cut down to near the water line. On her deck was a turret made of 27-inch thick of live oak and two inches of railroad iron rolled about two inches thick from bow to stern and two inches up and down, making four inches thick of iron. She had two port holes on each side and one at the bow and stern, and her port covers were about four inches thick of iron and covered the port hole all over. I have never been able to find out the Rebel name of this craft, but on her bell was the name of *Fingal*.

As Captain Rogers and myself boarded her the officers and men had been taken off except the dead, and they were filled with splinters from the rifled ball from the *Patapsco*.

This ram had a bowsprit about twenty feet or more long and on the

end was a torpedo or exploder containing a large amount of explosive, to be lowered under water and discharged from within the turret, the sprit to be raised or lowered when wanted.

The intention of the officers was to steam to Port Royal and not to pay any attention to the Navy ironclads and not to fire on them, but to proceed to Port Royal and blow up vessels with ordnance supplies, naval stores, etc., and do all the damage possible. Then to go to Charleston harbor and blow up the blockading squadron and thus command the harbor, so as to allow the blockade runners to come and go at their will, but they were mistaken in their strength and vanquished. After more than forty years I have been asked to write something for our book and I am able to recall this particular scene and day. Perhaps some Naval officer will be able to tell more about the occasion that I refer to, and I hope I have written nothing but what is as I saw it, except my Navy language, for this is written by a landsman, remember.

How well I remember Ammen, Fairfax, Beaumont, Downs, Rogers, Upshur and others; probably not one of these brave officers is living to-day, but living or dead, my kindest feelings go out to these brave men.

For what they were,
And what they dared to be,
Let them be remembered.

EDWARD B. RICHARDSON,
Late Lieutenant, Company A, Forty-Fifth Regiment, M. V. M.,
Acting Signal-Officer, Departments Eighteenth and Tenth
Army Corps, North and South Carolina, U. S. A.

ON THE SKIRMISH LINE AT DOVER CROSS ROADS.

April 27th, 1863—Upon our arrival at Batchelder's Creek, our outer picket station, we found on the railroad track a monitor car, plated with iron, carrying two howitzers. It was manned by an officer and detail from our regiment, and placed in front of the engine.

It will be remembered that Company B, Captain Churchill and Company F., Captain Daland, were on the skirmish line that day, marching ten to twenty rods in advance of the column. These two companies took turns in leading, the company whose turn it was to lead, sending out eight or ten men, deployed on either side of the road to guard against surprise. I very distinctly remember marching ahead of the savage looking monitor

car. We marched in the advance several miles that day, when the regiment halted and went into bivouac for the night. The two companies were ordered ahead as advanced picket guard, marching about two miles when we came to a camp, built of rails and covered with pine boughs, which the rebels had just left. This we made our headquarters and pickets were sent out from there. I remember being posted about twenty rods from this camp, with my brother, H. S. Johnson. When it came his turn to lie down and take a nap, there came one of those southern showers. The rain worked under his rubber blanket and he soon lay in a puddle of water.

While standing guard, I heard the limbs and dry boughs crack and break in the darkness, but couldn't tell whether the noise was made by men, pigs, or possum, but it was surely caused by something. At noon next day, the Forty-Fifth was reinforced by the Forty-Third Massachusetts and General Palmer had arrived with his command.

The column having come up, our two companies were again sent in the advance about fifteen to twenty rods, to guard against sudden attack, and soon came to a place where the rails had been entirely removed.

We passed several rebel picket posts, the enemy were gradually falling back—Company B, having led the advance for some time was fatigued and was relieved by Company F. We passed another picket post and came to a plantation of about forty acres, where was a house, corn-cribs and a shed.

Rebel cavalry had been seen crossing the railroad track and going into the woods on our left. The column came to a halt, Colonel Codman acting as Brigadier-General, and Major Sturgis, with field glasses came to the front to view the situation. Five men were seen to leave the house and walk obliquely towards the woods, on the left of the railroad. Captain Daland was ordered to send two files of men in pursuit, and detailed my brother H. S. Johnson, Frank Howe, James Chick and myself. We were in the extreme advance.

We had a long hard run after those men, part of it over ploughed ground, but gained on the rebels for such they proved

to be. My brother ordered them to halt, which they refused to do. He then brought his gun to his shoulder, with "Halt, or I fire." This brought them to a stand. The writer being quick on his feet, ran on ahead about eight or ten rods, and captured the men. They said "we haven't done anything," I replied "If you haven't we won't harm you, but we want you to come with us." This ended the conversation.

As we passed the house referred to, my brother and I stopped to glance within. As we opened the door of an outside building we spied on a shelf near the door, "a stew and Indian dumplings." My brother had just grabbed a dumpling, when we heard firing from the rebel earthworks across the track. We waited for no more "dumplings," but hurried our prisoners to Colonel Codman, and then rejoined the "skirmish line."

Reinforced by Company E, on our left, we charged over nearly the same route where we had taken our prisoners, into a concealed earthwork, which was walled up as evenly as a cellar wall. Inside at the left corner stood a wounded rebel, he couldn't step. Our colors were honored by many cheers, which were replied to by the rebel yell in the woods not far away! The roll was called inside the work, and then we started out to find the missing ones. One man, H. M. Putney of Company F, was found dead near the rail fence. Corporal Richards of E, was wounded. The rebels could easily have killed, or made prisoners of our entire little squad, for when we were pursuing the two men, we passed directly under the guns of the garrisoned earthwork. Comrade L. P. Whitney of our company said he counted twelve rebel pickets run up the track, after we had passed the corn cribs, and thought it was all up for us. After awhile the house was examined and a place in the wall was found that could be taken down, in which was a record, showing that these men had been paid half a dozen times for shooting our pickets, receiving five or six dollars for each man killed. There is no doubt but that one of these men was a most desperate character. It was said that these men were afterwards taken into the woods, tried and shot. I hope it was not so. The earthwork having been taken and the enemy dispersed, we started back over the same route over which

we had advanced, arriving at our old camp, after a long march, very much fatigued. None who participated in that march will ever forget it.

On April 30th, while in this camp we received a large kettle of baked beans, sent up by the Invalid Squad, left at Camp Massachusetts—and just at that time those beans were thoroughly appreciated. On our return to Camp Massachusetts the thought came to us, it mattered not how humble our position, we were in the service of our country, engaged in the greatest conflict between right and wrong the Western Hemisphere had ever experienced. I call to mind that when we fell into line the morning of April 27th, to go on that expedition, my friend Putney, who was killed, had a premonition of disaster to himself and dreaded to go on that march. He had always been ready for anything that might come up. He did not sham sickness, but was sad, feeling that he would never come back.

WELCOME J. JOHNSON, of Company F.

I was in business in Nashua, N. H., and quite late one Saturday night I received a letter from a friend in Newton, telling me that he was going to enlist in a company which was being raised to complete the quota, and wanted me to come on and go with him. I took an early train Sunday morning for Boston, and went out to Newton, found my friend and together we went to the recruiting office and enrolled ourselves for three years or the war. I found we numbered about eighty men, and there was to be a meeting in a public hall the next evening to complete the organization. I went back to Nashua Monday morning, settled my business, said goodbye to my friends and returned to Newton in time for the meeting.

When I reached the hall, I was surprised to find there was no meeting being held. I could not understand it, so hunted up one of the members of the company and asked him what it meant. He told me that Newton had purchased one hundred men from the town of Haverhill, and that we were not needed, as Newton's quota was now complete. I was thoroughly disappointed, and

annoyed, and I told my companion that I should go to Boston early in the morning and enlist in the first Recruiting Office I could find. He said he would go with me. We together went to Boston and finding a Recruiting Office on School Street went in and put our names on the roll, not knowing in what regiment, nor for how long a term.

We soon found that we belonged to Company K, Forty-Fifth Massachusetts, and that we were in for nine months. Captain Homans was present at the time and I asked him if he needed more men, and he said he needed about thirty. I told him I thought we could get them, and he gave us authority to enlist them. We went directly back to Newton, hired a horse and buggy and went amongst the boys and soon had twenty-five, and took them into camp. My friend, John H. Robinson, was elected Second Lieutenant, I was appointed Third Sergeant, and two were appointed Corporals. You can see that I feel I am entitled to some credit. It may interest you to know that two of these men were killed and two severely wounded at the Battle of Kinston. I was wounded in the shoulder and have carried a bullet in my body ever since.

The Surgeon in the Hospital near the battlefield probed for the bullet, but could not find it, and said I must have been hit with a fragment of a shell, which struck me and glanced off.

I was in this Hospital from the day of the battle, (Sunday) until the morning of the next Friday, when all the wounded were loaded into army wagons and carried to the river, where we were to take a boat for New Berne. The officer in charge of the boat told me that the boat was going to be overloaded, and that if I would go to New Berne in one of the army wagons it would be an accommodation to him.

I found another member of the Regiment who was shot through his arm and who was able to walk, and we started off together, thinking we could soon overtake our Regiment. We marched all that day, and at night came across the Fifth Massachusetts, and as I was acquainted with one of the lieutenants, I found him and shared his supper and shelter for the night.

The next morning, Saturday, I started early determined to

overtake the Forty-Fifth, and at about nine o'clock came into their camp just as they were about starting off. I found our Quartermaster, Mr. Dewson and asked him if he would take my gun and equipments in one of his wagons. I had brought them all the way from the Hospital.

He said he would not only take them but would take me as well. So I rode all that day, getting out occasionally to rest and stretch my legs. There were quite a number of us in the wagons and we reached the barns at nine o'clock at night. We tried to get into a hotel for the night, but not having shoulder straps, we were not accommodated. We hunted about and found a negro cabin where we were taken in and given a bed on the floor, where we slept soundly all night, and in the morning were given a breakfast, after which we went to our barracks at Camp Amory on the Trent, where we found the regiment just coming in. My wound had not been dressed since Friday morning and was troubling me somewhat.

I went into our Regimental Hospital, and Surgeon Kneeland dressed it for me. I told him I thought the bullet was in me and he probed for it, but could not find it, and he agreed with the other Surgeon that there was nothing in me. I remained in the hospital about a month, and then reported to my company for duty.

From that time on I felt that both surgeons were wrong, and about two years ago it was proved that I was right. I was with some friends who were experimenting with the X-Ray apparatus and I asked them to take a look through my shoulder, and they saw the bullet plainly.

Since then I have had an X-Ray picture taken of it, and it shows up plainly. I have carried it for nearly forty-five years, and for over forty years, certain that it was there. I have carried it so long now that I feel very much attached to it, and as it has not caused me much trouble, I shall never disturb it.

Sergeant WILLIAM M. GOODRIDGE, of Company K.

Extracts from an address delivered by Corporal Augustus S. Lovett of Company A, at the dedication of "Camp Meigs Memorial Park," July 4th, 1903.—

On the evening of September 15th, 1862, as I rushed for a bunk in the new barracks located on this spot, a minor, not of age, if anybody had whispered in my ear, "young man, four decades from now you will be standing here and addressing an audience on the occasion of the dedication of this camp ground as a public park," I should have imagined the speaker beside himself and a fit subject for restraint.

When you remember the eminent men, from the Lieutenant-General of the United States down to the other illustrious minor officers who served in the civil war, who recently assembled to celebrate the "dedication of the Hooker statue," it seems quite a come down to gather to listen to a corporal—the lowest of non-commissioned officers in the ranks. And yet each common soldier counted as one, only one, but yet one in the vast array that marched in the ranks and without whose sturdy efforts all the brilliant talents of regular and volunteer officers would have been of little avail.

But oh those times! how the memory of them comes trooping back at a time like this. Young men drilling alongside of middle aged, and even elderly men. Captain R. B. Forbes with his "coast guard" and Captain Edward Wyman with his "home guard." Washington in danger and General Butler off with his hastily recruited men, following hard after the "old Sixth," through Baltimore to the capital. Fletcher Webster, standing on the steps of the Merchants Exchange on State Street, one dismal gray Sunday, and recruiting the famous Twelfth (Webster) Regiment. Flags and bunting almost concealed Washington Street. "Now Crush Rebellion" said an immense flag on the Washington building, head of Franklin Street. All the while recruiting went vigorously on, and when the capital was deemed secure, people breathed easier and volunteers for the war of three years pressed forward for enrollment. How dark after the defeat at Bull Run! How very dark with the ending of the Peninsula

Campaign! Then at the very darkest hour came the first cheering news as the wire flashed the news of Grant's victory at Forts Henry and Donelson. The country seemed to take new life and heart as that incomparable soldier pushed his way to the crowning event up to that time, the capture of Vicksburg.

In the fall of 1862 ten new barracks, each arranged for one hundred men, occupied this immediate neighborhood. They stood on a line facing the sunrise. The entrance to the camp was between two sturdy trees and near their entrance was the guard tent. The sutler had his store in another corner but his "eagle eye" had not then fully opened as it did later, when on pay days he sat next to the paymaster and produced his little "G" checks, which were scrupulously deducted from the amount due the hard-pressed, common soldier. Friends supplied so generously the wants at Readville that his wares were at a discount there.

In front of these barracks was the parade and drill ground, covering the spot we occupy today.

It was a comical sight as a regiment landed there. The building of each company being designated, a rush was made to secure lodgings, each man, as he arrived at the building grabbing a huge bundle of straw, which lay adjacent, to serve as his bed. Comrades who had known each other previous to the time, bunked together as far as possible, by prior agreement, but some curious alliances were made by many the first night in camp who were comparative strangers before. The first night "was terrible" and the bedlam that ensued after the lights were out is simply indescribable. Imagine one hundred men, mostly unknown to each other, with no officer present, utterly ignorant of orders or knowledge of discipline, shut up by themselves in the dark in this novel situation. It commenced immediately the lights went out.

A mild crow, in imitation of a rooster, was followed by scores of louder crows, and it seemed as if the whole brood of Plymouth rocks and bantams were in possession. Every conceivable noise came to the front. Dogs barked and "ki'id." Cats wailed and monkeys chattered. Then somebody threw an

old boot, and this was the signal for an indiscriminate fusilade of missiles of every name and nature. Marvellous that nobody was hurt, for the bang of some heavy substance alighting near your head warned the more timid ones to crouch low.

While this scene was at its height the door opened and a commissioned officer appeared with a lantern—the officer of the day, as we afterwards learned. “Silence!” he cried, “silence, I say.” A very brief lull, occasioned by the interruption, and then bedlam broke loose again. “Who are you?” “Get out of here.” “Quick, get out, do you hear?” while many other pointed remarks followed. Then came a shower of missiles from the floor and from the bunks at the devoted form. As these came from all quarters and the darkness and size of the building prevented him from discovering the offenders he was compelled to retire to save his head, vowing vengeance if only he could detect the assailants. Emboldened by this victory pandemonium broke loose again, and the small hours were reached before complete exhaustion brought quiet. We trembled in after days as we came to know the powers of the officer of the day, and were grateful to know that under cover of ignorance we escaped severe discipline.

In a few days the non-commissioned officers were appointed and grievous were the disappointments of some who failed to attain what they desired and hoped for.

I well remember the diffidence with which I gave my first command. The order to me was, “Corporal Lovett you will detail two men to sweep out the barracks.”

I was appalled. They were my friends and chums. I had rather at that moment have taken the broom myself and done the work. But no; it had to be done. Glancing around to see whom I should select, I observed a good-hearted, cheerful, open-faced comrade whose name even I had not learned, and this was my order, “Would you mind being so kind as to take one of the brooms and help make the barracks cleaner by assisting in sweeping them?” The face became a broad grin at once, and he said, “Well, seeing its you, sonny, I’ll do it this once.” But we soon got over such extremely soft speeches and orders were quickly obeyed.

The dress parades were a great feature of camp life. The first ones, though, were a sight not easily forgotten. Men went into camp generally ununiformed, except the favored few whose circumstances enabled them to employ their own tailors. These favored ones were models for admiration and envy. Of the balance some had blue overcoats and others had citizens dress. Some had military caps as the only sign of a soldier.

The clothing for service had not then been distributed, and some idea can be formed of the appearance made by some nine hundred men in line clad in these various garments. A butcher with his white robe surmounted by a plug hat is an incongruous sight, but a soldier in a blue overcoat with a black stovepipe hat is anything but military in appearance, but such we had in those first parades.

Before the guns were distributed, after the line was formed at the command "parade rest," the motley crowd stood in their unique regalia, and the command "beat off" was given. Then the band marched down the line at common time and turning came back at a quick step. The band were fine fellows, enlisted men from the various companies—selected, no doubt, for their musical talents—but they had to get together like everybody else. During the days while they were "getting together" the most discordant and doleful sounds emanated from the quarter assigned to them for practice. So that at their first appearance in dress parade before the "Falstaffs' recruits" was a very good representation of Hogarth's "March to Finchley." The old "cut-cut-cadabut" tune, never heard before and never since, except at later reunions, will linger in the memory of those who heard it as long as they live. Where they got that tune nobody knows, or, if they do, nobody will tell. But the band made great headway and acquired proficiency before many days. After the uniforms were distributed and the guns came, dress parade was the great event of the day.

This was the favored time when fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, uncles, aunts, grandfathers, grandmothers, cousins, and sweethearts, massed behind the colonel, looked on with admiring gaze, filled with pride as they beheld the manly

array of young soldiers perfecting themselves for the serious work soon to come to their lot. These good people came not empty handed either. Many and many were the hampers and packages of good things they brought with them which helped amazingly to vary the regular bill of fare of "hash, beans and hard-tack."

Then the social sings in the evening were a pleasant feature and as the many good voices among the men were aided by the guests, the grounds in front of the barracks would ring with melody which would be prolonged often to a late hour.

The milkman did a thriving business in the camp, and the name of "Tucker" lingers in the memory of many a soldier of those days. Furloughs of a day at a time were granted and the passes were given great scrutiny by the provost guards of Brigadier-General R. A. Peirce, whose headquarters were in a small building near the railroad station. A sentinel was also posted at the Hyde Park depot, who looked after any strays in uniform in that vicinity.

Guard mounting each morning was a feature of camp life. Some three or four men from each of the ten companies would be detailed for the guard and accompanied by a sergeant or two and several corporals would march to the appointed place. These served for twenty-four hours or three reliefs of four hours each. The relief that went on at 1 o'clock in the morning to five was considered the least desirable, as to be awakened from a sound sleep at that untimely hour was anything but pleasant to look forward to, and many were the devices made to avoid getting on the dreaded "second relief." And yet those hours had their compensations. The perfect quiet of the sleeping camp, broken only by the hum of the insect world, those "voices of the night" which never ceased, the regular pace of the sentinel drawing near and again fading away as he turned in his beaten path, these lent a novelty and charm to those of a meditative turn of mind and helped to wing the otherwise tedious hours.

Somewhere in the small hours there appeared, to our intense disgust, what were termed "grand rounds." This was composed of the officer of the day and a few attendants. On being halted by the sentry nearest to the guard tent with the well-known "Who goes there?" came the reply "grand rounds."

Immediately the guard tent became alive and the command "turn out the guard, grand rounds," was shouted out and the sergeant and corporal on duty would dart into every nook and corner and pull and tug at every sleepy body until the wretched squad—muttering maledictions on their tormentors, and grand rounds in particular—were hustled into some kind of a line and with the lieutenant of the guard at the head were inspected by the visitors.

Often the officer of the day, after the command "Turn out the guard" had been sounded, would considerably say, "Never mind the guard," and he who executed such mercy to the sleepy fellows always had a warm spot in their hearts. Company and battalion drill were kept up morning and afternoon and some of the most welcome words we heard were those at the close of these fatiguing exercises, when the colonel or captain, as the case might be, would sheath his sword and say "March off your companies."

Did time allow, many, very many incidents of camp life might be cited. The long nights of "guard duty;" the sorrows of the corporals, at everybody's beck and call; the unwelcome sound, "Corporal of the Guard Post 21," which meant a run at double-quick to that distant station to listen to some trifling question. The unheard of command by a lieutenant of the guard in the first days, the men being at "present arms" he is reported to have given the command "Stack arms," a thing the guard had some difficulty in obeying.

Comrades who camped here from 1861 to 1865, as the memory of those days pass before you at this hour it seems as if the voice of the Lord bade us remove the shoes from our feet, as the ground whereon we stand is holy ground. Old Blue Hill, looking down on this scene as it did forty years ago, seems to say: "You are right in setting aside the hallowed spot and paying tribute to the noble men who passed from this "school of the soldier" here to the shock of battle.

Here were encamped the Eighteenth Regiment of Infantry, who suffered so severely at Fredericksburg; the Twentieth Regiment, whose heroic deeds are marked in the "lion" in the public library, went from this spot; the Twenty-Fourth Regiment, whose

Colonel Stevenson was killed at Spottsylvania, bade their kindred good-bye on the soil of Camp Meigs.

Six or more of the regiments enlisted for a shorter term in 1862 found shelter here. Later on, the two colored regiments, the Fifty-Fourth and Fifty-Fifth, received their first lessons in military drill on the commodious parade ground, and here we may be sure were instilled in their hearts and lives the patriotism that led them fearlessly to follow their beloved Colonel Shaw at the awful slaughter of Fort Wagner.

I have named but a few of the organizations which, after camp life here, went forth with beating drums, flying colors and martial step to go they knew not where.

“They heard a voice we cannot hear that said
We must not stay;
They saw a hand we cannot see
That beckoned them away.”

Up Mary's heights at Fredericksburg that fatal day we see them dashing up to the stonewall and to the sunken road which none ever reached. Among the waving corn on the field of Antietam we find them and hear them shout the victory. At Gettysburg they shuddered as the gallant Reynolds dropped, and sprinted with Howard and Barlow through the town on that first day.

We find them in the wheat field, at the peach orchard, on Culp's Hill and Little Round Top on the second day. And on the third day at Gettysburg, when Longstreet turned away his head as he ordered Pickett to advance, we may be sure they were in the lines of battle on Cemetery Ridge and did their share in making the “high-water mark of the rebellion.”

In the closing battles of the war, from the Wilderness to Appomattox, we follow them in their daily weary marches and never ending encounters. We can imagine their joy at the final consummation and we rejoice and cheer with them as they burnish their rifles for the great review at Washington.

So we hail the “returning brave.”

But what to those who with lively step and in the bloom of

youth went forth from this spot and failed to return. On battle-field and in hospital, shut up in Libby Prison or within the dead line at Andersonville, wasting with disease and dying of wounds, for whom the loved ones at home look in vain.

To all these twenty-five thousand or more martial spirits we dedicate this scene of their first soldier days. Long may the cannon preserve their present peaceful positions. Never may the time come when the Star Spangled Banner shall cease to float over this consecrated ground, and may children's children to the latest generation swell the chorus of the Union saved, now and forever, one and inseparable.

The Arrival Home and Reception of the Forty-Fifth.

FROM THE BOSTON JOURNAL, JUNE 30, 1863.



THE return of the Forty-Fifth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers was made the occasion of a reception this morning, which, while it justly interprets the esteem in which the Cadet Regiment is held by the citizens of Boston and vicinity, must have also been extremely flattering to the officers and soldiers themselves. The morning was delightful, and the arrangements pertaining to the reception were admirably planned, and were executed so far as they were within the jurisdiction of the city authorities, by a large force of police under the supervision of Colonel John Kurtz, Chief of Police.

The regiment landed at Battery Wharf, at an early hour (about 6 o'clock) and such of the men as chose to breakfast did so; although a large majority of them preferred to wait until they should be escorted to the Common, in order that they might enjoy the hospitality of their comrades, the Independent Corps of Cadets, with unabated relish and satisfaction. This course, however, proved to be "more nice than wise" for the escort did not reach Commercial Street until about nine o'clock, by which time the regiment was in a very hungry condition. Almost immediately after the arrival of the escort, the column formed and took up its line of march for the Common, in the following order.

Squad of police, under Sergeant Dunn.

Independent Corps of Cadets, sixty-five guns, under command of Major John Jeffries, Jr., accompanied by the Brigade Band, twenty-five instruments.

James Bell, Drum Major.

The past members of the Cadets, numbering about fifty men, wearing badges with the motto, *Monstrat Viam*, commanded by Colonel John M. Fessenden of West Roxbury.

Friends of the Forty-Fifth to the number of about seventy-five, W. A. Wellman, Esq., Chief Marshal.

Massachusetts Rifle Club, ninety guns, Colonel Hobart Moore, commanding, and Gilmore's Band, twenty-eight instruments, with Quimby's Drum Corps.

Roxbury Reserve Guard, sixty guns, under command of Captain Edward Wyman.

The Forty-Fifth Regiment, M. V. M., Colonel Charles R. Codman, preceded by the Corps of Pioneers, and the Regimental Band, under Bandmaster John O. Spofford.

Contrabands.

Police.

We observed in the ranks of the past Cadets, and in the various portions of the escort, some of our most "solid men," of whom we may cite as examples, Colonel Thomas Aspinwall, Hon. John C. Park, Hon. James W. Sever, Hon. George P. Sanger, Peter C. Brooks, Esq., Hon. Thomas P. Rich, and many others of equal standing. The escort was under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel C. C. Holmes of the Independent Corps of Cadets.

The regiment looked very well, the officers and men appearing brown and hearty, and seeming in many instances, to enjoy better health and bodily vigor than at their departure.

The line of the procession was handsomely decorated with a profuse display of bunting, flags and streamers literally filling the air. On passing up State Street, there was a solid mass of spectators to greet the returning soldiers, apparently extending from the junction of India and State Streets at the Custom House to Court Square, and unquestionably numbering, at least, twelve thousand persons. The regiment was loudly and repeatedly

cheered, on its passage through the crowd, and on the arrival of the color guard opposite the entrance to the Merchants' Exchange, "three rousers for the old flag" were lustily given from thousands of throats under the enthusiastic lead of Hon. George B. Upton.

At various other points on the march the column was received with much warmth and feeling, while decorations of various kinds were exhibited, and floral tributes were showered upon the heads of the gallant Forty-Fifth.

As the procession passed the State House, a halt was ordered and the line formed. Governor Andrew, accompanied by his staff, in full uniform, came upon the steps, and after a military salute, the bands playing "Hail to the Chief," addressed the regiment, as follows :

COLONEL CODMAN AND FELLOW SOLDIERS OF THE FORTY--FIFTH
MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS :

It is with the most unalloyed and unmingled gratification and pride that I have the honor to welcome yourself personally, and the officers and men of your heroic command, to the soil of the venerable Commonwealth, which we in common own as our State and our mother. The voice of the Commonwealth which I feebly attempt to echo, bids you welcome—the heart of your countrymen, if it had voice, would speak in one word its emotion of gratitude. You have come, fellow soldiers, from the fields of Whitehall and Kinston and Goldsboro, the blood of seventy-six of your companions poured out upon the soil of rebeldom in behalf of the rights of us all and the honor of your blazing flag.

Welcome, then, Mr Commander, thrice welcome soldiers of Massachusetts, soldiers of the Union to all the honor and gratitude, which rightfully belong to the citizen, who in peace or war, does his duty for his country!

I have the honor to thank you, sir, and the brave men whom you command for the nine months of vigilant and heroic service which you have rendered to your country and her cause; and I doubt not that if the exigencies of the service shall call upon your regiment, or any of its officers, or men to resort to any field of arms, that they will march with the same alacrity which distinguished their conduct in 1862.

Thus much may be said for the record of the Forty-Fifth, its term of honorable nine months' service has closed. It began with promise, it was pursued with hope, it has ended with honor. And thanks, Mr. Commander, to yourself and your men, and may the blessing of God descend upon you and yours forevermore!"

Response of Colonel Codman.

YOUR EXCELLENCY:

"The hearty welcome which you have extended to the Forty-Fifth Regiment will amply repay the service it has performed. I am glad, that knowing this to be a regiment raised from all Massachusetts, and therefore in some sense, a representative regiment of the State, it has done no discredit to it in the actions and services in which it has been engaged. I can only thank you in behalf of the officers and men of the regiment for the cordial greeting and welcome which you have extended to it."

The Common was reached at a quarter past ten o'clock, and the procession entered at the corner of Charles and Beacon Streets. As the various bodies filed through the gates, a Federal Salute of thirteen guns was fired by a detachment of the Eighth Battery Association, under the direction of Lieutenant L. L. Fuller of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. Upon the Charles Street Mall, ten tables had been spread with a bountiful collation—a table for each company of the regiment. Immediately in front were two reception tents for each company, and at the left, one for the officers. The regiment marched around the parade ground, displaying admirable discipline in every movement, and formed the line in excellent style along the Charles Street Mall.

The police arrangements were excellent. No one was admitted within the lines, except those officially connected with the exercises until the formalities of the reception were over. The line being formed, His Honor, Mayor Lincoln, accompanied by Aldermen Tyler, Norcross and Amory and Councilman Davis, advanced to the front, and welcomed the regiment in the following speech:

COLONEL CODMAN, OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS OF THE FORTY-FIFTH REGIMENT:

"As the official representative of the City of Boston, it is my pleasant duty to extend to you a cordial greeting on your safe return from the seat of war. The loyal city of Boston, while sharing the honor which has attended the marked achievements of every regiment which has gone forth from our old Commonwealth, yet derives a peculiar satisfaction in acknowledging the gallant deeds of those which are composed in part, or principally of its own citizens.

That local pride which is founded upon merit and the performance of duties which have been honorably discharged, is certainly justifiable, and therefore it is with unfeigned satisfaction we hail your return, having in your short campaign distinguished yourselves in the cause in which you have been engaged, and thereby conferred honor upon the city which claims you as part of its own contribution for the safety of the Republic.

Identified as you are by name, and the previous military career of many of your officers, with a corps which has always enjoyed an enviable position in the front ranks of the citizen soldiery of Massachusetts, you have brought no dishonor on its fair fame, but have proved yourselves worthy of those who adopted you as their representatives and who have taken such a deep interest in your welfare. The peculiarity of a republican form of government is, that it relies for support entirely upon the people, it is for the people that it exists, and it looks to the people to protect and maintain it.

Hence our fathers ignored the idea of a large standing army, which was considered a necessary appendage to every monarchical government under the old system; and the trial which we are now going through will solve the problem whether a nation can be true in the days of adversity to its own ideas, and be loyal to a Constitution that was framed by themselves, in the same degree and manner as older nations are loyal to their reigning sovereigns and governing classes. Providence, by the logic of events in the magnitude of this rebellion, is going to put us fully to the test on this question. It was not decreed that a small number of troops, or two or three brilliant engagements should decide this matter, but the whole people, the great mass must be aroused, and it must be so prolonged in time that there should be worked out in the nation, the virtues of patience and perseverance.

The great body of our citizens must "endure hardness like a good soldier," to prove their manhood before they can be crowned with final success, and sit quietly down under the blessings of peace. For the part which you have taken in this contest we owe you thanks. The orders from the President of the United States, calling for the service of the freemen of the North, required a draft, but you, like all the soldiers from Massachusetts, so far in the progress of the war, volunteered, and the glory which awaits those who cheerfully do a patriot's duty is yours, and will redound to your own credit and to your children.

A few of your comrades have not returned with you, but have fallen in battle, or been stricken down by disease, and here and there is one, absent at the "roll call," but the gallant dead have proved the sincerity of their devotion to the country's cause, by the sacrifice of their lives. Their memory we will cherish with honor, and posterity will hold their names in grateful remembrance. The sacred flag of the Fathers under which you have fought has received new honors at your hands, and it

comes back unstained, except by marks of honorable combat. Again in the presence and in behalf of your friends and this vast assembly I bid you a hearty welcome. I congratulate you upon your safe return to the homes and the social endearments of those you love best upon earth."

Colonel Codman replied briefly, returning his thanks for the generous welcome, and in alluding to the fact that many of his officers were from the city of Boston and that they had never forgotten the great interest and co-operation of the City Government in its formation. In its term of service, the Forty-Fifth had done all that was required of it, and they were glad to receive so flattering a testimonial from their friends. The regiment had suffered more severely than any of the other North Carolina nine months' regiments, and he was happy to say that in every action in which they had been engaged the men had all done their duty.

THE COLLATION.

The men then broke ranks and made a vigorous attack upon their rations. The ropes were dropped and thousands of ladies and gentlemen, who had been impatient spectators of the formalities, outside the lines, rushed forward to bestow an individual welcome and greeting. Bouquets were showered upon the men by their fair friends, and nearly everyone was rejoiced with a floral offering.

At one o'clock the men took the cars for Readville where they will remain in camp until mustered out of the service. Their term of service expires July 7th; but as nothing is to be gained by longer restraint, and the men are naturally impatient to return to their homes, Colonel Codman will endeavor to have all the accounts rendered to the proper United States officers, that the men may be mustered out next Friday, and be at liberty to celebrate the Fourth in the midst of family and friends.

Arriving at Camp Meigs, Readville, the regiment formed in "hollow square," and were addressed by Colonel Codman, who expressed his satisfaction with the officers and men of the regiment and the pride he should ever cherish in having commanded such a body.

The arms and equipments were then turned over to the quartermaster, and the comrades furloughed until the following Monday when the regiment again reported at camp and were "mustered out" of the United States service and were once again private citizens.

The Draft Riot in Boston, July, 1863.

THE ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S REPORT AND THE PART TAKEN BY THE
FORTY-FIFTH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT.



EARLY in the month of July one of the most disgraceful and cruel riots that ever occurred in this country, broke out in the city of New York. It was represented to be instigated by persons who were opposed to the Union cause, and especially to the law of Congress to draft men to fill our depleted regiments at the seat of war, and that it was carried out by their disloyal followers. The defection in New York spread to this city of Boston. Information was obtained on the 13th of July, that a riot was likely to take place in Boston. Preparation was immediately taken to prevent it. On the 14th of July, orders were given verbally to Captain Edward J. Jones, to notify his Company, the Eleventh Battery, to assemble at their Armory, in Cooper Street, and to hold them subject to orders. It became apparent in the afternoon of the 14th, that an outbreak would, at least, be attempted, and preparations were immediately made to nip it in the bud.

Alarm spread to Cambridge, Roxbury, Charlestown, Lowell, New Bedford, and other large places and applications were made by the municipal authorities of these places to Your Excellency, for military support, to aid them in maintaining the peace, which requests were granted to the full extent demanded. The following "Special Orders" for troops were immediately issued.

HEADQUARTERS, BOSTON, July 14th, 1863.'

Colonel Codman commanding Forty-Fifth Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, is hereby ordered to report with his regiment forthwith, for duty at Readville.

By order of the Commander-in-Chief,

WM. SCHOULER,
Adjutant-General.

Whereupon Colonel Codman issued the following order :

HEADQUARTERS FORTY-FIFTH MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEER MILITIA.

BOSTON, July 14th, 1863.

The Forty-Fifth Massachusetts Volunteer Militia will rendezvous at Readville, to-morrow morning at Sunrise, or as soon after as possible. Each man will appear in uniform and will bring his blankets, haversack, and canteen.

This is in accordance with orders from State Headquarters.

The Regiment though mustered out of the United States Service, is in the service of the Commonwealth, and prompt obedience is expected to this order.

By order of Colonel Codman,

G. C. WINSOR,

First Lieutenant and Adjutant.

NOTE.—For want of space we only quote the order to the Forty-Fifth Regiment.

Nothing could excel the zeal and soldier like promptness with which the military organizations responded to the orders of Your Excellency. Major Gordon, U. S. A in command of Fort Independence, came from the fort with a company of his men and offered the services of himself and command for any military duty which Your Excellency, or His Honor, the Mayor of Boston might order him to perform.

Captain Whiton's Company of Heavy Artillery, Massachusetts Volunteers, also on duty at Fort Independence, came to this city, and upon representations made by Major Rodman, U. S. A., in command of the United States Arsenal at Watertown, this company was forwarded at once for guard duty at that important post. Captain Collins, Lieutenant McKibben, and other United States officers on duty at Boston also tendered their assistance, and performed valuable service. It is not my purpose to give a detailed account of the riot, of the disturbance which occurred during the days of July 14th and 15th. It is sufficient to state that the military and the police, by their courage and prompt action soon put an end to them, but not before blood had been shed upon the streets of Boston.

The rioters assembled on the evening of the 14th, in the

neighborhood of the Armory of the Eleventh Battery, in Cooper Street, which was attacked with stones and other missiles. The military under command of Major Stephen Cabot, First Battalion of Heavy Artillery, Massachusetts Volunteers, kept inside in perfect quiet, but with their guns loaded, and ready for attack, should the exigency arrive. At length an attempt was made by the mob to force an entrance to the building and obtain possession of the guns. It was not prudent to delay "and accordingly Major Jones in command of the Eleventh Battery gave the order to fire—he having read the riot act to them from a window of the Armory and ordered them to disperse.

The effect was electrical; several persons were killed, and more wounded—how many will probably never be known, as they were carried away by their friends and afterwards kept hidden. This virtually crushed the mob, although riotous demonstrations were afterwards made in Dock Square,*—and in other parts of the city, but the presence and firm front of the military, and the courage and activity of the police cowed the desperadoes. Several arrests were made of persons supposed to be ring-leaders but no more powder and ball were fired. The one volley in Cooper Street did the work, and saved many lives from death, and much valuable property from destruction.

No other outbreak occurred in any of the other cities in this Commonwealth. The military, however, were held in readiness for several days in each of them, ready at a moment's notice to maintain the public peace.

The following "Special Orders" were issued which relate to the riot:

HEADQUARTERS, BOSTON, July 15th, 1863.

Special Order No. 405.

The efficient and able discharge of important duties by the various Military Corps, in the Commonwealth yesterday, to preserve the peace

*NOTE.—The Forty-Fifth Massachusetts were doing guard duty in Dock Square. A member of Company I, Edward F. Reed, was stationed here in charge of two brass howitzers. It will be remembered that Company I did garrison duty at Fort Macon, N. C., and became expert in handling artillery.

of the city of Boston, and maintain the supremacy of the laws, deserves and receives the thanks of His Excellency, the Commander-in-Chief. The entire force which went on duty yesterday, will remain until relieved by orders from these headquarters. . . .

Citizens are invited by the Commander-in-Chief to enlist in the Forty-Fourth and Forty-Fifth Regiments, or any other military organizations existing in the Commonwealth. Regard will be given to the comfort and subsistence of the troops while under orders. Brigadier-General Peirce, Second-Brigade, First Division, commanding the troops on duty, will promulgate this Order, and will take proper measures to have it carried into effect.

By order of the Commander-in-Chief,

WM. SCHOULER,
Adjutant General.

HEADQUARTERS, BOSTON, July 15th, 1863.

Special Order No. 406.

The commanders of companies of volunteer militia and all military organizations ordered for duty by orders issued July 14th, and by subsequent orders, will cause to be made complete and perfect rolls of the men who report for duty, and the time that they were relieved. Also the amount and number of rations which they received, and by whom they were provided. Attention must be given thereto by the commanders of companies, to the rules of the Army Regulations in regard to rations. Brigadier-General Peirce is charged with the promulgation of this order.

By order of the Commander-in-Chief,

WM. SCHOULER,
Adjutant General.

HEADQUARTERS, BOSTON, July 21st, 1863.

Special Order No. 423.

It having been represented at these headquarters by His Honor Frederick W. Lincoln, Jr., Mayor of Boston, and by Brigadier-General Peirce in command of active forces that the Forty-Fourth and the Forty-Fifth Regiments, M. V. M., are no longer required to preserve the peace of the city, said regiments will be relieved from duty at once. Brigadier-General Peirce is charged with the promulgation and execution of this order and he will convey to Colonel Lee, of the Forty-Fourth, and to Colonel Codman of the Forty-Fifth, to be by them communicated to

their officers and men the thanks of His Excellency, the Governor, for their prompt response to the call of duty, and the admirable manner in which they performed it.

By order of the Commander-in-Chief,

WM. SCHOULER,
Adjutant General.

HEADQUARTERS, FANEUIL HALL SQUARE,

BOSTON, July 21st, 1863.

Special Order No. 6.

Colonel F. L. Lee commanding the Forty-Fourth Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, and Colonel Charles R. Codman, commanding the Forty-Fifth Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, are hereby ordered to dismiss their respective commands until further orders. In issuing this order the General Commanding is desired by His Excellency, the Governor, John A. Andrew, to express to them, their officers and men, his thanks for their prompt response to the call of duty, and the admirable manner in which they performed it. Every duty has been performed to the entire satisfaction of the Commanding General.

By command of

R. A. PEIRCE,
Brigadier General.

C. J. HIGGINSON,
Acting Adjutant General.

FROM CHARLES EUSTIS HUBBARD'S "THE CAMPAIGN OF THE
FORTY-FIFTH."

"To the comrades of the Forty-Fifth it seemed quite like old times meeting once more in the barracks of Camp Meigs, and making preparations for an expedition, though the consciousness that this time we were only bound to the city of Boston had a very enlivening effect upon us all. The quartermaster furnished us with arms, ammunition, and equipments, and with our blankets slung in the old fashion, we could very easily have imagined ourselves on the point of starting off on a tramp up country from New Berne.

Having formed in line, the colonel equalized the companies, a rather important matter, as the Nantucket Company, Company H, had but one representative besides the officers, and the Cape Cod Company, Company D, but four or five. We then went through a short drill in street firing; and having loaded our guns with ball cartridges, started

for the cars, and were deposited at the depot in town. Having executed the order, "prime," with guns capped and at half cock, to show the bystanders and all interested that this did not mean blank cartridges or holiday parade, we marched to our quarters in Faneuil Hall.

This was the day following that of the Cooper Street Riot, and as a renewed attack on Dock Square and its gun shops was expected that night, this, the post of danger and honor, was assigned to the Forty-Fifth as well as the support of four guns of the Eleventh Battery, Captain E. J. Jones. We were on duty through the night, half of the regiment at a time, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Peabody, and major, a company being assigned to each gun, they being placed one at each corner of Faneuil Hall, thus commanding all the streets converging upon Dock Square. There were pickets out on all the neighboring streets, and no persons except market men, were permitted to enter the square. Strict orders were given to fire immediately on the approach of any threatening body of people, and thus, by a wise severity at the outset, to prevent such a prolongation of outrages as had resulted from the misjudged leniency of the New York authorities.

The night was passed very quietly, excepting some disturbance from a noisy crowd in the evening, which was, however, quickly dispersed by a patrol of dragoons. A regular guard was stationed at the entrance of the building, and there we had to stay throughout the day, short furloughs of an hour, or two, being occasionally granted. There is reason to fear, however, that during the week spent in the hall, a good many private furloughs were taken by way of the windows and spouts, but as we were only on duty at night, it mattered but little.

We continued to spend our nights in the open air, generally in the square, and on one or two occasions detachments were sent to other points, South Boston Bridge, the armories, etc. Though the city seemed to be restored to its pristine security, yet fearing some outbreak on Saturday night or Sunday, we were detained till the next Tuesday. It seemed very strange to post sentries about the streets and alleys, with orders to allow no one to pass through, and the indignation of some of our worthy citizens at being made to go some other way, was very amusing.

Our days were spent in watching the passers-by from the windows, and on one or two afternoons we were treated to a battalion drill on the Common, in which we certainly showed rather how much we had forgotten than what we knew, for our mistakes were very numerous.

The gaping crowd were, however, none the wiser, and doubtless thought them all a part of the show. But all good things must sometimes have an end, and so did our rations of bologna sausage and Washington pie, daily served out to us in the Cradle of Liberty. The rioters thought better of their plans, and wisely concluded that it was prefer-

able to run the risk of being drafted and then killed, than to be shot down at their very doors; a fate they had every reason to expect if they attempted any further disturbance of the peace. Thanks to prompt action of the State and City authorities, the riotous proceedings were nipped in the bud, and law and order again reigned supreme. The men had been dropping into the rendezvous from day to day, drawn from a distance by the summons, until we numbered five hundred strong and on Monday night, knowing it would be the last time we should be together as a regiment, we devoted the evening, for we had no duty to perform that night, to having a good time. We sang all the army songs till we were tired out; we cheered all the officers and everything connected with the regiment, individually and collectively, till we were hoarse, and made such a scene as even old Faneuil Hall, in all her long history of stirring events, had never witnessed the like before, and probably never will again.

Our task was ended, our nine months more than full. Leaving behind us a name blotted by no stain of dishonor, and with a proud consciousness of having done honor to the noble State that gave us birth, having, in camp, and on the battlefield, striven to do our duty by the Government we had volunteered to serve, on Tuesday, the 21st day of July, 1863, we were paid off and discharged, and the old Forty-Fifth lived only in history.

After Twenty-five Years.

A VISIT TO NEW BERNE AND THE KINSTON BATTLE GROUND IN 1888.

BY HENRY R. THOMPSON OF COMPANY A.

A letter read at the Mid-Winter Reunion of the Forty-Fifth
Massachusetts Regiment Association.



PERHAPS a few words about North Carolina and what I have seen of the places with which our Regiment was associated, twenty-five years ago, may be of interest to the comrades assembled. The present expedition of the Forty-Fifth, consists of but two members, Mr. Charles H. Brooks of Company A, and myself, and the order of things of 1862 is reversed, in that this expedition commenced at Goldsboro, and finished at New Berne.

The object of the expedition will soon be accomplished, and "the army" will be on its homeward way. Leaving Norfolk on the morning of the 22nd inst., we reached Weldon, a small inferior place (but of considerable strategical importance in war times) at noon of the same day, and Goldsboro in the evening. Our train being an hour late, we found that we should not be able to connect with the New Berne train, but as there were six passengers aboard for the train, it was telegraphed to be held for us, which was well for it, as we constituted about all its passengers.

At first we thought that we would remain at Goldsboro over night and go over the battlefield there, but as it was not of especial interest to the Forty-Fifth we decided to push on to Kinston. On the train we made the acquaintance of a prominent citizen of Kinston, a banker, Mr. S. H. Loftin, who was a member of the Third North Carolina Cavalry and was at the battle of Kinston. He expressed himself as very happy to meet us, and gave us a pressing invitation to visit the battlefield with him, in his carriage, which we of course accepted.

He told us much of interest concerning the fight from the Confederate standpoint. Among other things he said that General Evans when he met General Smith (his superior officer), begged to be allowed to return, get in our rear and capture us, which our friend Loftin said he could have accomplished, as he knew we were out of ammunition and food, but General Smith would not permit it, as he believed we were too strong for them.

Mr. Loftin spoke of our return to New Berne as a "retreat," as in fact did all whom we met and talked with, who knew anything about the expedition.

Among other things Mr. Loftin said, that the Confederates had but two thousand eight hundred men all told. That at Whitehall only two hundred infantry were engaged, and but six pieces of artillery, two of which were dismounted by our guns, early in the fight. I disputed none of his statements as I saw he believed them to be facts. Before taking the carriage ride with him, Comrade Brooks and I visited the battlefield on foot. The general features of the ground are unchanged. The old forest has almost wholly disappeared and a new growth has taken its place.

Between the point where we formed ready to charge, near the old church, which has disappeared, and the old house near the bridge, still standing, a thick growth of Black Jack hickory has sprung up, entirely shutting off the view of either spot from the other, and a line of fortifications extending on either side of the road from river to river, changes the appearance of things very materially. Proceeding along the road, familiar spots which we were looking for, appeared in view, and we soon found ourselves at the point where the regiment went in by the "Right Flank" to receive its "baptism of fire." We then followed the old line of march, till stopped by the swamp, which still exists in all its slimy mud as formerly, out of which were growing saplings with gnarled roots, affording the only means of getting through, by leaping from one to the other, with frequent slips to unknown depths.

It is needless to state we did not attempt going through, being perfectly willing to let the experience of 1862 suffice. We

then retraced our steps to the road, and passing the swamp, entered the wood at its other edge, and followed the track of the regiment to more solid ground. With the exception of the absence of the larger trees (all being gone) the ground remains the same as on that eventful day, and memories of that struggle came crowding thick and fast upon us.

I fancied I saw the line of "blue" and heard the crack of the rifle and the boom of the cannon. I could seem to see "Graves" as he lay moaning on the ground, and the many lifeless forms stretched around. I hear the sharp order to "Fix Bayonets!" and remember the thrill that went through me at the time, and I see the rush of the boys as they hurried to the "open" and hastily formed the line. But how changed! All nature now peaceful, the sun shone brightly, the birds sang gaily, and there was nothing to the visible eye or ear that indicated anything of the war of twenty-five years ago. I was exceedingly gratified to find that we could locate positions so accurately, as for instance, the location of the little church, which was verified by Mr. Loftin later in the day. The old bridge has been replaced by a fine iron one. The road which curved to the left, following the line of the river, still remains, but a new piece connects the bridge in a straight line with the main street, where the cotton was burning. The old railroad station still stands, but a number of new buildings have been erected around it. One building shows a hole where a cannon ball went through it and into the station.

Great improvements have been made in the town. We were very hospitably received by all, and they seemed pleased to see us take so much interest in the "fight." One gentleman, Mr. Wooten, informed us that his father owned and occupied the plantation, on which we camped, the night before Whitehall, and he recognized my description of the building from which we borrowed (?) the sweet potatoes for that morning's breakfast. Mr. Loftin drove us to South West Creek, and showed us a huge pine tree, through which one of our cannon balls passed, and which has stood all these years, until a few days ago. We left Kinston last evening and arrived in New Berne at 9 o'clock. We

had supposed we must go to the old "Gaston House," but were glad to learn that it no longer holds supremacy. The new "Hotel Albert" where we are, is located on Middle Street, east side, between Pollock and East Front Streets. This street as we knew it was a resident street, but now, it is almost wholly devoted to business. The old structures have been superseded by new and substantial brick ones, and modern civilization is apparent, in plate glass windows, and brown curbstone sidewalks.

There have been many improvements in the city, new residences of modern architecture have been erected, indicating wealth and refinement, but generally old "New Berne" is still here. We visited the old quarters of Company A. Though twenty-five years have elapsed, it looks as though we had but just left it. Apparently no improvements have been made, for every part of it seems familiar.

The building where was located the old Provost Guard headquarters, on the corner of Pollock and East Front Streets, still stands, but is somewhat changed, having been remodeled. The Craven Street Jail was burned, and the new Court House occupies the site. We visited Fort Totten which retains its name and largely its shape, as do the breastworks. The enclosure of Fort Totten is a vegetable garden, as is the case with another fort on the Neuse.

Just across the road, near our old barracks at Camp Amory on the Trent, is an earthwork, commanding the bridge and its approaches, Fort Gaston, and further to the east is the fort built by the Forty-Fifth, while at Camp Massachusetts. Its embankments are but little affected by the lapse of time. From it, and extending to the Neuse is a line of breastworks. Fort Spinola can be seen, but the old camp of the Forty-Fifth is covered with a fine growth of early peas. I wish that we could locate the house of each company, for the interest of the members of the companies who may be present at the Re-union. We can locate many of the houses, but cannot affix the letters. We have met many Ex-Confederate soldiers and southern citizens, and universal satisfaction is expressed that matters terminated as they did. The Union soldier is sure of a warm welcome here,

and had the proposed excursion been made, the citizens would have done their best to have made it a most enjoyable occasion.

The proprietor of this hotel was a citizen of Kinston at the time of the fight. His hotel here is a fine new building lighted by gas, steam heated, and water distributed all over the house from an artesian well. In fact it is a modern, up to date hotel, where visiting members of the Forty-Fifth will be well taken care of.

Address on the Life and Character of Hon. Edward W. Kinsley.

BY PRIVATE CYRUS H. BATES OF COMPANY A, READ AT THE REUNION
OF COMPANY A ASSOCIATES JANUARY 21, 1892.

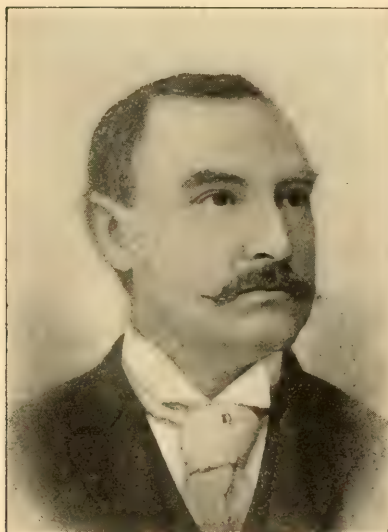


AS the years, weeks and months of our army life float past into history, we look back through the mist of the years and recall old faces, old scenes, old memories of the dreary hours on the sentry's beat, the long marches, when at the close of the day we threw ourselves on the cold wet ground to dream of our homes in far away New England, the roar of cannon, the sharp volleys of rifles, the mangled forms of comrades lying with their dead peaceful faces turned upward, the hot Carolina sands, through those burning May and June days, when not a sunset but saw a hollow square formed on the parade ground, in the centre a pine box containing all that was mortal of some comrade, stricken but a few hours before by the deadly Southern fever, all those scenes that once seemed as clear cut to our vision as an etching, have by time, that great effacer of all things mortal, been growing dimmer and dimmer on the tablets of our memories until it all seems like a dream, needing some great shock to arouse and bring the past vividly before us, even to the most minute details.

As the past year was drawing to a close, ere the echoes of the Merry Christmas bells, proclaiming "Peace on Earth, Goodwill to Men," had hardly died away, we read on the evening bulletins,

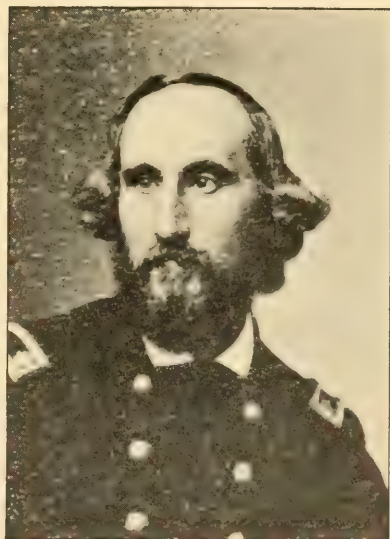
"EDWARD W. KINSLEY IS DEAD."

My heart leaped across the chasm of years down the quarter of a century to those old war days at Readville and on the banks of the Trent. How clearly it came to me, my first sight of that bright, keen, kindly face! It was an evening of song at Read-



CYRUS H. BATES

EDWARD W. KINSLEY



DR. SAMUEL KNEELAND
SURGEON

ville camp. The barrack room was crowded with visitors. Company A was famous for its musical talent. Becket was there, with his fine baritone, which was heard so often in after years in the New York Glee Club. Whitney, our own Myron W., the finest basso in the band, was also there. The air seemed palpitating with the strains of liberty, when Kinsley's clear tenor took up "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" and all the enthusiasm, all the pent up feelings of a life-long lover of liberty, the very soul of the man rang out.

"As He died to make men holy
Let us die to make men free."

It needed no one to tell me that here was a man whose heart and soul was given to the cause.

"The grand old cause our fathers loved
Freedom and Equal laws."

Had one been passing through Copley Square in December last, he would have seen a throng of sad-faced men standing at the doors of Trinity Church. If you had entered those dimly-lighted portals, you would have seen what is rarely vouchsafed any man to see, military honors over the remains of a private American citizen. Not an officer; he was never girded with a bright and shining sword. Not a private; he had never shouldered a musket, but the flag-draped casket was there; you heard the measured tread of armed men, the roll of drum, and the notes of the soul-stirring bugle; all the solemn scenes of soldiers' farewell to a comrade. An honorary member of a Massachusetts regiment, a member of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, one of the largest Grand Army Posts in the North bearing his name. Surely this man must have performed some noble deeds, must have written his name high up on the scroll, where is read the names of those who helped save the Republic, that when his mortal remains are laid away, the stillness of the morning air should be broken by the sound of bugle and the tap of the drum! But he merited it all. Many a man has had tons of

granite piled above his dust, many a man has had his statue of brass or stone erected on our highways, who never did one tithe to serve his country as did

EDWARD WILKINSON KINSLEY.

No true history can be written of the part Massachusetts played in the great struggle between freedom and slavery, without inscribing *his* name in "letters both bold and bright." Through all the long years of the war for the Union, in private and in public, he was the same faithful, unswerving, never-doubting patriot, and no one can overestimate the debt we owe him.

Born on the rugged New Hampshire hills, his parents moved to Springfield when he was two years old. His father, Rudolphus Kinsley, was a strong Abolitionist, and his mother joined heart and hand with her husband. Those were the days of Lindley Coates and Lovejoy.

"That dark and evil time
When the Golden Rule was treason,
And to feed the hungry, crime."

So that Edward drew in his love of liberty with his mother's milk, and when barely twelve years of age we find him driving many a weary mile in the cold winter nights, with some trembling half-starved and hunted slave, hidden under the robes, flying from bondage to freedom.

At the age of sixteen coming to Boston, he was one of that faithful band who sought the companionship of such brave hearts as Garrison, Phillips, Sumner and Wilson, and when John Brown was hanged in 1859, he caught fresh inspiration from such heroic souls as Lydia Maria Child, sending her "God bless you, man!" to the old hero in his prison at Harper's Ferry, and the prophetic utterances of the silver-tongued Phillips, "You have proved that a slave state is only *fear* in the mask of despotism."

The next year, 1860, there came to the front, the man in whom the Abolitionists rested all their hopes,—John A. Andrew was the peer in intellect of all those grand, noble men who came

to the front in 1860 and 1861. Firm, true, honest, determined, never afraid to speak his inmost thoughts, and basing his whole belief on the grand truth that "all men should be free." Hear him! "Rich or poor, white or black, great or small, wise or foolish, in season or out of season, in the right or in the wrong, whoever will speak, let him speak!"

With a great gift vouchsafed to so few, the power of being able to look ahead farther than any man of his time, he saw with a prophetic eye the work that lay before him. He realized, as but few others did, that the North was not grappling with the real issue; that before the Rebellion should be crushed, and the "Stars and Stripes" float in triumph from Maine to the Gulf, the slave must be free. In this dark hour he looked about him for some strong arm to lean upon, some incorruptible man, one with so much self respect and integrity, that no one would dare bribe him; one pure in his private life, clean handed in public affairs, loyal to God and to his country, and such a man he found in Edward Wilkinson Kinsley, and he grappled him to his side with hooks of steel. A score of evenings would not suffice to tell the story of Kinsley's noble work. Much of it was secret work known only to himself and Governor Andrew, and never told till years after the war was ended, and then only in the privacy of the home, or to a few comrades gathered around his table. But his power was felt every day, and every hour in the day, during those four years of blood and heroic struggle; one hour pouring out scorn upon some dishonest contractor, who tried to weave threads of cotton in the army cloth, the next, compelling the return of shoddy overcoats, and paying for good ones with his own check. He was heart and soul with the great War Governor in his constant unceasing efforts for the Emancipation of the slaves.

The Emancipation Proclamation was issued September 22, 1862, but it is now conceded by every student of history that it was given to the country only after persistent supplication from men like Andrew, Sumner, Wilson and others. Mr. Lincoln has always been credited with great sagacity, but he firmly insisted that the conflict was waged for the maintenance of the Union, and *not* for the destruction of Slavery.

One day in September, 1863, Governor Andrew went to Mr. Kinsley's house and asked him to go to Washington at once. Said Andrew, "My mind is filled with forebodings of evil. I do not feel easy. Something is going wrong. I beg you to go to Washington immediately and see Mr. Lincoln and tell him our hearts are firmly set upon this matter and for him not to recede *one inch*."

Mr. Kinsley proceeded to Washington, had an interview with Mr. Lincoln lasting several hours, the President going into the subject of Emancipation and plying Mr. Kinsley with questions, as to the feeling in Massachusetts, and above all what Governor Andrew thought and said upon the matter. This was only one of the many interviews between Mr. Kinsley and President Lincoln. It was during the interview just mentioned that an incident occurred and I will give it as nearly as possible, as it was told to me. While Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Kinsley were talking, a clerk opened the door and said that a woman insisted upon seeing the President. Mr. Lincoln desired that she be admitted. A poor old woman, her clothing clinging to her worn out frame, came in and with tears running down her cheeks, she asked Mr. Lincoln for a pass to go and see her son, who was in a field hospital. The President told her it was impossible, entirely out of the question, no pass could be given to any one outside the military. "Her grief," said Mr. Kinsley was pitiable, she pleaded with Mr. Lincoln to be allowed to go and nurse her boy, till the President, every muscle in his rugged face quivering with emotion, turned to his desk, wrote a few lines, handed it to her and said, "Here is your pass; go to Stanton and get it countersigned." Mr. Lincoln leaned his head upon his hand, and in silence awaited the storm. In a moment the door flew open and in came Stanton like a raging lion. "Mr. President, don't you know that under no circumstances can a pass be given to a civilian? Why did you give a pass to this woman?" Quick as a flash came the answer, "Because she don't wear hoops"—without a word Stanton turned and left the room, and the poor old woman got her pass. Mr. Lincoln knew that he should not have given the pass, and that against Stanton's anger he could oppose no logical

excuse, so he evaded it all by that irrelevant reply, and Stanton was wise enough and knew Mr. Lincoln well enough to see that all arguments were useless.

One of Edward Kinsley's great characteristics was his kind-heartedness. I know of no one to whom these words of his old friend Andrew could better apply, "I know not what record of sin awaits me in the world to come,—I cannot tell—but this I do know, I never despised a man because he was poor, because he was ignorant, because he was black." He was the friend of the poor and the slave, one to whom others came for help when stranded on life's breakers, and they never failed to find a friend. Let me tell you what Mr. Kinsley called one of the happiest moments of his life. On one of his missions to the front, he was on a Government Steamer about to leave Suffolk for Fortress Monroe. The captain had given orders to haul in the gang plank, when at the top of the bank was seen an old negro woman, doing her best to catch the boat before it started. "Why don't you wait for the woman?" No answer, but the gang plank was hauled in, and stepping to the rail, the captain pulled the bell to go ahead. "She is a poor old woman, who probably lives down the river and wants to get home" "Our boats don't take niggers." "This one does," said Mr. Kinsley, quietly swinging around on his heel. Looking at the quiet little man, the captain said, "Who are you?" Mr. Kinsley put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a document signed by Abraham Lincoln, directing that all officers in the field and all masters of transportation should extend all possible courtesies to Edward W. Kinsley. Touching his cap, as if to a superior officer, the boat was stopped, the gang plank thrown out, and the old woman taken aboard.

His great big heart was full of sympathy. No poor veteran ever called upon him to ask a favor but found him cordial and quick to render service, if that service was in his power. When his old friend and chief, Governor Andrew, was laid away in the grave, he was the organizer of a subscription to place Mrs. Andrew forever above want. On one of his western trips he saw how much railroad men on those bleak and lonely prairies needed books, and upon his return home inspired the hearts of some of

his friends in Boston and New York with such a portion of his own enthusiasm and love for all mankind, that enough money was collected to buy the libraries, Mr. Kinsley personally attending to the collecting of the books and forwarding them to the Atchison & Topeka Railroad Company. Of his labors during the later years of his life, as Railroad Commissioner, the outside world perhaps knew little, but no man in Massachusetts ever did as much as he to push into use all manner of life saving appliances, and to raise the standard of every road in the State. His was a busy life, filled with doing good to others.

Life, joy, happiness, went with him everywhere! All that was mortal of him sleeps at Forest Hill, but the part that never dies, this will never leave us—a brave, true, tender soul. He will live enshrined in our affections in deepest love and veneration. He has lived his life, giving his light where light was most needed. He has passed behind the veil which no mortal hand has ever lifted, has slowly drifted away to another world.

“ I cannot say and will not say
That he is dead. He's just away.
With a cheery smile, and a wave of the hand
He has wandered into an unknown land,
And left us dreaming, how very fair,
It needs must be, since he lingers there.”

May we not hope, may we not believe, that when out of the mists, dear hands reached out to lead him across the river, and through the valley of the shadows to where the cloud never blots out the sunshine, and love never wearies or dies: that among the first to welcome him to that glorious realm, was that great Statesman, and lover of humanity, John A. Andrew, and close behind him, pressing forward to welcome him were Lincoln and Sumner, Wilson and Morton, all that band of heroes, and stretching out to the very borders of the Spirit Land was seen in that light that never shone on sea or land, that vast army of martyrs, who went out from Northern homes to offer up their lives, that this country might be one and undivided—all forming one vast procession to the foot of the great white throne. And may we not

also believe he heard that Voice asking, "What have you done to inherit Eternal life?" and with bowed head, he answered, "I did what I could to help Earth's down-trodden ones, to free the slaves and to build up a republic whose corner stone should be truth and equal rights to all men." Then from the great white throne, he heard that Voice say with infinite tenderness, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into my Kingdom." In memory to him whose loyalty to the cause of liberty was irreproachable, and whose fidelity never faltered, I tender this my feeble offering.

"Statesman, yet friend to truth! Of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honor clear;
Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who gained no title, and who lost no friend."

Meetings and Re-unions of the Forty-Fifth Regiment, M. V. M.

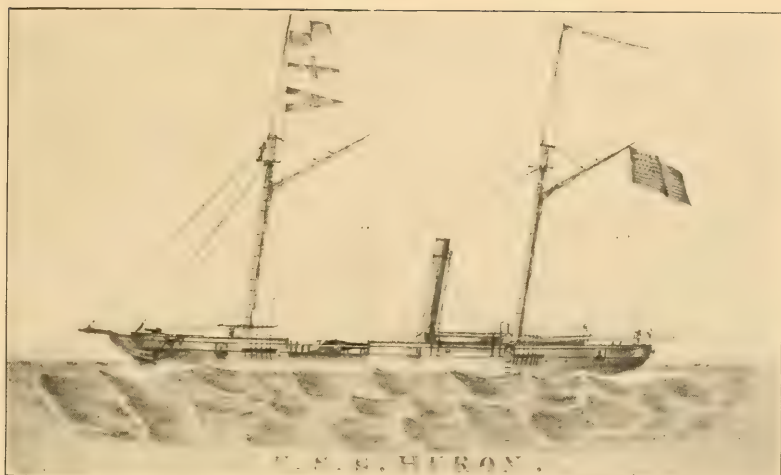
FROM RECORDS OF JOHN D. WHITCOMB, SECRETARY.



At a meeting of the Regiment held at Nahant, September 5th, 1876, it was voted: To form a permanent organization to be known as the "Association of the Forty-Fifth Massachusetts Regiment," and to hold a yearly re-union. Colonel Charles R. Codman was elected President. Over two hundred were present and sat down at the tables at Whitney's Hotel. Before returning home, "Dress Parade" was gone through with, in the field adjacent to the Hall, the battalion under command of Captain Murdoch, Lieutenant Bond, as Adjutant, and Lieutenants Richardson and Hardy in command of companies.

THE DEDICATION OF THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT ON BOSTON COMMON took place September 17, 1877. The Regiment turned out about one hundred and fifty men in the parade, marching over the entire route. The *Boston Transcript* of September 18th said: "The Forty-Fifth (Cadet) Regiment of this city carried, besides the National Colors, its rich blue field flag, presented by ladies of Massachusetts, at Readville, just previous to its departure for the seat of war. It contains bullet-hole marks of service.

The three colors were carried by three color corporals, Keating, Dakin and Chittenden, who were members of the Color Guard of the Regiment in service. Lieutenant-Colonel Oliver W. Peabody, Major Russell Sturgis, Jr., and Adjutant Gershom C. Winsor, appeared in command, and on the staff, finely mounted.



CONVOY OF STEAMSHIPS MISSISSIPPI, MERRIMAC AND SAXON,
BOSTON TO MOREHEAD CITY, N. C., NOVEMBER, 1862



EDWIN P. LONGLEY, COMPANY K
President of the Association of the 45th Mass. Regt. for 1909

A large number of line officers were present in company command, and the men of the Regiment, in good marching, and soldierly bearing, made a solid display. At the State House the Boston Cadets paid the Regiment special marks of recognition and it also seemed to have many friends along the line."

ON DECEMBER 5TH, 1878.

A special meeting was held in the Meionaon, Tremont Temple, one hundred members of the Regiment being present.

Attention was given to the subject of the nomination of Charles R. Codman for Mayor of the City of Boston. Sergeant Royal P. Barry, offered the following Preamble and Resolution:

"The return during the last year from a long absence in Europe of Hon. Charles R. Codman, commanding the Forty-Fifth Regiment during its war service, and the prominent position in which he is now placed before the public, make it proper and due that the Association should take some action thereon. It is therefore, Resolved, That during Colonel Codman's absence he has had, as always since our first association with, and knowledge of him, our confidence, respect and sympathy. While we know, that between himself and ourselves, there is no need to make open profession of feeling such as this, yet it gives us pleasure to do so, and also to congratulate him upon his safe return to his native city in health and with the disposition for energetic usefulness.

Meeting here as *Soldiers*, not making a claim to great services, where, in many cases, other soldiers did so much more; yet for our Colonel, we hold that there may have been many *older* soldiers, but there were few *better*, and certainly none who more completely respected the rights of the humblest soldier he had under him, nor who cared more diligently and self-sacrificingly for the well-being of every individual under his command, and we are naturally proud of any distinction that may be conferred upon him. Meeting here as *citizens* who know Colonel Codman,—most of us living in the city of Boston, and all of us

interested in the good government of the capital city of our State,—we are rejoiced that a man of such unblemished character, such sturdy integrity and independence, and so pre-eminently able in executive qualities, has consented to sacrifice his personal interests for the public good. Whatever the result in awaiting of those abilities may be, we congratulate our fellow citizens upon the opportunity.

Finally as Individuals, we pledge ourselves to do all in our power toward placing in the Mayoralty Chair a gentleman in whom we have unbounded confidence and whom we have tried and found in possession of elements of character fitted to grace, and certain to honor, any position in which he may be placed."

The resolution was received with cheers and long continued applause. Remarks cordially endorsing the Resolution were made by Lieut. Colonel Peabody, Dr. Samuel Kneeland, Hon. George P. Denny, Quartermaster Francis A. Dewson and others, and on motion of Comrade Thomas M. Ware, the Resolution was adopted by a rising and unanimous vote.

REUNION AT PLYMOUTH, JULY 17, 1879.

The *Boston Transcript* of July 18th said: "Of those who saw active service, one hundred were in attendance and with them sixty-five guests, many of whom were ladies. They were accompanied by the Maplewood Band, of which John A. Spofford, their old regimental bandmaster, is leader. Of this company there were men from Nantucket, the Vineyard, and many towns on the Cape, but by far the greater number came from Boston and its suburbs." The Comrades were cordially received by the citizens of Plymouth and shown many attentions, visiting many points of interest in that historic town, Plymouth Rock, Pilgrim Hall and the Court House. An interesting service was held in the cemetery at the grave of Horace Holmes, a member of Company A, where the ritual for the dead of the Grand Army was read, and the grave handsomely decorated with flowers. Letters were read from absent members, among others from Dr. Stone of San Francisco.



JOHN D. WHITCOMB
Secretary Forty-Fifth Regiment Association

REUNION AT NANTUCKET, SEPTEMBER 11th, 1881.

"The visiting comrades arrived at Nantucket at nine o'clock Sunday morning and were escorted by the resident members to the Springfield House, and later attended a Union Religious Service in the Methodist Church. The pulpit was handsomely decorated and the services were in every way befitting the occasion. The sermon was by the pastor of the church, Rev. Mr. Ransom, from the text: "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem." Following this service the soldiers repaired to the Soldier's Monument where they strewed flowers in memory of the departed. Mr. John D. Whitcomb after making some feeling allusions to familiar names that he saw upon the shaft read the "Pledge of the Dead" as only a surviving Comrade can render such a piece. The poem is a most beautiful one, written by William Winter and delivered at the banquet of the Army of the Potomac, given in Albany, N. Y., June 18, 1881. The next day a "Camp Fire" was lighted at Surfside. Reminiscences were revived, old familiar stories related, and friendships firmly renewed. After the dinner a very eloquent and impressive address was given by Dr. Arthur E. Jenks which was listened to with the liveliest attention. Among other things he said: "I may say that never since I saw one of the first State regiments march to the front, have I ever forgotten either the fate or the fortune of a Union Soldier. Glorious Forty-Fifth Regiment! True your service was but for nine months; but in all those awful spaces you stood like heroes! Nine month's duty in war; the record of the eternal years for your reward! Success is not measured by the time occupied in achieving it, but rather by the importance of the work when accomplished. Sheridan's ride to Winchester was the break-neck speed of only a few hours. That he saved the day is the glory of horse and man; the lasting praise of Sheridan. Men of New England,

"With us your names shall live,
Thro' long succeeding years;
Embalmed with all our hearts can give,
Our praises and our tears."

Rev. Mr. Ransom read a fine poem entitled, "On Picket

Duty." All joined in singing "America." The Camp was called "Theodore Parkman" in honor of the Color-Sergeant of the Forty-Fifth killed at Whitehall. Returning from the Camp the Comrades sat down to a fine dinner at the Springfield House where a continuous fire of wit and wisdom flew about the festive board and the best of good feeling prevailed. The Comrades voted their trip to Nantucket "the best time they ever had."

REUNION AT SWAMPSCOTT, JUNE 25, 1885.

Upon arrival at Swampscott the visitors were received by the General James L. Bates Post 118 of the Grand Army and veterans of Company E. Under command of Lieut. Alpheus H. Hardy the line marched to the Town Hall where a collation was served by the ladies of Swampscott. A vote of thanks was passed to Adjutant Winsor for securing a correct record of the service of the Forty-Fifth in the forthcoming history of the Twenty-Third Massachusetts Regiment. President Royal P. Barry gave some interesting statistics of the make-up of the Forty-Fifth Regiment, and brief accounts of the men of Swampscott in the regiment and their excellence as soldiers. The Forty-Fifth was perhaps more thoroughly representative of Massachusetts men than any other raised in the State. Thirty-two men were credited to the quota of the town of Swampscott. One of these men was killed in action, three died in the service, one of them died later in Andersonville prison, after re-enlistment; three have died since the war. First Lieut. Alpheus H. Hardy of Company E paid a warm tribute to the bravery and reliability of the men of Swampscott, mentioning by names, Thomas Donnelly, Caleb Stone and Dudley Blaney among others who were killed, or died during the war, particularly dwelling upon the cheerfulness and valor of Charles H. Smith, who later was taken prisoner and died amid the horrors of Andersonville. Lieut. J. Frank Emmons came specially from New York to see the men of his old company and spoke earnestly in their praise. Although obliged to return in the afternoon he had pleasure



THOMAS E. HOLWAY, COMPANY D
President of the Association of the 45th Mass. Regiment, 1908

enough to amply repay his coming. There was a loud call for the skipper of the *Ocean Bride* who put out with his crew in the teeth of a fierce northeast gale on November 9, 1862, and perilled danger in Boston Bay to reach the storm bound transport *Mississippi* and deliver a freight of apples and supplies. Captain Miles Blanchard, hale and hearty, came forward and made a brief speech expressive of his pleasure at meeting the Forty-Fifth under such pleasant and widely different circumstances. Eight members of this crew were present as guests of the Regiment. At the close of Captain Blanchard's remarks an original poem entitled "A Greeting to Swampscott," was sung to the tune of "Glory Hallelujah," Comrade Thomas C. Evans acting as chorister.

With song of old the Forty-Fifth greets Swampscott town today,
And comes again with loyal heart, though heads may wear the gray,
To give a hearty grasp of hand for days of Boston Bay,
 When troops were sailing on.
 Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
 As troops were sailing on.

If ranks are now not finely closed, yet comrades staunch remain,
To tell the tale in gratitude and tell it time again,
The story of that valiant crew, in days of strife and pain,
 The *Ocean Bride* who manned.
 Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
 Hail to that valiant band.

In thought of one November day, when storm and wave were high,
All seem to see, in fancy free, a welcome craft draw nigh.
Her freight put out by willing hands and hearts that knew a tie,
 For sons then sailing on.
 Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
 For hands and hearts and sons.

The golden apple was the fruit that banished Eve, 'tis said,
When driven out from Paradise with curse upon her head,
But Swampscott fruit with blessing came, as manna blent with bread,
 In wilderness of storm.
 Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
 That storm and war are gone.

The fields and lanes of Swampscott town are blooming now in June,
 In peaceful wiles all nature smiles, and hearts are just in tune,
 And cloud alone is fond regret that friends must part so soon,

For day is hasting on.
 Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
 While life is marching on.

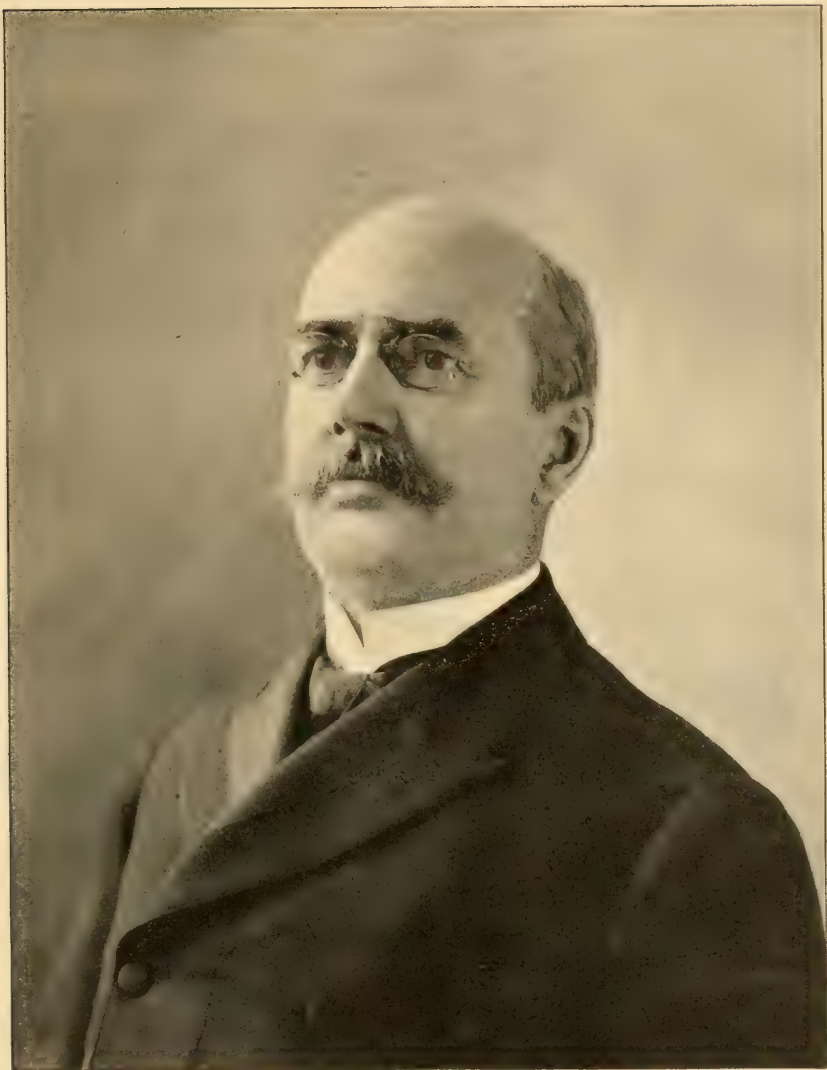
The President stated that there was no name of the author on the program, but he believed it was written by our Secretary, John D. Whitcomb.

After reading of letters from absent comrades the following original poem was read by Comrade Edward P. Jackson, entitled, "The Undecorated Graves."

A myriad of the noblest sons of earth
 That ever rose in dauntless bravery
 To battle for the land that gave them birth
 And heal the woe of human slavery—
 That ever left the happy fireside,
 Whose flames illumined love and cheeriness,
 For flames that shone on garments crimson-dyed,
 On hunger, cold and deathly weariness—
 Today in one broad shallow grave are lying,
 Ah! well we know the anguish of their dying.

A myriad famine-stricken forms were there,
 With hollow eyes bedimmed with bitter grieving,
 With hearts that withered in their long despair,
 Till madness brought its terrible reprieving—
 The weight of agony, ah, who can tell,
 What slowly sank within that prison portal,
 Sank like a millstone—crushing as it fell,—
 Crushing like wheat,—the very soul immortal!
 Low, low the murdered multitude are lying,
 To heaven, for justice, loud their blood is crying.

They gave themselves a willing sacrifice,
 They were not driven to their death like cattle,
 'Twas not their country's mandate, but her cries,
 That sent her gallant champions to the battle.
 Erect and strong, might still be every form,
 Their ruddy manly cheeks need not have faded,
 Their hearts with life and love might still be warm,
 Their voice the March of Progress still have aided



LUTHER S. JOHNSON, COMPANY F
PRESIDENT OF THE ASSOCIATION OF THE 45TH MASS. REGIMENT, 1903

In unmarked sepulchres their forms are lying,
A myriad broken hearts, at home are sighing.

O would that tender lips their brows had pressed,
And forms of loved ones blessed their dying vision!
But all unnoticed sank they to their rest,
Mid oaths and groans, or words of fierce derision.
No perfumed caskets held their wasted frames,
Their shrouds were buttoned round them old and tattered,
No sculptured stones immortalize their names,
No flowers on their unknown graves are scattered.
Far, far from home and kindred they are lying,
With only idle breezes o'er them sighing.

Before leaving Swampscott the comrades dropped red and white roses upon the Soldier's Monument in memory of their comrades whose names were inscribed on the tablet.

REUNION AT MANCHESTER-BY-THE-SEA JUNE 23, 1886.

The Eleventh Annual Re-union was held at the Masconomo House, one hundred and seventy-five members being present. At Salem the Salem Cadet Band joined the party, and upon arrival at Manchester the line was formed and with the band in the lead marched to the hotel. President Charles E. C. Breck occupied the chair. The Secretary reported that of the 1018 officers and enlisted men who left Readville in 1862, the whereabouts of 571 were known, and 325 have passed to the final "muster out." The death of Rev. Samuel K. Lothrop, one of the earliest friends of the Regiment, and an Honorary Member, was also noted, his name being among the first placed on the Honorary List in recognition of the high esteem in which he was held for his early and great interest in the welfare of the regiment.

In recognition of the long and faithful service of comrade William B. Stacey, as Commissary, it was voted that the title of his office be changed to that of "quartermaster." The secretary read a communication from Colonel Codman, relating to the Blue Flag of the Regiment, which the colonel had placed in the custody

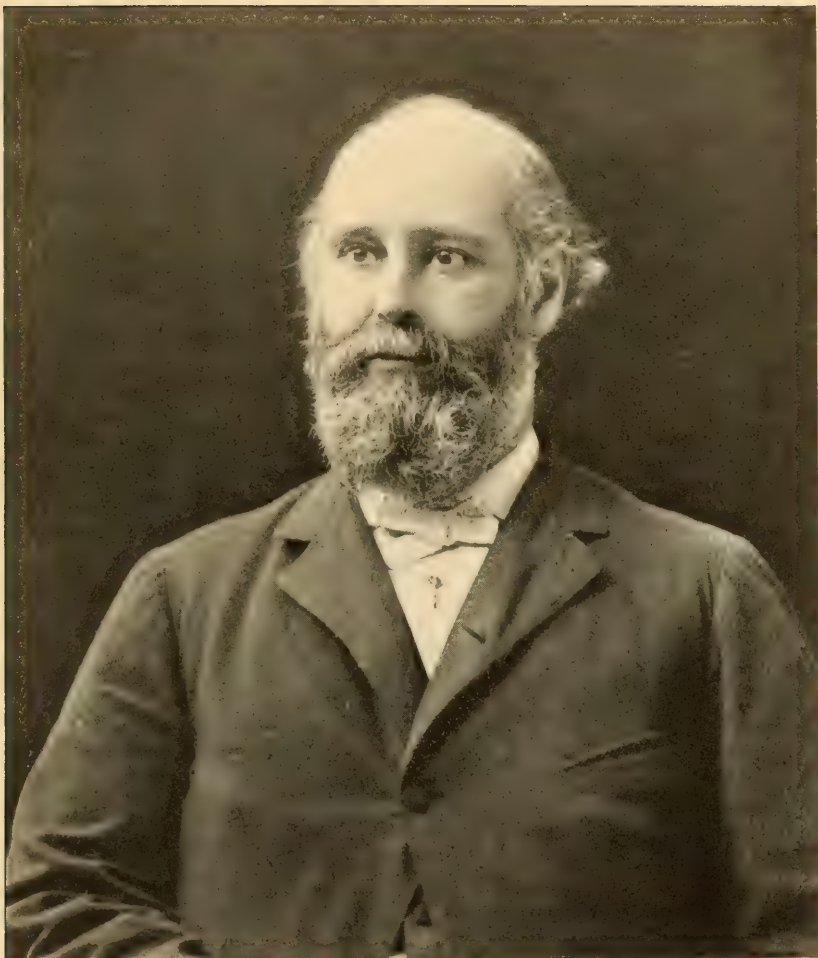
of the Boston Cadets, and on motion of Comrade T. C. Evans it was voted that the action of Colonel Codman be confirmed.

The comrades marched to the railroad station and received Major Russell Sturgis, Jr., who was warmly welcomed as he alighted on the platform. Colonel Codman arrived just after dinner and was enthusiastically greeted by the men who were drawn up in line for his reception. The band played "Hail to the Chief" and followed it with "Home Again." The comrades highly appreciated having their former colonel, major and adjutant and many line officers with them. At the hall, President Breck presented Colonel Codman who said, "That he had no speech to make. On this occasion when the memories of twenty-three years ago came upon him, he thought silence more expressive than speech. He had come down to see their faces once again and he thanked them for their expression of kind feeling. He trusted that it would be a long time before the last survivor of the Forty-Fifth would find it impossible to continue such reunions as this." Major Sturgis, who was received with three cheers and a tiger, said, "It gave him great pleasure to welcome the comrades to Manchester, because it was his dwelling-place, and because it was here he had performed his earliest work for the regiment in getting together the full quota of the town. He thanked them for their kindness to him and welcomed them in behalf of the citizens of Manchester."

Comrade Edward P. Jackson of Company D read a poem running in a happy vein and recounting his battles with the company cook, the vigilance of Stout McNamara, the sentry at New Berne with many other witty allusions which seemed to be understood by the comrades.

The newly elected president, Sergeant Ephraim Stearns spoke briefly in acknowledging the honor and testified of his attachment to his comrades of the Forty-Fifth.

The place where the reunion was held is one of the most beautiful spots that could have been selected, and the reunion in all respects was most enjoyable and successful.



WILLIAM B. STACEY, QUARTERMASTER 45TH REGIMENT M. V. M. ASSOCIATION

1862—TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FIGHT AT KINSTON,
N. C.—1887.

The members of the Association dined together at Young's Hotel, Wednesday Evening, December 14, 1887. The company assembled at the parlors of the hotel at five o'clock and an hour was passed there socially. A collection of portraits of prominent officers in the Eighteenth Army Corps, including those of Major-General Foster, Brigadier-General Wessels and others kindly loaned by the Forty-Fourth Regimental Association, hung upon the walls. The decorations of the dining hall were simple and appropriate. In the rear of the President's chair was a large national flag upon which was displayed portraits of Brevet Brigadier-General T. J. C. Amory, commander of the brigade in which the regiment served, and of Captains George Parkman Denny, and J. McKean Churchill. On the right of the large flag was the old blue color presented to the regiment upon its departure for the front, and on the left a white flag of the First Corps of Cadets, with its motto, "*Monstrat Viam*," loaned for the occasion. The date above was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Battle of Kinston, N. C., in which the regiment took part, and the menu for the evening bore upon the outside page an excellent picture of the fight at Kinston Bridge. The Divine Blessing on the occasion was invoked by Chaplain T. C. Evans.

Colonel John Jeffries, Mr. Arthur B. Denny and Mr. Josiah Oates were present as honorary members of the Association, and Charles E. Stearns, as honorary member of Company G. On the tables at which the different companies were seated easels were placed holding pictures of deceased and absent company officers.

President William D. Brackett opened the after dinner exercises in a fitting manner and in closing introduced Colonel Charles R. Codman as the presiding officer of the occasion. The Colonel was enthusiastically received and made a stirring speech, praising the officers and men of his regiment, and eloquently eulogizing the personal character and soldierly ability of General Thomas J. C. Amory, its Brigade Commander. Colonel

Codman was followed with addresses, incidents and stories of army life by Senator-Elect George P. Ladd of Spencer, Mass., who was a Sergeant in Company E; Alderman-Elect Homer Rogers, who served as Sergeant in Company F; Adjutant Gershon C. Winsor, Major Francis A. Dewson, Lieutenant Theodore C. Hurd of F, Captain N. Willis Bumstead of D, Dr. Frank Wells of E, and Dr. Edward Wigglesworth of B, who read a poem, "We Have Survived." A letter was read from Rev. A. L. Stone, formerly of Park Street Church, chaplain of the regiment.

During the evening Comrade Myron W. Whitney of I, the basso, with his son, William L., as accompanist, entertained the assemblage with two vocal selections, and the speaking was varied at intervals with war songs, a collection of which had been printed for use at the reunion and each comrade supplied with a copy. Comrade T. C. Evans acted as chorister, and the piano accompaniments were by Frank Lynes.

Much merriment was aroused during the banquet by the arrival in the dining hall of a large package supposed to have come from Kinston, N. C., which when opened contained a supply of long-stemmed Powhatan pipes and smoking tobacco. The joke appeared to be well understood by the comrades in connection with the large supply of smoking tobacco foraged at Kinston on the night of the battle.

The Twentieth Massachusetts assembled at Turn Hall, sent a congratulatory message to the Forty-Fifth.

Present, Field and Staff, 7; Company A, 21; B, 18; C, 6; D, 19; E, 21; F, 22; G, 14; H, 7; I, 7; K, 11; Honorary, 4. Total, 157.

At the Reunion held at the Atlantic House, Nantasket Beach, June 26, 1891, seventy-seven comrades were present. The organization known as "The Sons and daughters of the Forty-Fifth" was formed at this meeting. Greetings were exchanged with the Fifth Regiment which held its Reunion at Salem Willows as follows:

"The Forty-Fifth Massachusetts at Nantasket Beach send

greeting to the Fifth Massachusetts at Salem. Not so near together today as when at Kinston, but yet shoulder to shoulder in comradeship. May your 'Clams' be as ripe today at the 'Willows,' as the 'persimmons' were on the road to Goldsboro."

RESPONSE :

"The Fifth Massachusetts Veteran Association from the home of our lamented Colonel George H. Pierson, send hearty greetings to our late comrades-in-arms, the Forty-Fifth Massachusetts. As in '62' and '63' we congratulated you across the river Trent, so today we send our cheers of loyalty across the blue waters of Massachusetts Bay, from Salem to Nantasket. The memories we revive today of Kinston, Whitehall and Goldsboro bind us all anew in the spirit of friendship, charity and loyalty."

Reunions of the Regiment were held at the Atlantic House, Nantasket, in the years 1892, 1893, 1894, 1895, 1897, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1907 and 1908.

At Onset Bay, September 7, 1896.

At Cottage Park, Winthrop, September 7, 1898.

At Hough's Neck, Quincy, June 26, 1902.

At Baker's Island, Salem Harbor, September, 1903. At this reunion Comrade Silas W. Lang of Company A introduced a motion that the Association solicit contributions for a portrait of our late Color-Sergeant, Theodore Parkman, for the Military Memorial Hall in the Cadet Armory, which was carried and a committee was appointed to receive such contributions. While on the piazza of the hotel and just before leaving for the boat, the following original poem was recited by Comrade Albert W. Mann, of Company A:

Always a warm spot in my heart for this gallant little band,
For there's *Fraternity* and *Charity* in the grasp of every hand;
And in rebellion's stormy days whene'er we had a fight,
Was proved your loyalty to country and our starry banner bright.

So we call it not a duty, which brings us here today,
From Boston, Lynn and Swampscott, and places far away,
But one of those rare pleasures to meet comrades, tried and true,
For we know that they were "at the front" when they wore the army blue.

There are many noble Orders, with rites and rituals grand,
That benefit humanity and lend a helping hand,
But dearer to our soldier hearts, a reality, not a myth,
Is our unique "Association of the Massachusetts Forty-Fifth.

What precious memories are ours, some tender, sad, and gay,
When at our country's stirring call, we 'listed for the fray!
The life in camp, the march, the fight, the dreadful prison pen,
Oft rise from out the shadowy past, and seem as real as then!

Ours was a noble regiment, with Codman, brave and true,
A better Colonel ne'er drew sword, nor led at a review.
With Peabody and Sturgis and Winsor on the staff,
What wonder that the "Johnnies" fled before us, like the chaff!

Well, those glorious days are over, and now the Nation stands,
In *Wealth*, in *Freedom* and in *Power*, the envy of all lands.
We've lived to see the seed we sowed, in hardships, blood and tears,
Bear glorious fruitage for all men, in these succeeding years.

At the Reunion held at Baker's Island, September 1, 1904, it was reported that contributions had been received towards providing a portrait of Color Sergeant Theodore Parkman as voted at the last Reunion.

BOSTON, April 12, 1905.

THOMAS F. EDMANDS, *Lieut. Colonel Commanding First Corps of Cadets, Boston.*

COLONEL.—

A long intended purpose of the surviving members of the Cadets' (Civil War) Forty-Fifth Massachusetts Regiment having recently been carried into effect, through the completion of a faithful portrait of Theodore Parkman, color-sergeant of the Forty-Fifth Regiment, who, carrying the National Color, was killed in battle at White Hall, N. C., December 16, 1862, that his memory may be more lastingly perpetuated, these comrades have considered that the armory of the First Corps of Cadets would be the most appropriate and the securest repository for his likeness.

Should the Corps in its view concur with the opinions and expressed wishes of the comrades of Sergeant Parkman, his portrait is herewith respectfully tendered for acceptance.

Referring to the past, in connection with the desire to transfer the portrait to the Cadet Corps for a place in its armory, where it can be viewed in lasting memory, and where it will convey its lesson of patriotism, such transfer will be individually and collectively gratifying to

the past members of the Forty-Fifth now living who still remember the debt ever due to the war time Cadet Corps for its inception and the formation of the War Regiment; for its liberal contributions toward equipment; for support in the field in word and deed, and for furnishing regimental officers thoroughly grounded in the school of the soldier, these superior officers being supplemented by many men in the ranks who had also served in the First Corps.

AUGUSTUS S. LOVETT,

President Association Massachusetts Forty-Fifth Regiment.

JOHN D. WHITCOMB, *Secretary.*

BOSTON, April 12, 1905.

AUGUSTUS S. LOVETT, Esq., *President of the Association of the Forty-Fifth Massachusetts Regiment.*

DEAR SIR:—

I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of your interesting communication of today, alluding to the portrait of Sergeant Theodore Parkman of the Forty-Fifth Regiment. The portrait has been placed in the drill hall of the Cadet Armory, within a few feet of the blue flag which was carried by that regiment; although, as I understand, Sergeant Parkman's duty was to carry the National color, rather than the regimental color.

I looked the armory building over very carefully before deciding that the best place for Sergeant Parkman's portrait would be where it is now, in the immediate vicinity of the flag, only a few feet from it. Unless your Association has some other place in the building where it would like the portrait to be placed, it will remain where it now is; and I can assure you that it will always be one of the most precious possessions in custody of the Corps.

It may be interesting for you to know that, in the drill hall, not far from the flag and the portrait, hangs the old bass drum of the Regiment, while in the foyer, beyond the gallery on the second story, is the cornet used by the bandmaster of the Forty-Fifth Regiment. None of these relics are needed in any way to freshen the memory of the Forty-Fifth Regiment, but it is well that the flag, portrait, drum and bugle should be together, where I hope they will remain undisturbed for many long years.

Respectfully yours,

THOMAS F. EDMANDS,

Commanding First Corps of Cadets.

At the Reunion held at the Revere House November 15, 1905, the Association had as a guest, the well-known Boston artist, Darius Cobb, who had recently painted the portrait of

Theodore Parkman, our color bearer, who was killed in the Battle of Whitehall. Mr. Cobb, who served with his twin brother, Cyrus, in the Forty-Fourth Massachusetts Regiment, made a stirring address and also recited an original poem. An allusion made by one of the speakers to Daniel Webster and the great lessons of patriotism inculcated by his teachings, and the mention, incidentally, that the Revere House was his home when in Boston, caused a wave of reverence in the assembly, and his memory was pledged by the comrades rising.

June 28, 1906, the Reunion was held at the Rock Mere Inn, at Marblehead. It was voted that the Secretary be instructed to have made and presented to Theodore Parkman Post G. A. R. of Centreville, Mass., a copy of the Cobb Portrait of Sergeant Parkman, the expense of the copy of the portrait and framing the same to be paid out of the funds of the Association.

The cut of the Eighteenth Army Corps Badge which appears on the cover of this book, and of the Eighteenth Army Corps Pennant in Adjutant Winsor's article, "As I Saw It," were from drawings made by Mrs. Carlotta Stuart, the daughter of Comrade Edward F. Reed of Company I, for which the Historian makes grateful acknowledgments.

Mrs. Stuart has also drawn and will have printed in colors the State and United States Flag and Blue Banner, with the names and dates of the battles on the Stars and Stripes. These will be printed on sheets the same size as the pages of this book, enabling anyone to attach them to this book if desired, and copies may be had upon application to Comrade Reed or the Historian.

The First Band to have the title of "Cadet Band" was the band of the Forty-Fifth Regiment, M. V. M.

After the return of the Regiment and the muster-out of the members of the band, Baldwin took the title "Cadet Band" to which there was no objection.

The Band and Its Back Door Neighbors

BY JOHN D. WHITCOMB.

[Leaves from a paper read March 26, 1889, at an evening Reunion held at Young's Hotel, Boston.]



URSUANT to orders the Forty-Fifth, on the morning of January 26, 1863, marched from Camp Amory into New Berne, N. C., assigned to Provost Duty in that town, relieving therefrom the Seventeenth Massachusetts Regiment. The column passed directly to the Parade on Broad Street, where the companies and band were dismissed to go to quarters. The band was assigned two houses on East Front Street, near the corner of Pollock Street. The houses faced the Neuse River, and the views from the front windows looking out upon the water were very pleasant—the views from the rear windows were not particularly inviting to the beholder in any sense.

According to custom at the South, the houses formerly occupied by the native white population, but which were now being used for soldiers' quarters, had detached one-story buildings on the grounds in the rear, which were devoted to servants' quarters and cooking purposes. On the premises where the band was quartered these buildings had been taken possession of by three distinct colored families. The husbands were George and Isaac and Dan'l, and their wives were Harriet and Kizzy and Mar'ty. Being slaves formerly, and now having dropped the patronymics of their former masters, they had no surnames and nothing left to be called by except their first names. Sally,—a spinster, was content to occupy the smokehouse, an eight by ten shanty, smaller and much more unpretentious than the sheds occupied by the married couples.

The domestic life of these people had a constant interest to the observers of it, from its novelty and dissimilarity to anything like it ever before seen. They were happy, according to their

own statement because they were free; but they were always decorous in the enjoyment of their changed position. The men "toted" for whomsoever would employ them, and the women washed clothes for the soldiers. All of these families, including the spinster, with one exception, bore the map of Africa in its blackest imprint upon their faces. The one exception was Kizzy. Her complexion was of light ginger-cake shade, and her hair was long and silky, indicating a mixture of races. Kizzy was a beauty; with lithe and graceful figure and with reserved and modest manner. Had not the condition of slave children followed that of the mother the shapely arm that Kizzy daily displayed in the back yard, dipped to the elbow in the suds of the washtub, might possibly have been seen at some time in a drawing room undraped to the shoulder, to the manifest advantage of its owner as the possessor of positive charms of personal symmetry. It has been stated in print that "the prettiest model in New York of late years has been a colored girl of superb figure." To outward appearance, and from the absence in her simple one-breadth costume of the modern adjuncts of fashion, Kizzy, a quarter of a century and more ago, had all the qualifications for a similar position. There was one personal indulgence, however, which was something of a detraction from the complete indorsement of Kizzy as a person without any bad habits, she was a "snuff-rubber," but in this she only copied the same vice many of her Southern white sisters had.

These people of the servants' quarters were joyful in their freedom, but they had also the common lot of sorrow. A young child of one of the families living in the cookhouses died. In the evening many colored neighbors came and quietly took places in the room where the child lay dead. Apparently when all had arrived who were expected, without any word being spoken, a weird, wailing chant was begun by a single voice. This was taken up by all the voices after the first line was sung and repeated in chorus many times. A brief silence followed each chant and then another wailing began, sometimes led by a woman and sometimes by a man, and was joined in by all present. Few of the chants had any special coherence in words, but one of them that was intelligible ran in this wise ;

Ef yer wanter see der Lawd,
Yer mus' git outen der wil'erness,
An' dyin' believ on der Lam.
De Lam dat er die on er Calbere.

The mourning lasted all night, and the chanting kept on, but without any frenzy. All was orderly, and no one was seen speaking to another at any time. In the early morning the child in its coffin was quietly taken away for burial by some of the colored men without any further funeral ceremony.

Near the time for the departure of the regiment from New Berne, its tour of duty having ended, a colored orchestra of the town assembled at night in front of the band quarters and gave a serenade. The instruments used were principally stringed, and they were played with great unction and impetuosity, especial prominence being given to the parts of the larger instruments such as the contra bass and 'cello. The tunes played were unfamiliar, and were doubtless largely original with the performers. In answer to an inquiry the leader of the orchestra gave the name of one of the tunes as "Run Nigger Run." The name seemed appropriate in an inclusive sense, as there was an ample amount of rhythm, swing and fast time to all of the selections played, yet the melody, though quaint, and probably played by ear, was good.

Roster

Field and Staff

CHARLES R. CODMAN, *Colonel*. Lawyer, age 33, married, Boston; *com.* October 8, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 28, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. See F. & S., Boston Cadets.

OLIVER W. PEABODY, *Lieutenant Colonel*. Captain Co. H., merchant, age 28, married, Boston; *com.* Captain Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; promoted Lieutenant Colonel Oct. 8, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 28, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died at Milton, Mass., Oct. 23, 1896.

RUSSELL STURGIS, JR., *Major*. Merchant, age 31, married, Boston. Captain Co. A., *com.* Aug. 28, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; promoted Major Oct. 8, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 28, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died at Portsmouth, N. H., Oct. 14, 1899.

GERSHOM C. WINSOR, *Adjutant*. Clerk, age 22, single, Brookline; *com.* Oct. 13, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 28, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. See Boston Cadets.

FRANCIS A. DEWSON, *Quartermaster*. Accountant, age 34, married, Newton; *com.* Oct. 13, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 28, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died at Newtonville, Mass., June 13, 1901.

SAMUEL KNEELAND, *Surgeon*. Physician, age 41, single, Boston; *com.* Oct. 20, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 28, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. See U. S. Army, March 1, 1862 and Sept. 2, 1863. Died September 27, 1888.

JOSHUA B. TREADWELL, *Assistant Surgeon*. Physician, age 22, Boston; *com.* Oct. 20, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 28, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. See F. & S., 5 Reg., 100 days; F. & S., 62 Regt., 1 year; F. & S., 54 Reg. Died May 5, 1885.

DANIEL McLEAN, *Assistant Surgeon*. Boston; *com.* March 25, 1863; *m. i.* March 26, 1863; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. See Navy. Dead, date unknown.

ANDREW L. STONE, *Chaplain*. Minister, age 46, married, Boston; *com.* Oct. 13, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 28, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died in San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 16, 1892.

HENRY G. WHEELOCK, *Sergeant Major*. Private Co. H., farmer, age 27, married, Walpole, N. H.; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; promoted Sergeant Major Oct. 28, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.

CHARLES T. RICHARDSON, *Commissary Sergeant*. Merchant, age 22, single, Boston; private Co. H., *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; appointed Commissary Sergeant Oct. 28, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Nov. 18, 1893.

ARTHUR REED, *Quartermaster Sergeant*. Clerk, age 21, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; appointed Quartermaster Sergeant Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.

EDWARD WIGGLESWORTH, JR., *Hospital Steward*. Student, age 21, single, Boston; *en.* Oct. 28, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 28, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died January 23, 1896.

Company A

- GEORGE P. DENNY, *Captain*. Merchant, age 36, married, Boston; *com.* Oct. 14, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863; First Lieutenant Aug. 28, 1862; promoted Captain Oct. 14, 1862. See Boston Cadets. Died Jan. 23, 1885.
- GEORGE E. POND, *First Lieutenant*. Lawyer, age 25, single, Boston; *com.* Oct. 14, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863; Second Lieutenant Aug. 28, 1862. Promoted First Lieutenant Oct. 14, 1862. See Boston Cadets. Died in New York, Sept. 22, 1899.
- EDWARD B. RICHARDSON, *Second Lieutenant*. Banker, age 24, single, Brookline; *com.* Oct. 14, 1862 Sergeant Co. E., *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Promoted Second Lieutenant from Sergeant Co. E., Oct. 14, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Resides in Brookline, Mass.
- CHARLES W. BARSTOW, *First Sergeant*. Clerk, age 25, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Resides in St. Louis, Mo.
- GEORGE H. WATSON, *Sergeant*. Clerk, age 19, married, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- WILLIAM R. BUTLER, *Sergeant*. Clerk, age 27, single. Cambridgeport; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died January 26, 1867.
- WILLIAM E. WHEATON, *Sergeant*. Cabinet Maker, age 40, married, Manchester; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died in Manchester, Mass., Dec. 26, 1893.
- GEORGE F. WOODMAN, *Sergeant* (promoted). Merchant, age 36, married, West Roxbury; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Discharged Jan. 15, 1863 for promotion. See Second Lieutenant 1st N. C. Vols. Died Nov. 2, 1884.
- CHARLES B. SUMNER, *Sergeant*. Student, age 25, single, Southbridge; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Corporal Sergeant Jan. 16, 1863.
- LUTHER F. ALLEN, *Corporal*. Carder, age 30, married, Manchester; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Wounded in right shoulder Battle Whitehall, N. C., Dec. 16, 1862. Died in Manchester, Mass., July 11, 1901.

AUGUSTUS S. LOVETT, *Corporal*. Clerk, age 20, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Resides in Brookline, Mass.

CHARLES EUSTIS HUBBARD, *Corporal*. Student, age 20, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.

ERROL GRANT, *Corporal*. Carver, age 42, married, Manchester; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died December 24, 1897.

HENRY K. PORTER, *Corporal*. Student, age 21, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Enlisted as a private, promoted to Corporal. Resigned warrant Feb. 1, 1863, being detailed Provost Marshal's office. Resides in Pittsburg, Pa.

ALBERT A. CHITTENDEN, *Corporal*. Clerk, age 20, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. On the Color Guard. See H. 6 Regt. 100 days. Resides in Dorchester.

WILLIAM F. SHAW, *Corporal*. Clerk, age 24, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Nov. 15, 1871.

WILLIAM B. STACEY, *Corporal*. Undertaker, age 28, married, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Private. Corporal Jan. 15, 1863. Resides Boston, Mass.

HENRY E. MERRIAM, *Corporal*. Salesman, age 24, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Private. Corporal Feb. 1, 1863. Resides in Gardiner, Me.

ALLEN, SAMUEL L. Farmer, age 18, single, Manchester; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.

ANDREWS, NATHANIEL Teamster, age 36, married, Manchester; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died April 12, 1904.

ATKINSON, WILLIAM B. Clerk, age 20, single, Newburyport; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died in Newburyport, Mass., Sept. 26, 1895.

BATES, CALEB L. Clerk, age 18, single, Cohasset; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Oct. 15, 1864.

BATES, CYRUS H. Clerk, age 18, single, Cohasset; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Discharged June 18, 1863. Disability. (See letter Captain Denny.) Resides in Cohasset, Mass.

- BECKET, WILLIAM H. Salesman, age 24, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died in New York, Nov. 26, 1887.
- BENNETT, CHARLES H. Clerk, age 20, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Resides in Newton, Mass.
- BERRY, WILLIAM H. Farmer, age 22, single, Essex; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- BINGHAM, JOSEPH H. Cabinet Maker, age 39, married, Manchester; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died July 2, 1900.
- BLISS, HENRY S. Clerk, age 20, single, Roxbury; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- BROOKS, CHARLES H. Clerk, age 26, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Jan. 6, 1905.
- BROOKS, GEORGE Chemist, age 23, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Died February 10, 1863, congestive fever at Stanley Hospital, Newbern, N. C. (See M. O. R.)
- BOURNE, ELIAS W. Machinist, age 18, single, Cohasset; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- BOUTELL, LOUIS H. Lawyer, age 36, married, Westborough; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Jan. 6, 1899.
- BUSS, EDMUND W. Salesman, age 22, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Jan. 17, 1903.
- COLMAN, MOSES J. Clerk, age 20, single, Roxbury; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Aug. 12, 1905.
- DAVENPORT, EDMUND P. Painter, age 45, single, Manchester; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died February, 1878.
- DEAN, FRANKLIN H. Carriage Maker, age 21, single, Southbridge; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Resides in Hyde Park, Mass.
- EDGETT, REUBEN Carpenter, age 28, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died April 20, 1904.
- EDMANDS, JOHN B. Clerk, age 31, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Sept. 26, 1906.

- ESTABROOK, GEORGE W. Student, age 22, single, E. Needham; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- FIELD, FRANK A. Clerk, age 25, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Aug. 3, 1906.
- FITCH, CALVIN W. Farmer, age 19, single, Hopkinton; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Resides in St. Louis, Mo.
- FOWLE, JOHN W. *Musician.* Butcher, age 24, single, Braintree; *en.* Oct. 13, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 13, 1862. Absent, sick in Brighton when regiment was mustered out and died July 8, 1863, at Brighton, Mass. (See letter Capt. Denny.)
- FOX, GEORGE E. Mason, age 19, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Died Jan. 10, 1863, malaria fever at Foster General Hospital, Newbern, N. C. (See M. O. R.)
- FREELAND, JOSEPH V. *Musician.* Clerk, age 17, single, Melrose; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Discharged June 18, 1863. Disability. (See letter Capt. Denny.) Died May 10, 1872.
- FURGUSON, RUFUS P. Cabinet Maker, age 25, married, Manchester; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Dec. 19, 1904.
- FURGUSON, STEPHEN A. Cabinet Maker, age 26, married, Manchester; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Absent, sick in Manchester when regiment was mustered out and died July 17, 1863, at Manchester, Mass. (See letter Capt. Denny.)
- GILMAN, GARDNER Farmer, age 32, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Resides in Exeter, N. H.
- GOLDSMITH, CHARLES P. Carver, age 26, married, Manchester; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Discharged June 18, 1863. Disability. (See letter Capt. Denny.) See C. 1st Batt. Hy. Art.
- GRAVES, ELBRIDGE Salesman, age 24, single, Newburyport; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Died Dec. 16, 1862, at Kinston, N. C., from wounds received Battle Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, 1862. (See M. O. R.)
- GRIFFIN, CHARLES A. Salesman, age 23, single, Winchester; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Aug. 11, 1897.

- GROSS, CHARLES A. Expressman, age 30, single, Cohasset; *en. Sept. 15, 1862; m. i. Sept. 26, 1862; m. o. July 7, 1863.* Died Oct. 19, 1904.
- HALE, ABRAHAM G. R. Schoolmaster, age 28, single, Stow, *en. Sept. 15, 1862; m. i. Sept. 26, 1862.* Discharged June 18, 1863. Disability. (See letter Capt. Denny.) Died Dec. 6, 1905.
- HALE, E. THOMAS Student, age 20, single, Newburyport; *en. Sept. 15, 1862; m. i. Sept. 26, 1862; m. o. July 7, 1863.* Died Sept. 7, 1868.
- HARDY, MILO T. Farmer, age 21, single, Manchester; *en. Sept. 15, 1862; m. i. Sept. 26, 1862; m. o. July 7, 1863.*
- HASKELL, FRANCIS P. Merchant, age 27, single, Manchester; *en. Sept. 15, 1862; m. i. Sept. 26, 1862; m. o. July 7, 1863.* See E. 8th Regiment, 3 months. Died in Gloucester, Mass., Dec. 30, 1907.
- HASTY, ROBERT B. Clerk, age 15, single, Boston; *en. Sept. 15, 1862; m. i. Sept. 26, 1862; m. o. July 7, 1863.* See Band Corps D'Afrique, 1st Brig. Died May 1905.
- HOLMES, HORACE Salesman, age 22, single, Plymouth; *en. Sept. 15, 1862; m. i. Sept. 26, 1862.* Discharged April 21, 1863, on account of wounds received at Battle Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, 1862. (See M. O. R.) Died in Plymouth, Mass., Aug. 19, 1864.
- HOWARD, CHARLES A. Farmer, age 22, Southbridge; *en. Sept. 15, 1862; m. i. Sept. 26, 1862; m. o. July 7, 1863.*
- HOWARD, RODOLPHUS K. Machinist, age 32, single, Springfield; *en. Sept. 15, 1862; m. i. Sept. 26, 1862; m. o. July 7, 1863.* Died March 7, 1883.
- JONES, LEVI D. Salesman, age 23, single, Boston; *en. Sept. 15, 1862; m. i. Sept. 26, 1862; m. o. July 7, 1863.* Died in Cambridge, Mass., May 5, 1893.
- KINSLEY, THOMAS Salesman, age 19, single, Boston; *en. Sept. 15, 1862; m. i. Sept. 26, 1862; m. o. July 7, 1863.*
- LANG, SILAS W. Collector, age 21, single, Boston; *en. Sept. 15, 1862; m. i. Sept. 26, 1862; m. o. July 7, 1863.*
- LEONARD, CHARLES H. Student, age 20, single, Southbridge; *en. Sept. 15, 1862; m. i. Sept. 26, 1862.* Discharged June 18, 1863. Disability. (See letter Captain Denny.) Resides in Providence, R. I.
- LINCOLN, RICHARD H. Stair Builder, age 21, single, Cohasset; *en. Sept. 15, 1862; m. i. Sept. 26, 1862.* Discharged June 18, 1863. Disability. (See letter Captain Denny.) Resides in Hyde Park, Mass.

- LINCOLN, STEPHEN Student, age 18, single, Cohasset; *en* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Died June 30, 1863, typhoid fever at Cohasset, Mass. (See M. O. R.)
- LORD, JEREMIAH R. Lawyer, age 39, married, Manchester; *en* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Oct. 11, 1895.
- LUNT, EDMUND S. Clerk, age 20, single, Boston; *en* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Sept. 21, 1898.
- MANN, ALBERT W. *Private*. Bank Clerk, age 21, single, Boston; *en* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Re-enlisted April, 1864, 1st Unattached Company M. V. M. for 100 days. Resides in Weymouth, Mass.
- MASON, JAMES H. Farmer, age 20, single, Southbridge; *en* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Discharged Nov. 29, 1862. Disability at Boston. (See M. O. R.)
- MORGAN, JOSEPH A. Shoemaker, age 20, single, Manchester; *en* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Died July 3, 1863, typhoid fever at Manchester, Mass. (See M. O. R.)
- MORSE, EDWIN T. Farmer, age 22, single, Southbridge; *en* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Resides in Worcester, Mass.
- MORSE, JOHN R. Schoolmaster, age 28, single, Boston; *en* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Resides.
- NORTON, HENRY D. Porter, age 23, single, Cambridge; *en* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Discharged June 6, 1863 from Stanley General Hospital, Newbern, N. C. (See M. O. R.)
- PARKER, GEORGE B. Provision Dealer, age 18, single, Boston; *en* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Slightly wounded in thigh at Battle Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, 1862. See I. 56 Regt.; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Sept. 28, 1864.
- PERT, DANIEL L. Chair Maker, age 23, married, Manchester; *en* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- PERT, FRANCIS B. Cabinet Maker, age 28, married, Manchester; *en* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- PERT, WILLIAM J. Cabinet Maker, age 30, married, Manchester; *en* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Slightly wounded in right ear at Battle Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, 1862.

- PLIMPTON, WILLIAM P. Farmer, age 21, single, South-bridge (credit to Bounty paid by Sturbridge); *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. See A. 5 Regt. 100 days. B. 39 Regt. Resides in South-bridge, Mass.
- POLAND, WILLIAM Student, age 18, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Wounded in right shoulder at Battle Whitehall, N. C., Dec. 16, 1862. Resides in Livermore, Colo.
- PRATT, WILLIAM H. Painter, age 20, single, Cohasset; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died March 4, 1896.
- PUTNAM, FRANK L. Clerk, age 18, single, Newton; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Resides in Minneapolis, Minn.
- RICHARDS, WILLIAM A. Clerk, age 30, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- RICHARDSON, SWARTZ School-master, age 27, single, Winchester; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Dec. 1, 1872.
- SARGENT, OSCAR W. Ship Carpenter, age 28, single, Quincy; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Oct. 9, 1876.
- SCUDDER, HENRY B. Student, age 18, single. Brookline; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; discharged June 13, 1863, by order Major General Foster for civil appointment. (See M. O. R.). Slightly wounded in back of head, Battle Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, 1862.
- SHAPLEIGH, FRANK H. Artist, age 20, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died May 30, 1906.
- SHAPLEIGH, SAMUEL B. Student, age 18, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Resides in
- SHAPLEIGH, THOMAS W. Photographer, age 21, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- SHAW, ROLAND C. Age 27, Roxbury; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; discharged Oct. 11, 1862, disability, by Colonel Day at Boston. (See M. O. R.)
- SMITH, RUFUS W. Clerk, age 19, single, Newburyport; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Feb. 5, 1873.

- STANLEY, JEFFREY T. Cabinet Maker, age 36, married Manchester; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Resides in Manchester, Mass.
- THOMPSON, HENRY R. Clerk, age 19, single, Waltham; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; honorably discharged July 7, 1863; L. W. Department Feb. 12, 1907. Resides in Arlington, Mass.
- TIFFANY, EDWIN E. Clerk, age 18, single, Southbridge; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; discharged Oct. 11, 1862, disability, by Colonel Day at Boston. (See M. O. R.).
- TOWER, GEORGE W. Clerk, age 22, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Jan. 20, 1872.
- VINAL, CHARLES A. Farmer, age 19, single, Cohasset; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- WATSON, JOHN H. Cabinet Maker, age 41, married, Manchester; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Oct. 22, 1873.
- WHEELER, ISAAC G. Carpenter, age 23, single, Westford; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- WHITNEY, L. HENRY Salesman, age 22, single, Waltham. *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Resides in Cambridge, Mass.
- WILDES, ISRAEL D. Sexton, age 31, married, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died in Weymouth, Mass. March 24, 1901.
- WILLCUTT, LYMAN D. Mason, age 20, single, Cohasset; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died in Cohasset, Mass., Oct. 20, 1907.
- WILMONTON, GEORGE Cabinet Maker, age 46, single, Manchester; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died in Manchester, Mass., March 15, 1906.
- WINSLOW, HENRY T. Paymaster, L. R. R., age 21, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Died July 1, 1863 of typhoid fever at East Cambridge, Mass. (See M. O. R.)

Company B

- JOSEPH M. CHURCHILL, *Captain*. Lawyer, age 41, married, Milton; *com.* Aug. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died in Milton, March 23, 1886. (See Boston Cadets.)
- WILLIAM S. BOND, *First Lieutenant*. Clerk, age 24, single, West Roxbury; *com.* Aug. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See Boston Cadets.) Died March 18, 1899.
- ABIJAH HOLLIS, *Second Lieutenant*. Lawyer, age 24, single, Milton; *com.* Aug. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See Boston Cadets.)
- HENRY M. BOND, *First Sergeant*. Publisher, age 26, single, West Roxbury; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See Boston Cadets.) Killed in service, Lieutenant, 20 Mass.
- WILLIAM S. LEAVITT, *Sergeant*. Blacksmith, age 43, married, Milton; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Detailed as Regiment Armorer. Died May 5, 1903.
- CHARLES E. C. BRECK, *Sergeant*. Farmer, age 27, married, Milton; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Sergeant Jan. 9, 1863. Died Jan. 29, 1899.
- CHARLES A. SEAVEY, *Sergeant*. Carpenter, age 24, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Sergeant Feb. 9, 1863. Died Feb. 1902.
- GEORGE E. TUCKER, *Sergeant*. Farmer, age 21, single, Dorchester; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Sergeant Feb. 26, 1863. Died in 1877.
- FREDERICK DEXTER, *Sergeant*. Merchant, age 21, single, Brookline; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; discharged Jan. 7, 1863; disability at Newbern, N. C. (See M. O. R.) Died March 6, 1895.
- JAMES GILCHRIST, *Corporal*. Clerk, age 24, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died March 29, 1894.
- THOMAS WILLIAMS, *Corporal*. Carpenter, age 20, single, Milton; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died March 7, 1903.
- GEORGE E. SKINNER, *Corporal*. Butcher, age 20, single, Milton; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.

- RICHARD M. SPILLER, *Corporal*. Farmer, age 28, married, Dorchester; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; slightly wounded Battle Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, 1862. Absent, sick when Regiment was mustered out. Died July 10, 1863 in hospital, Boston, Mass. (See M. O. R.)
- REUBEN J. RYDER, *Corporal*. Teamster, age 36, single, Dorchester; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. *Corporal* Feb. 24, 1863.
- JOSEPH A. SHAW, *Corporal*. Farmer, age 28, single, Milton; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. *Corporal* Feb. 24, 1863; absent, sick in Hammond hospital, Beaufort, N. C., not mustered out with Regiment. Died Sept. 1, 1907.
- FREDERICK H. FREEMAN, *Corporal*. Student, age 19, single, Troy, N. Y.; *en.* Oct. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 17, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. *Corporal* Feb. 22, 1863.
- ELIJAH W. MOFFATT, *Corporal*. Ship Joiner, age 34 married, Milton; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died March 28, 1906.
- GEORGE W. HALL, *Musician*. Drummer, age 14, single, Dorchester; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See K 22 Regiment.) K 42 Regiment 100 days.
- WILLIAM F. BOWDEN, *Musician*. Teamster, age 22, single, Milton; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- ALDEN, SAMUEL W. *Private*. Farmer, age 20, single, Milton; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- BADGER, WILLIAM A. *Private*. Stair Builder, age 29, married, Milton; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Killed by fall of wall, Aug. 11, 1897.
- BANCROFT, GEORGE D. *Private*. Clerk, age 19, single, Lynn; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Detailed in Signal Corps Newbern, N. C., Dec. 4, 1862.
- BARNES, DANIEL *Private*. Engineer, age 25, single, Needham; *en.* Oct. 11, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 11, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- BARTLETT, BENJAMIN J. *Private*. Carpenter, age 28, married, Milton; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Wounded in face, Battle Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, 1862. (See I 4th Heavy Artillery.)

- BISBEE, BENJAMIN *Private*. Boat Maker, age 30, married, Stoughton; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Aug. 28, 1904.
- BISBEE, JAMES O. *Private*. Farmer, age 32, single, Stoughton; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- BOLSTER, CHARLES E. *Private*. Teamster, age 18, single, Milton; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See E 26th Regiment.) Died March 4, 1904.
- BOWMAN, WILLIAM H. *Private*. Cabinet Maker, age 21, single, Dorchester; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- BRIGHAM, WILLIAM F. *Private*. Carpenter, age 34, married, Milton; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Detailed Pioneer Corps Dec. 8, 1862. Dead.
- BRONSDON, WILLIAM B. *Private*. Carpenter, age 40, single, Milton; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- BURT, JOHN E. *Private*. Cabinet Maker, age 31, married, Dorchester; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died May 12, 1900.
- CAMPBELL, WILLIAM A. *Private*. Mason, age 35, married, Dorchester; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Detailed as Mason Nov. 28, 1862 to Jan. 28, 1863.
- CARTER, RUFUS B. *Private*. Painter, age 44, married. Needham; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Corpl. resigned March 4, 1863; wounded in leg, Battle Whitehall, N. C., Dec. 16, 1862; ruptured in expedition to Dover Cross Roads April 27, 1863. (See M. O. R.)
- CARR, JACOB J. *Private*. Cabinet Maker, age 21, single, Dorchester; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- CASWELL, HENRY P. *Private*. Farmer, age 18, single, Milton; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See C 62 Regiment, 1 year.)
- CONKLIN, EDWARD *Private*. Teamster, age 27, married, Milton; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Detailed as Teamster Nov. 30, 1862 to Jan. 17, 1863. Died Oct. 19, 1894.

- COULTER, GEORGE *Private*. Carpenter, age 34, married, Needham; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Ruptured in Battle Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, 1862. (See M. O. R.) Absent, sick at Gr. Centerville, Mass. when Regiment was mustered out. Mustered out with Company. (See L. W. Department Sept. 24, 1900.) Died July 26, 1901.
- CUNNINGHAM, PETER *Private*. Hostler, age 20, single, Milton; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- CUNNINGHAM, WILLIAM *Private*. Farmer, age 24, single, Milton; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died July, 1892.
- CROWLEY, DENNIS *Private*. Age 31, Needham; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; discharged Nov. 4, 1862. Disability by Colonel Day at Readville, Mass. (See M. O. R.)
- DAVENPORT, NATHANIEL T., Jr. *Private*. Farmer, age 24, married, Milton; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- DUNICAN, PATRICK *Private*. Age 21, Milton; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; discharged Oct. 7, 1862. Disability by Colonel Day, Readville, Mass. (See M. O. R. See G. 32 Regiment.)
- DELANNAY, DESIRE *Private*. Age 36, Milton; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 30, 1862; deserted Sept. 30, 1862 from Camp Meigs, Readville, Mass. (See M. O. R.)
- EARLEY, MICHAEL *Private*. Stone Cutter, age 34, married, Quincy; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died May 23, 1892.
- EMERSON, JOHN H. *Private*. Stone Cutter, age 22, single, Milton; *en.* Oct. 11, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 11, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See H. 56 Regiment.)
- EVANS, EDWIN G. *Private*. Carpenter, age 31, married, Dorchester; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Oct. 19, 1894.
- EWELL, JACOB A. *Private*. Carpenter, age 44, married, Dorchester; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Detailed as Pioneer, sent to Stanley Hospital, March 24, 1863 owing to severe accident by blow with axe in discharge of duty. Discharged May 30, 1863. Disability by Major General Foster. (See M. O. R.) Died Jan 2, 1894.

- FARNUM, MANLEY H. *Private*. Machinist, age 32, married, Dorchester; *en.* Sept. 12, 1882; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Dead.
- FRIEZE, JOHN B. *Private*. Teamster, age 22, single, Dorchester; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- GAGE, DAVID K. *Private*. Blacksmith, age 25, married, Quincy; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- GLOVER, GEORGE G. *Private*. Painter, age 23, single, Dorchester; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- GRAMER, STEPHEN *Private*. Cabinet Maker, age 22, single, Dorchester; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- GODDARD, FREDERICK W. *Private*. Clerk, age 21, single, Malden; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Detailed on Signal Corps, sent to Mason Hospital, Boston, June 29, 1863. Died July 3, 1863. (See M. O. R.)
- HALL, ASA *Private*. Provision Dealer, age 28, married, Dorchester; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died 1892.
- HAMMILL, HUGH *Private*. Laborer, age 23, single, Needham; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Sent to Mason Hospital, Boston, June 29, 1863. Died, May 3, 1906.
- HAMMOND, JOHN T. *Private*. Salesman, age 18, single, Dorchester; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- HATCH, AMBROSE P. *Private*. Shoe Maker, age 31, single, Needham; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- HATCH, MYRICK L. *Private*. Carpenter, age 24, single, Dorchester; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Detailed by Brigade Quartermaster as bridge builder May 15 to June 6, 1863.
- HERSEY, JAMES A. *Private*. Blacksmith, age 20, single, Dorchester; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- HIGGINS, JOHN *Private*. Farmer, age 25, single, Milton; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- HOTCHKISS, WILLARD H. *Private*. Paper Maker, age 21, single, Needham; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See Navy 313.) Died 1904.

- HICKLING, CHARLES E. *Private*. Student, age 21, single, Roxbury; *en*. Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Discharged Feb. 9, 1863. Disability by General Palmer, Newbern, N. C. (See M. O. R.) Dead.
- HALLIDAY, GEORGE W. *Private*. Machinist, age 25, Milton; *en*. Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Discharged March 6, 1863. Disability. (See M. O. R.) Died Feb. 7, 1885.
- JEWETT, JONAS W. *Private*. Expressman, age 25, married, Milton; *en*. Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- JOHNSON, JOHN *Private*. Stone Cutter, age 37, married, Quincy; *en*. Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- JONES, ALVAH T. *Private*. Engineer, age 18, single, Needham; *en*. Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- JONES, PLINY M. *Private*. Clerk, age 25, single, Needham; *en*. Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Absent, sick in Needham since June 29, 1863. Died May 7, 1898.
- JONES, ELDRIDGE *Private*. Farmer, age 44, married, Milton; *en*. Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died in Bedford.
- JONES, BENJAMIN F. *Private*. Age 20, Milton; *en*. Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Discharged Nov. 4, 1862. Disability by Colonel Day at Readville, Mass. (See M. O. R.)
- KNOWLTON, GEORGE W. *Private*. Watch Maker, age 19, single, Dorchester; *en*. Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* Jan. 7, 1863.
- MANSFIELD, EDWARD *Private*. Florist, age 43, married, Dorchester; *en*. Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died April 1888.
- MATHES, DANIEL *Private*. Farmer, age 44, married, Milton; *en*. Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Dead.
- MAY, GROSVENOR *Private*. Clerk, age 22, single, Boston; *en*. Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Sergeant, resigned Feb. 24, 1863 on account of ankle sprained at Battle Kinston, Dec. 14, 1862. Since Nurse in Hospital. Sick in Boston since June 29, 1863.
- MERRILL, WILLIAM W. *Private*. Carpenter, age 36, single, Milton; *en*. Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Detailed as Wagoner in Quartermaster Department Jan 27, 1863.

- MORRISSEY, JOHN *Private*. Leather Dealer, age 19, single, Milton; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- MORRISSEY, THOMAS *Private*. Laborer, age 22, single, Milton; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Dead.
- MORTON, WILLIAM H. *Private*. Carpenter, age 33, married, Needham; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died July 28, 1875.
- MURPHY, JAMES *Private*. Laborer, age 19, single, Milton; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- NICKERSON, FREDERICK A. *Private*. Cabinet Maker, age 24, married, Dorchester; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Detailed by Brigade Quartermaster as bridge builder May 15 to June 6, 1863.
- NOLAN, CHRISTOPHER *Private*. Laborer, age 21, single, Milton; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See I 42 Regiment, 100 days.)
- NORTON, EDWARD *Private*. File Grinder, age 35, married, Milton; *en.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- OCHS, JOSEPH A. *Private*. Farmer, age 30, single, Milton; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died May 15, 1891.
- O'CONNER, MICHAEL *Private*. Farmer, age 19, single, Dorchester; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See K 24 Regiment.)
- PACKARD, LUMAN B. *Private*. Cabinet Maker, age 18, single, Dorchester; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See A 62 Regiment, 1 year.) Died June 11, 1901.
- PIERCE, GEORGE *Private*. Carpenter, age 43, married, Milton; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Detailed in Pioneer Corps Dec. 8, 1862 to May 19, 1863. Died March 26, 1895.
- POPE, LEMUEL C. *Private*. Cabinet Maker, age 24, single, Quincy; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died July 23, 1898.
- RAGAN, T. O. *Private*. Laborer, age 19, single, Needham; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- RAY, HENRY C. *Private*. Provision Dealer, age 24, single, Dorchester; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Aug. 2, 1902.

- REED, JOHN N. JR., *Private*. Farmer, age 23, single, Quincy; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- ROONEY, BARTHOLOMEW *Private*. Stone Cutter, age 30, married, Milton; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Wounded in groin Battle Whitehall, N. C., Dec. 16, 1862. Dead.
- RICHARDS, SAMUEL F. *Private*. Student, age 23, married, Needham; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Killed Dec. 14, 1862 Battle Kinston, N. C. (See F 18th Regiment. First enlistment, see M. O. R.)
- SHOWDEY, HENRY *Private*. Mason, age 30, married, Dorchester; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Wounded in foot Battle Whitehall, N. C., Dec. 16, 1862.
- SNOW, ELBRIDGE *Private*. Pedler, age 37, married, Milton; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Detailed in Pioneer Corps May 19, 1863. (See B 60 Regiment, 100 days.) Died May 1889.
- SNOW, JAMES H. *Private*. Stone Cutter, age 39, married, Milton; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died at Brockton, Mass.
- SUMNER, HENRY J. *Private*. Apothecary, age 23, single, Milton; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died April 26, 1895.
- THOMPSON, JAMES A. *Private*. Farmer, age 27, married, Milton; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- TRIPP, WILLIAM H. *Private*. Cooper, age 44, married, Boston; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- WALLINGFORD, WILLIAM L. *Private*. Teamster, age 26, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- WALKER, MELVIN O. *Private*. Carpenter, age 22, single, Stoughton; *en.* Oct. 14, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 14, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- WELLINGTON, HENRY F. *Private*. Carpenter, age 21, single, Milton; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- WHITNEY, ALBERT H. *Private*. Paper Maker, age 20, single, Dorchester; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- WILLIAMS, JOHN M. *Private*. Carpenter, age 28, single, Milton; *en.* Sept. 21, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died March 23, 1908.

Company C

- EDWARD JESSE MINOT, *Captain*. Merchant, age 30, single, Boston; *com.* Sept. 3, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See Boston Cadets.)
- HARRISON GARDNER, *First Lieutenant*. Clerk, age 21, single, Newton; *com.* Sept. 3, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See Boston Cadets.) Died Feb. 12, 1899.
- LEWIS RICARD WHITTAKER, *Second Lieutenant*. Carpenter, age 32, married, Franklin; *com.* Sept. 3, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See H 3 Heavy Artillery.)
- WILLIAM H. MINOT, *First Sergeant*. Clerk, age 21, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Dead.
- HENRY M. STEVENS, *Sergeant*. Clerk, age 21, single, Newton; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Dead.
- CHARLES SMITH, *Sergeant*. Merchant, age 30, married, Old Town, Maine; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- JOSEPH P. LOVEJOY, *Sergeant*. Clerk, age 25, single, Cambridge; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Dead.
- BENJAMIN T. LIVINGSTON, *Sergeant*. Currier, age 35, single, Winchester; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Corporal Sergeant Nov. 20, 1862. (See G 5 Regiment, 3 mos.) Died March 3, 1902.
- CHARLES E. KENDALL, *Corporal*. Merchant, age 21, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Dead.
- EDWARD P. TUCKER, *Corporal*. Clerk, age 19, single, Cambridge; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See 29 Un. Atth. Heavy Artillery.)
- GEORGE T. WOODWARD, *Corporal*. Teacher, age 26, single, Franklin; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died February 1882.
- NATHAN D. JACQUITH, *Corporal*. Clerk, age 19, single, Winchester; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.

- SAMUEL M. HURLBERT, *Corporal*. Clerk, age 19, single, Newton; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- ALBERT E. DUPEE, *Corporal*. Blacksmith, age 20, single, Wrentham; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See C 12 Regiment. See H 3 Heavy Artillery.)
- LEMUEL A. COOLEDGE, JR., *Corporal*. Clerk, age 21, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Corporal Nov. 20, 1862. Dead.
- JOHN B. WARREN, *Corporal*. Civil Engineer, age 23, single, Cambridge; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Corporal Feb. 22, 1863.
- GEORGE CHADWICK, *Musician*. Clerk, age 16, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See H 3 Heavy Artillery.)
- JOHN KNIGHT, *Musician*. Schoolboy, age 16, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See A 42 Regiment, 100 days.)
- ADAMS, CHARLES B. *Private*. Carpenter, age 33, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- ADAMS, LOWELL B. *Private*. Shoemaker, age 25, single, Franklin; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See I 18 Regiment. A 32 Regiment.) Dead.
- ADAMS, WILLIAM W. *Private*. Shoemaker, age 23, married, Franklin; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- ALEXANDER, ANDREW J. *Private*. Carpenter, age 20, single, Franklin; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See 14 Battery.)
- BACON, JOSEPH S. *Private*. Clerk, age 23, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- BALLOU, OWEN E. *Private*. Farmer, age 20, single, Franklin; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Dead.
- BALLOU, WILLIAM A. *Private*. Bonnet Presser, age 24, single, Franklin; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Dead.
- BEMIS, CHARLES H. *Private*. Carriage Maker, age 33, single, Franklin; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.

- BLOOD, CYRUS W. *Private*. Music Teacher, age 43, married, Winchester; *en.* Oct. 6, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 6, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died April 7, 1895.
- BRIGHAM, LEMUEL W. *Private*. Clerk, age 22, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- BRYANT, JOSEPH B. *Private*. Clerk, age 18, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See B 1st Calvary.)
- BURR, CHARLES E. *Private*. Farmer, age 19, single, Bellingham; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See C 4th Cavalry.)
- CASEY, STEPHEN H. *Private*. Glass Cutter, age 21, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See A 56th Regiment.)
- CLARK, SAMUEL D. *Private*. Piano Finisher, age 36, married, Winchester; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- COLE, CHARLES A. *Private*. Farmer, age 20, single, Chelsea; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See 4th Un. Atth. Company, 90 days.)
- COLE, GEORGE W. JR., *Private*. Brass Finisher, age 24, single, Chelsea; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- CALVIN, BARTON A. *Private*. Boot Maker, age 21, married, Franklin; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- CURRY, EDMUND A. *Private*. Currier, age 28, married, Winchester; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Jan. 25, 1895.
- CUTLER, WARREN *Private*. Farmer, age 38, married, Boston; *en.* Oct. 24, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 24, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died March 18, 1908.
- CUTTER, GEORGE S. *Private*. Student, age 21, single, Winchester; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Dead.
- DINTER, ERNEST E. *Private*. Gilder, age 37, married, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Aug. 4, 1887.
- DOTY, HARRISON *Private*. Seaman, age 43, married, Mansfield; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died April 1, 1887.
- FISHER, WALTER M. *Private*. Farmer, age 23, single, Franklin; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See H 3d Heavy Artillery.)

- FOLSOM, WILLIAM H. *Private*. Clerk, age 26, single, Boston; *en*. Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See 14th Battery.)
- FREEMAN, EDWARD H. *Private*. Boot Maker, age 19, single, Franklin; *en*. Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- GAMMONS, CHARLES H. *Private*. Machinist, age 21, single, Boston; *en*. Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Dec. 19, 1879.
- GLYNN, FRANCIS *Private*. Age 31, Winchester; *en*. Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Deserted Oct. 1, 1862 from Readville, Mass. (See M. O. R.)
- GROW, NATHANIEL S. *Private*. Teamster, age 37, married, Franklin; *en*. Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Aug. 15, 1898.
- HANSON, JOEL W. *Private*. Farmer, age 22, married, Winchester; *en*. Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Dead.
- HASTINGS, NORMAN *Private*. Farmer, age 28, married, Franklin; *en*. Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Died June 27, 1863 on Steamer S. R. Spaulding on passage from Newbern, N. C. to Boston, Mass. (See M. O. R.)
- HATCH, IRA G. *Private*. Carpenter, age 39, married, Winchester; *en*. Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died March 17, 1898.
- HOBART, GEORGE W. *Private*. Carriage Smith, age 29, married, Boston; *en*. Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Dead.
- HODGES, FRANK F. *Private*. Farmer, age 18, single, Franklin; *en*. Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- HOLBROOK, JOSEPH W. *Private*. Boot Maker, age 43, married, Franklin; *en*. Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- HOLBROOK, PLINY A. *Private*. Butter Presser, age 32, single, Franklin; *en*. Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Dec. 13, 1902.
- HUNNEWELL, CHARLES D. *Private*. Expressman, age 18, single, Winchester; *en*. Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- HUNNEWELL, GEORGE G. *Private*. Student, age 19, single, Winchester; *en*. Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.

- HUNT, SAMUEL C. *Private*. Teacher, age 20, single, Franklin; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Sergeant resigned Nov. 20, 1862. Dead.
- JORDAN, SAMUEL H. *Private*. Farmer, age 18, single, Franklin; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See I 18th Regiment. G 32d Regiment.) Died Dec. 29, 1898.
- KENNISTON, IRA *Private*. Farmer, age 19, single, Lexington; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- KERIGAN, PATRICK *Private*. Age 27, Chelsea; *en.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Deserted Oct. 1, 1862 from Readville, Mass. (See M. O. R.)
- KINGSBURY, EMERY T. *Private*. Teamster, age 22, single, Franklin; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Dead.
- LAWRENCE, HENRY A. *Private*. Painter, age 19, single, Littleton; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See K 1st Heavy Artillery, State N. Y.)
- LOVEJOY, GEORGE T. *Private*. Farmer, age 21, single, Amherst, N. H.; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See H 6th Regiment, 100 days.)
- MAGEE, DANIEL *Private*. Harness Maker, age 22, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- MASON, JOSEPH H. *Private*. Barber, age 41, married, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Dead.
- McCONVILLE, JOSEPH *Private*. Painter, age 31, married, Winchester; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; Discharged Feb. 10, 1863. Disability at Newbern, N. C. (See M. O. R.) Died May 28, 1899.
- McNALLY, MICHAEL *Private*. Bar Keeper, age 21, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; Discharged March 29, 1863. Disability at Beaufort, N. C. (See M. O. R. See 2d Battery.)
- MOORHOUSE, WILLIAM *Private*. Cutter, age 21, single, Mansfield; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Dec. 30, 1906.
- MURPHY, JEREMIAH *Private*. Laborer, age 25, single, Franklin; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See K 56th Regiment.)

- MURPHY, MICHAEL *Private*. Butcher, age 21, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Dead.
- MURPHY, WILLIAM H. F. *Private*. Clerk, age 18, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- NASON, ALBERT D. *Private*. Clerk, age 21, single, Franklin; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Discharged June 9, 1863, disability, Newbern, N. C. (See M. O. R.) Corporal resigned Feb. 22, 1863. Died Nov. 9, 1903.
- NEWELL, DUANE *Private*. Farmer, age 20, single, Franklin; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See H 3d Heavy Artillery.)
- NILES, JEROME S. *Private*. Mechanic, age 24, married, Milton; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- O'NEIL, MICHAEL *Private*. Farmer, age 20, single, Winchester; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- O'SULLIVAN, MICHAEL *Private*. Boot Maker, age 24, married, Franklin; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- PARKER, EDWIN C. *Private*. Blacksmith, age 23, single, Cambridge; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Nov. 6, 1907.
- PATUCK, CHARLES P. *Private*. Mason, age 22, single, Winchester; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- PECK, HENRY C. *Private*. Farmer, age 25, single, Franklin; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- PERRY, JAMES H. *Private*. Age 22, Mansfield; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Deserted Oct. 20, 1862 from Readville, Mass. (See M. O. R.)
- PICKERING, HENRY M. *Private*. Carder, age 18, single, Franklin; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See H 3d Heavy Artillery.)
- REEVES, WILLARD *Private*. Caulker, age 28, single, Winchester; *en.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Deserted Nov. 4, 1862 from Readville, Mass. (See M. O. R.)
- REMICK, WILLIAM *Private*. Boot Maker, age 22, married, Franklin, *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Discharged Feb. 28, 1863, disability, at Boston, by Colonel Day. (See M. O. R.)

- ROWELL, WILLIAM *Private*. Carriage Painter, age 40 married, Boston; *en.* Oct. 3, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 9, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Dead.
- RYAN, JAMES M. *Private*. Mason, age 41, married, Franklin; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See H 3d Heavy Artillery.) Dead.
- SAFFORD, ASA *Private*. Carpenter, age 45, widower, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Discharged March 29, 1863, disability, Beaufort, N. C. (See M. O. R.)
- SMITH, ELIPHALET *Private*. Clerk, age 23, single, Winchester; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Dead.
- SHAW, JOHN B. *Private*. Barber, age 30, married, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Dead.
- SMITH, HENRY W. *Private*. Currier, age 19, single, Winchester; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See E 6th Regiment, 100 days.)
- STANTON, JAMES *Private*. Merchant, age 40, married, Winchester; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See E 56th Regiment.)
- STONE, JOSEPH, JR. *Private*. Farmer, age 21, single, Winchester; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- TAYLOR, CHARLES H. *Private*. Teamster, age 18, single, Winchester; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- TAYLOR, JAMES *Private*. Type Founder, age 18, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Dead.
- TEMPLE, JAMES H. *Private*. Clerk, age 20, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- THOMPSON, DANIEL L. *Private*. Clerk, age 21, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- TOBEY, WILLIAM W. *Private*. Harness Maker, age 19, single, W. Cambridge; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- TODD, ANDREW T. *Private*. Farmer, age 44, married, Winchester; *en.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died July 5, 1907.
- TUTTLE, ALBERT *Private*. Clerk, age 18, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See U. S. Signal Corps.) Died Dec. 22, 1902.

- WALES, OWEN O. *Private*. Bonnet Presser, age 23, married, Franklin; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- WARD, HENRY J. *Private*. Bonnet Presser, age 22, single, Franklin; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Dead.
- WHITING, JOHN B. *Private*. Teamster, age 44, single, Franklin; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- WILLIAMS, LEWIS F. *Private*. Boot Maker, age 42, married, Franklin; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See H 3d Heavy Artillery.)
- WILLIAMS, WILLIAM M. *Private*. Butcher, age 38, married, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- WOODS, WILLIAM H. H. *Private*. Photographer, age 23, single, Boston; *en.* Oct. 11, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 11, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.

Company D

- NATHANIEL WILLIS BUMSTEAD, *Captain*. Merchant age 28, single, Boston; *com.* Sept. 5, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See Boston Cadets.)
- SAMUEL THAXTER, *First Lieutenant*. Clerk, age 25, single, Boston; *com.* Sept. 5, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862, *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See Boston Cadets.) Died April 9, 1898.
- CYRUS ALGER SEARS, *Second Lieutenant*. Merchant, age 21, single, Boston; *com.* Sept. 5, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See Boston Cadets.) Died Aug. 3, 1886.
- WILLARD L. WELLMAN, *First Sergeant*. Mathematician age 23, single, Brookline; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Wounded in thigh at Battle Whitehall, N. C., Dec. 16, 1862. (See Boston Cadets.)
- NATHANIEL P. HARRIS, *Sergeant*. Clerk, age 21, single, Brookline; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Died June 19, 1863, pneumonia, at Stanley General Hospital, Newbern, N. C. (See M. O. R.)
- FRANCIS O. KENDALL, *Sergeant*. Clerk, age 27, married, Lexington; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Feb. 22, 1903.
- JAMES A. WALKER, *Sergeant*. Farmer, age 33, single, Lincoln; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died in 1895.
- FRANCIS JENKINS, *Sergeant*. Farmer, age 24, married, W. Barnstable; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died April 21, 1897.
- ROYAL P. BARRY, *Sergeant*. Clerk, age 22, single, Melrose; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Corporal, Sergeant June 9, 1863. Died in Melrose, Sept. 28, 1904.
- ORIGEN B. DARLING, *Corporal*. Teacher, age 26, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See B. 1 Batt Hy. Art. Capt. 12th Regt. U. S. Col. Art.) Died May 9, 1899.
- JOSEPH A. HASKELL, *Corporal*. Clerk, age 25, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.

- EDWARD P. LIPPINCOTT, *Corporal*. Clerk, age 18, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- SAMUEL H. JONES, *Corporal*. Carpenter, age 23, single, Lexington; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died in Los Angeles, Cal., 1907.
- GEORGE L. HAINES, *Corporal*. Clerk, age 21, single, Sandwich; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- FREEMAN H. LOTHROP, *Corporal*. Seaman, age 20, single, Barnstable; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- JOHN W. CARTER, *Corporal*. Student, single, Brookline; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Discharged Nov. 5, 1862 to re-enlist in 17th Regt. U. S. Inf. at Fort Preble, Portland, Maine, G. O. No. 154 A. G. O. (See M. O. R.) Died July 5, 1895.
- HOWARD CHIPMAN, *Corporal*. Broom Maker, age 18, single, Sandwich; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Corporal June 19, 1863.
- EDWARD P. JACKSON, *Corporal*. Student, age 22, single, Dunstable; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Corporal June 19, 1863. (See A 5th Regt. 100 days.) Died Oct. 12, 1905.
- WILLIAM F. MASON, *Musician*. Painter, age 19, single, Biddeford, Maine; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- JOHN L. McCOLLUM, *Musician*. Stage Driver, age 18, single, Tisbury; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See navy folio 448.)
- AMES, OSMOND *Private*. Age 21, Barnstable; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Discharged on S. C. of D. Oct. 30, 1862, as Rejected Recruit. (See M. O. R.)
- BASSETT, CLARENCE W. *Private*. Farmer, age 18, single, Barnstable; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Killed Dec. 14, 1862, Battle Kinston, N. C. (See M. O. R.)
- BEANE, CHARLES E. *Private*. Seaman, age 20, single, Barnstable; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- BEARSE, GEORGE H. *Private*. Seaman, age 21, single, Barnstable; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Died Jan. 7, 1863, congestive fever, Camp Amory, Newbern, N. C. (See M. O. R.)

- BEARSE, JOSEPH P. *Private*. Seaman, age 37, married, Barnstable; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died August 31, 1891.
- BEARSE, NATHAN H. *Private*. Farmer, age 39, married, Barnstable; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died July 1, 1877.
- BENSON, HENRY F. *Private*. Blacksmith, age 37, married, Sandwich; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Died Dec. 28, 1862 at Newbern, N. C., of wounds received in the Battle of Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, 1862. (See M. O. R.)
- BLOSSOM, HENRY C. *Private*. Farmer, age 19, single, W. Barnstable; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. See H. 58th Regt.
- BRYANT, JOSIAH *Private*. Clerk, age 23, single, Lexington; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- BURGESS, GEORGE A. *Private*. Farmer, age 18, single, Sandwich; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Discharged Oct. 30, 1862 on S. C. of D. as Rejected Recruit. (See M. O. R.)
- BUSSEY, BENJAMIN F. *Private*. Seaman, age 24, married, Newburgh, Maine; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- BUSSEY, JOHN D. *Private*. Farmer, age 28, single, Newburgh, Maine; *en.* Oct. 6, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 6, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Dec. 27, 1905.
- BUTTERFIELD, GEORGE H. *Private*. Milkman, age 22, single, Lexington; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Nov. 17, 1891.
- BUTTERS, SIDNEY *Private*. Carpenter, age 44, married, Lexington; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Slightly wounded in left thigh at Battle of Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, 1862. Died July 15, 1897.
- CALVAY, GEORGE B. *Private*. Farmer, age 35, single, Cambridge (ent. at Lincoln); *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See K. 59th Regt. and K. 57th Regt. as McCaly.)
- CARRET, CHARLES T. *Private*. Clerk, age 20, single, Medford; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- CHILDS, EDWARD W. *Private*. Seaman, age 20, single, Barnstable; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.

- CHILDS, FREDERICK W. *Private*. Seaman, age 22, single, Barnstable; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Slightly wounded in right hand at Battle of Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, 1862. Died Oct. 15, 1900.
- CHILDS, SIMEON C. *Private*. Seaman, age 43, married, Barnstable; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- CHIPMAN, GEORGE A. *Private*. Clerk, age 19, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See A. 6th Regt. 100 days.)
- CHIPMAN, JOSEPH P. *Private*. Boot Maker, age 23, single, Sandwich; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See 16th Battery.) Died June 14, 1904.
- CHIPMAN, SAMUEL *Private*. Wheelwright, age 38, single, Sandwich; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Feb. 5, 1889.
- CROCKER, NELSON S. *Private*. Printer, age 26, married, Barnstable; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- CROUCH, HENRY E. *Private*. Farmer, age 21, single, Harvard; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Jan. 1, 1906.
- CUTTING, WILLIAM H. JR., *Private*. Clerk, age 20, single, Melrose; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Dead.
- DOANE, ELIPHALET *Private*. Seaman, age 36, married, Barnstable; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See A. 58th Regt.) Re-enlisted and killed in action.
- EVANS, THOMAS C. *Private*. Collector, age 29, married, Melrose; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Discharged Feb. 27, 1863, at Boston, owing to wounds received at the Battle of Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, 1862, in both hands and left leg. (See M. O. R.) Died Jan. 20, 1905.
- FIFIELD, WATSON H. *Private*. Seaman, age 43, married, Sandwich; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- FITCH, DAVID *Private*. Carpenter, age 30, married, Lexington; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- FOSS, JAMES T. *Private*. Bookkeeper, age 25, single, Melrose; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Slightly wounded in right shoulder at Battle of Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, 1862.

- FOSTER, JOHN D. *Private*. Chemist, age 27, married, Sandwich; *en.* Oct. 28, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 28, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- FULLER, DAVID *Private*. Seaman, age 21, student, Barnstable; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See General Service, U. S. A.)
- GODDARD, JAMES F. *Private*. Clerk, age 20, single, N. Bridgewater; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died May 13, 1901.
- GREENE, HENRY C. *Private*. Moulder, age 28, single, Sandwich; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died May 30, 1898.
- HACKETT, THOMAS, *Private*. Glass Worker, age 38, married, Sandwich; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- HAMBLIN, JAMES B., *Private*. Watch Maker, age 24, married, Barnstable; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- HAMLEN, EZRA, *Private*. Glass Worker, age 25, married, Sandwich; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- HART, GEORGE D., *Private*. Seaman, age 32, married, Barnstable; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- HINKLEY, JOHN B., *Private*. Seaman, age 44, married, Barnstable; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- HOAR, BENJAMIN F., *Private*. Farmer, age 20, single, Lincoln; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Discharged Feb. 27, 1863, at Boston, on account of wounds received at Battle Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, 1862. (See M. O. R.)
- HOLMES, CHARLES E., *Private*. Laborer, age 19, single, Barnstable; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See 14th Battery.)
- HOLMES, ISAAC W., *Private*. Farmer, age 27, single, Lexington; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- HOLWAY, AUGUSTUS, *Private*. Farmer, age 22, single, Sandwich; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died July 23, 1898.
- HOLWAY, THOMAS E., *Private*. Farmer, age 18, single, Sandwich; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.

- HOXIE, NATHANIEL C., *Private*. Seaman, age 38, married, Sandwich; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died April 5, 1903.
- JENKINS, ASA, *Private*. Seaman, age 24, single, Barnstable; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- JONES, ALEXANDER B., *Private*. Seaman, age 24, married, Barnstable; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died July, 1890.
- JONES, HERCULES, *Private*. Farmer, age 33, married, Barnstable; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- JONES, JAMES T., *Private*. Farmer, age 19, single, Sandwich; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Nov. 11, 1894.
- JUDKINS, EDWIN W., *Private*. Gardener, age 24, married, Melrose; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died June 22, 1900.
- KNIPPE, HENRY H., *Private*. Farmer, age 18, single, Sandwich; *en.* Oct. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 15, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See K. 1st Cavalry.)
- LEIGHTON, WILLIAM F., *Private*. Clerk, age 18, single, Melrose; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- LOVELL, FREDERICK U., *Private*. Mason, age 36, married, Sandwich; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- MARSHALL, JAMES, *Private*. Cordwainer, age 19, single, Melrose; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Feb. 2, 1908.
- McLAUGHLIN, GEORGE W., *Private*. Clerk, age 19, single, Melrose; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- MERCER, THOMAS L., *Private*. Merchant, age 21, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Slightly wounded in back of head Battle Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, 1862. Died in Arizona about 1900.
- MESSER, WILLIAM, *Private*. Farmer, age 32, single, Concord; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- NORTON, DAMON Y., *Private*. Farmer, age 34, married, Edgartown; *en.* Oct. 6, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 6, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.

- NYE, HIRAM, *Private*. Painter, age 46, married, Barnstable; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- NYE, SAMUEL H., *Private*. Farmer, age 25, married, Sandwich; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Slightly wounded in the head at Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, 1862. Corporal, reduced June 19, 1863.
- PERKINS, JOHN JR., *Private*. Paper Hanger, age 35, married, Melrose; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Discharged May 21, 1863, at Boston, Mass., on account of wounds in left hip received at Battle Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, 1862. (See M. O. R.) Died Sept. 14, 1895.
- PHINNEY, HARRISON G., *Private*. Seaman, age 19, single, Barnstable; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- RICHARDSON, ALVAH M., *Private*. Student, age 29, single, Winchester; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- RIORDEN, WILLIAM C., *Private*. Clerk, age 21, single, Sandwich; *en.* Oct. 29, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 29, 1862. Deserted Nov. 1, 1862 from Camp Meigs, Readville, Mass. (See M. O. R. See A. 11th Regt.)
- SAVILLE, CLIFFORD, *Private*. Student, age 22, single, Lexington; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Sept. 1, 1908.
- SIMONDS, GEORGE JR., *Private*. Carpenter, age 24, single, Lexington; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died March 17, 1900.
- STIMPSON, CHARLES H., *Private*. Machinist, age 21, single, Sandwich; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Jan. 25, 1904.
- SIMPSON, THOMAS O., *Private*. Seaman, age 40, married, Sandwich; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Discharged April 4, 1863, disability, caused by falling tree at Battle Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, 1862. (See M. O. R.)
- TRACY, WILLIAM W., *Private*. Student, age 18, single, Andover; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- WARE, THOMAS M., *Private*. Clerk, age 19, single, Roxbury; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- WELLINGTON, ELIZAH H., *Private*. Farmer, age 21, single, Lincoln; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; Died Jan. 13, 1863, congestive fever at Camp Amory Newbern, N. C. (See M. O. R.)

- WHEELER, ALBERT H., *Private*. Glass Worker, age, 21 single, Sandwich; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- WHYTAL, JOSEPH, *Private*. Farmer, age 37, widower, Barnstable; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Feb. 1, 1907.
- WILLIAMS, THOMAS, *Private*. Seaman, age 19, single, Barnstable; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Discharged June 4, 1863, at Newbern, N. C., to re-enlist in 2d Hy. Art. (See M. O. R. See A. 2d Hy. Art.)
- WRIGHT, GEORGE W., *Private*. Pedler, age 19, single, Lexington; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- WRIGHT, STILLMAN, *Private*. Moulder, age 44, married, Sandwich; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Dead.
- WRIGHT, WALTER R., *Private*. Milkman, age 24, married, Lexington; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- WRIGHT, WILLIS L., *Private*. Farmer, age 21, Student, Lexington; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- YOUNG, AARON H., *Private*. Seaman, age 44, married, Barnstable; *en.* Sept. 12, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Died Jan. 20, 1863, Stanley Hospital, Newbern, N. C., of wounds received Battle Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, 1862. (See M. O. R.)

Company E

- THOMAS B. WALES, JR., *Captain*. Merchant, age 24, married, Boston; *com.* Sept. 11, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See Boston Cadets.)
- ALPHEUS H. HARDY, *First Lieutenant*. Clerk, age 22, married, Boston; *com.* Sept. 11, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See Boston Cadets.)
- JOHN FRANK EMMONS, *Second Lieutenant*. Clerk, age 23, single, Boston; *com.* Sept. 11, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See Boston Cadets.) Died in New York, May 14, 1902.
- CHARLES F. HARDY, *First Sergeant*. Clerk, age 19, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- HIRAM F. CARLETON, *Sergeant*. Clerk, age 20, single, Roxbury; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Detailed Provost Sergeant at Newbern, N. C., Feb. 22, 1863 to June 2, 1863.
- BENJAMIN V. COBURN, *Sergeant*. Machinist, age 33, married, Cambridge; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See H 6th Regt., 100 days.)
- GEORGE P. LADD, *Sergeant*. Soldier, age 24, Sturbridge; *en.* Oct. 24, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 24, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See A 56th Regt. Captain U. S. A.)
- FRANK WELLS, *Sergeant*. Student, age 19, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Appointed Sergeant Company E Oct. 23, 1862. Transferred Oct. 23, 1862.
- WILLIAM D. BRACKETT, JR., *Corporal*. Clothier, age 22, single, Swampscott; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- WILLIAM W. BOWMAN, *Corporal*. Fisherman, age 28, married, Swampscott; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Corporal May 8, 1863. (See I 29th Regt.)
- JOHN W. BROOKS, *Corporal*. Carpenter, age 36, married, Swampscott; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died May 7, 1901.
- GEORGE C. RICHARDS, *Corporal*. Fisherman, age 24, single, Swampscott; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Wounded in left leg Battle Dover Cross Roads, N. C., April 28, 1863.

- RUFUS RICHARDSON, *Corporal*. Grocer, age 33, married, Charlestown; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See 6-56th Regt.)
- WILLIAM C. SEELYE, *Corporal*. Carpenter, age 21, single, E. Cambridge; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Oct. 28, 1905.
- GEORGE A. WHITE, *Corporal*. Carpenter, age 25, single, Sharon; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Discharged March 21, 1863 at Boston for disability. (See M. O. R.) Slightly wounded in leg Battle Whitehall, N. C., Dec. 16, 1862.
- JOHN F. SPENCER, *Corporal*. Salesman, age 24, single, Boston; *en.* Oct. 14, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 14, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Dead.
- JOHN D. SALVAGE, *Corporal*. Coachman, age 28, single, Swampscott; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Corporal Feb. 26, 1863.
- WILLIAM SHIELDS, *Musician*. Drummer, age 14, single, Dorchester; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- JOHN K. ROWELL, *Musician*. Clerk, age 18, single, Charlestown; *en.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died March 1888.
- ANTHONY, WILLIAM, *Private*. Porter, age 25, married, Boston; *en.* Oct. 20, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 20, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Detailed in Quartermaster Department Jan. 15, 1863. Died March 3, 1908.
- ATWOOD, GEORGE F., *Private*. Age 24, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Deserted Oct. 15, 1862 from Camp at Readville, Mass. (See M. O. R.)
- BEECHER, JOHN G., *Private*. Trunk Maker, age 37, married, Chelsea; *en.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Deserted Oct. 7, 1862 from Camp at Readville, Mass. (See M. O. R.)
- BLANCHARD, EDWARD A., *Private*. Farmer, age 23, married, Swampscott; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- BLANCHARD, HORACE, *Private*. Fisherman, age 22, single, Swampscott; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- BLANCHARD, LEONARD, *Private*. Fisherman, age 18, single, Swampscott; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Sick in Hammond Hospital, Beaufort, N. C., since June 12, 1863. Discharged from hospital August 18, 1863 to report to Adjutant General of Mass.

- BLANEY, ELBRIDGE G., *Private*. Fisherman, age 40, married, Swampscott; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Oct. 2, 1902.
- BLANEY, GEORGE DUDLEY, *Private*. Clerk, age 20, married, Swampscott; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Died June 21, 1863, nervous prostration, Regt. Hospital, Newbern, N. C. (See M. O. R.)
- BRACKETT, JOHN E., *Private*. Caulker, age 27, single, Charlestown; *en.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- BROWN, WILLIAM, *Private*. Painter, age 27, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- CAMP, WILLIAM H., *Private*. Hatter, age 32, married, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died in Philadelphia, 1875.
- CASWELL, RICHARD B., *Private*. Fisherman, age 20, single, Swampscott; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died in 1898.
- CHASE, JOHN L., *Private*. Manufacturer, age 31, married, Cambridge; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- CLAPP, HORACE W., *Private*. Farmer, age 33, single, Sharon; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died April 3, 1905.
- CLARK, EDWIN R., *Private*. Stone Cutter, age 35, married, East Cambridge; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Killed Dec. 14, 1862, Battle Kinston, N. C. (See M. O. R.)
- CLARK, GEORGE P., *Private*. Gas Fitter, age 31, married, Malden; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- COAN, JOHN C., *Private*. Age 35, Swampscott; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Discharged Oct. 27, 1862 at Readville, Mass. Knee dislocated. (See M. O. R.) Dead.
- COBB, GEORGE R., *Private*. Stone Cutter, age 21, single, E. Cambridge; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Feb. 14, 1886.
- COLBY, JOHN, *Private*. Teamster, age 23, single, Swampscott; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died July 25, 1905.

- COLLINS, WILLIAM H., *Private*. Clerk, age 23, single, Swampscott; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Sick in Hammond Hospital, Beaufort, N. C., since June 29, 1863. Discharged from hospital August 18, 1863 to report to Adjutant General of Mass. Died March 1906.
- CRANDALL, OSCAR C., *Private*. Teamster, age 23, single, Bristol, Vt.; *en.* Oct. 20, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 20, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Detailed Wagoner Brigade Headquarters Jan. 1863.
- CUMMINGS, HENRY, *Private*. Gas Fitter, age 28, married, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Detailed in Regt. Band. Died Dec. 29, 1889.
- DAVENPORT, WILLIAM S., *Private*. Coachman, age 30, married, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Deserted from Camp at Readville Nov. 4, 1862; reported in New York Feb. 12, 1863. Confined in Forrest Hall Prison. Joined Company May 22, 1863. Dead.
- DONALLY, THOMAS, *Private*. Fisherman, age 29, single, Swampscott; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Killed Dec. 16, 1862 Battle Whitehall, N. C. (See M. O. R.)
- DONOVAN, CHARLES, *Private*. Clerk, age 26, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died in 1907.
- DOUGLASS, SYLVESTER F. *Private*. Fisherman, age 26, single, Swampscott; *en.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- ELLIS, FREDERICK O., *Private*. Teacher, age 26, single, Swampscott; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- FISHER, DANIEL, *Private*. Painter, age 18, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- GAY, GEORGE F., *Private*. Farmer, age 18, single, Sharon; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See L 42d Heavy Artillery.)
- GERALD, WILLIAM H., *Private*. Expressman, age 29, married, W. Randolph; *en.* Oct. 21, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 21, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died in 1890.
- GLASS, JOSEPH W., *Private*. Farmer, age 18, single, Swampscott; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See F 29th Regt.)
- GORHAM, JOHN, *Private*. Fisherman, age 30, married, Swampscott; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died in 1898.

- GRAVES, GEORGE, JR., *Private*. Cabinet Maker, age 32, married, E. Cambridge; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- GREGORY, THOMAS, *Private*. Glass Packer, age 35, married, East Cambridge; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died in 1894.
- HASTINGS, CHARLES B., *Private*. Merchant, age 39, married, East Cambridge; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- HAYES, LEMUEL W., *Private*. Photographer, age 21, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- HUTCHINS, CHARLES S., *Private*. Teacher, age 25, single, Edgecomb, Maine; *en.* Oct. 21, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 21, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Dead.
- HUTCHINSON, EDWARD C., *Private*. Stone Cutter, age 30, married, East Cambridge; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- KERSHAW, JAMES, *Private*. Safe Maker, age 35, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Discharged March 28, 1863, general disability, Newbern, N. C. (See M. O. R.) Dead.
- KNOWLES, WILLIAM F., *Private*. Shoemaker, age 27, married, Stoneham; *en.* Oct. 25, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 25, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- LAWRENCE, ALDEN B., *Private*. Laborer, age 21, single, Boston; *en.* Oct. 20, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 20, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See Company E 1st Battery Heavy Artillery.) Dead.
- LEE, JOSEPH W., *Private*. Clerk, age 20, single, Boston, *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Detailed with Brigadier General Feb. 21, 1863 to July 6, 1863.
- LORD, THEODORE W., *Private*. Tin Worker, age 27, married, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- LOTHROP, JOSEPH F., *Private*. Letter Carrier, age 25, single, Charlestown; *en.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Dead.
- McLAUGHLIN, THOMAS, *Private*. Performer, age 29, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Dead.

- MILLETT, ORLANDO R., *Private*. Carpenter, age 21, single, Swampscott; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- MOLINEUX, ROBERT G., *Private*. Clerk, age 19, single, Roxbury; *en.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Detailed in Stanley Hospital, Newbern, N. C. Dec. 3, 1862 to June 22, 1863. Corporal, resigned Dec. 3, 1862.
- MORRIS, MOSES, *Private*. Baker, age 19, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See U. S. Navy 1863.) Died Jan. 24, 1895.
- NEWCOMB, STEPHEN A., *Private*. Fisherman, age 18, single, Swampscott; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- O'GRADY, MARTIN, *Private*. Fisherman, age 18, single, Swampscott; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died June 5, 1870.
- OTIS, JAMES E., *Private*. Salesman, age 35, single, Boston; *en.* Oct. 14, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 14, 1862. Discharged June 17, 1863 at Newbern, N. C. by order Major General Foster. (See M. O. R.)
- PALMER, GEORGE F., *Private*. Age 22, Needham; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Discharged Oct. 17, 1862 on S. C. of D. Rejected Recruit. (See M. O. R.)
- PHILLIPS, BENJAMIN, *Private*. Farmer, age 20, single, Swampscott; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died in 1897.
- PHILLIPS, RIENZI, *Private*. Farmer, age 20, single, Swampscott; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died 1904.
- PHILLIPS, WILLIAM H., *Private*. Fisherman, age 22, married, Swampscott; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Dead.
- PLAGUE, WILLIAM H., *Private*. Painter, age 22, married, Charlestown; *en.* Oct. 10, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 10, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See 5th Battery.)
- PLYMPTON, LEWIS F. S., *Private*. Farmer, age 18, single, Sharon; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- PORTER, MERRITT E., *Private*. Shoemaker, age 24, married, Swampscott; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died April 23, 1893.

- POWELL, JAMES, *Private*. Coppersmith, age 34, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Deserted Nov. 4, 1862 from Camp at Readville, Mass. (See M. O. R.)
- POWER, JAMES, *Private*. Performer, age 36, married, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Dec. 1889.
- PRICE, WILLIAM B., *Private*. Glass Maker, age 33, married, East Cambridge; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Died June 27, 1863 on Steamer S. R. Spaulding of typhoid fever on passage from Newbern, N. C. to Boston, Mass. (See M. O. R.)
- PROCTOR, MARTIN C., *Private*. Age 20, Boston; *en.* Oct. 1, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 1, 1862. Discharged Oct. 17, 1862 on S. C. of D. Rejected Recruit. (See M. O. R.)
- PUTNEY, ROYAL W., *Private*. Glass Maker, age 18, single, Cambridge; *en.* Oct. 1, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 1, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See 9th Battery.) Dead.
- RAMSDELL, JOHN, *Private*. Fisherman, age 36, married, Swampscott; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Dead.
- RAYMOND, CHARLES F., *Private*. Age 25, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Deserted Oct. 4, 1862 from Camp at Readville, Mass. (See M. O. R.)
- RAYMOND, WILLIAM T., *Private*. Age 18, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Deserted Oct. 4, 1862 from Camp at Readville. (See M. O. R.)
- RICH, RICHARD L., *Private*. Fisherman, age 18, single, Swampscott; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died in 1898.
- RYDER, JOSHUA A., *Private*. Age 23, single, Provincetown; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Dead.
- SANBORN, WILLIAM H., *Private*. Blacksmith, age 28, single, Cambridge; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- SARGENT, BENJAMIN, *Private*. Age 40, Cambridge; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Discharged Oct. 17, 1862, disability, at Readville, Mass. (See M. O. R.) Dead.
- SAWIN, THOMAS K., *Private*. Painter, age 21, single, Lexington; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Aug. 18, 1896.

- SAXTON, HENRY L., *Private*. Printer, age 41, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Detailed in Regt. Band. Died July 31, 1894.
- SMITH, CHARLES H., *Private*. Soldier, age 19, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See K 22d Regt. D 56th Regt.)
- SMITH, GEORGE H., *Private*. Farmer, age 18, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Discharged Oct. 17, 1862 on S. C. of D. Rejected Recruit. (See M. O. R.)
- STIMPSON, JOHN C., *Private*. Fisherman, age 44, married, Swampscott; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Discharged June 1, 1863, disability, Newbern, N. C. (See M. O. R.) Dead.
- STONE, CALEB O., *Private*. Fisherman, age 27, married, Swampscott; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Died Dec. 11, 1862 typhoid fever in hospital, Newbern, N. C. (See M. O. R.)
- SYMES, WILLIAM H., *Private*. Teamster, age 22, single, Boston; *en.* Oct. 20, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 20, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Detailed as Wagoner Brigade Headquarters May 30, 1863 to June 11, 1863. Slightly wounded in Battle Whitehall, N. C., Dec. 16, 1862. Died Oct. 16, 1895.
- TILDEN, JOHN G., *Private*. Spar Maker, age 22, single, Charlestown; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Sept. 16, 1906.
- TOUNGE, ROBERT B., *Private*. Mason, age 30, married, Swampscott; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Discharged March 28, 1863, disability, injury received Battle Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, 1862. (See M. O. R.) Corporal resigned Jan. 5, 1863.
- WATSON, GEORGE W., *Private*. Farmer, age 18, single, Swampscott; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- WELLINGTON, JOSEPH D., *Private*. Organ Builder, age 37, married, East Cambridge; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- WHITCOMB, HENRY C., *Private*. Stereotyper, age 31, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Detailed Regt. Band.
- WHITCOMB, JOHN D., *Private*. Printer, age 28, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Detailed Regt. Band.

- WILDER, FRANCIS W., *Private*. Provision Dealer, age 29, married, Charlestown; *en.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- WILEY, EDWIN F., *Private*. Mason, age 20, single, Swampscott; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- WILLIAMS, JOHN H., *Private*. Plasterer, age 38, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Killed Dec. 14, 1862 at Battle Kinston, N. C. (See M. O. R.)
- WILSON, SYLVESTER E., *Private*. Bookkeeper, age 24, single, Charlestown; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.

Company F

EDWARD F. DALAND, *Captain*. Merchant, age 26, single, Boston; *com.* Sept. 11, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See Boston Cadets.) Died Oct. 7, 1892.

SAMUEL C. ELLIS, *First Lieutenant*. Civil Engineer, age 26, single, Boston; *com.* Sept. 11, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See E. 2d Hy. Art.)

THEODORE C. HURD, *Second Lieutenant*. Lawyer, age 25, married, Framingham; *com.* Sept. 11, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.

MARSHALL L. EATON, *First Sergeant*. Farmer, age 30, married, Sudbury; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Jan. 11, 1894.

HOMER ROGERS, *Sergeant*. Student, age 22, single, Sudbury; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Nov. 10, 1907.

SAMUEL F. DRAPER, *Sergeant*. Machinist, age 27, single, Framingham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.

JOSIAH WALLACE TILLSON, *Sergeant*. Clerk, age 19, single, Framingham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Slightly wounded in head at Battle Whitehall, N. C., Dec. 16, 1862.

JOSEPH H. BIRD, *Sergeant*. Carpenter, age 28, married, Boston; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.

ARTHUR DAKIN, *Corporal*. Machinist, age 22, single, Sudbury; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Color Corporal. Died May 21, 1896.

IRA B. FENTON, *Corporal*. Farmer, age 30, single, Framingham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.

CHARLES W. HALL, *Corporal*. Shoemaker, age 24, married, Framingham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.

BRADLEY HEMENWAY, *Corporal*. Farmer, age 26, single, Sudbury; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.

NELSON H. HOWE, *Corporal*. Machinist, age 23, single, Framingham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See 14th Battery.) Killed before Petersburg, Va.

- LUTHER S. JOHNSON, *Corporal*. Clerk, age 21, single, Nahant; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- HENRY D. PARMENTER, *Corporal*. Farmer, age 28, single, Wayland; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Jan. 18, 1907.
- MARTIN H. PARKINSON, *Corporal*. Machinist, age 27, single, Framingham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died in Philadelphia.
- FRANK H. HUNT, *Musician*. Clerk, age 18, single, Sudbury; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- ALBERT B. RICHARDSON, *Musician*. Miller, age 19, single, Sudbury; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died in Sudbury.
- BABB, CHARLES N., *Private*. Farmer, age 18, single, Lynn; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See 11th Battery, 3 years.)
- BACON, ASA B., *Private*. Farmer, age 41, married, Sudbury; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died in 1889.
- BARBER, EPHRAIM O., *Private*. Farmer, age 33, married, Framingham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- BIRD, CHARLES H., *Private*. Farmer, age 21, single, Framingham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died March 6, 1901.
- BIRD, FRANK D., *Private*. Farmer, age 28, single, Framingham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- BOND, EDWARD P., *Private*. Teamster, age 32, married, Wayland; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Discharged June 22, 1863, by Major General Foster, for Civil Appointment. (See M. O. R.) See E 20th Regt. Died at Soldiers' Home, Togus, Me.
- BRACKETT, ORIN T., *Private*. Age 21, single, Framingham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Dead.
- BROWN, EDGAR, *Private*. Butcher, age 21, single, Natick; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- BROWN, LEVI F., *Private*. Teamster, age 33, single, Boston; *en.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862 (transferred from Company I., Oct. 21, 1862); *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See F 45th Regt. 9 mos.)

- BUTTERFIELD, JAMES B., *Private*. Farmer, age 22, single, Sudbury; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Jan. 12, 1907.
- CHENEY, JEFFERSON W. JR., *Private*. Clerk, age 27, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Dead.
- CHENEY, HERMAN F., *Private*. Farmer, age 26, single, Framingham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Died Jan. 29, 1863, congestive fever, at Stanley Hospital, Newbern, N. C. (See M. O. R.)
- CHICK, JAMES, *Private*. Farmer, age 23, single, Framingham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Dead.
- CHILDS, GEORGE H., *Private*. Farmer, age 20, single, Framingham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- CLARK, CHARLES A., *Private*. Druggist, age 38, married, Boston; *en.* Oct. 28, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 28, 1862. Discharged April 23, 1863, disability, Newbern, N. C. (See M. O. R.)
- CLOYES, JOSEPH C., *Private*. Stone Cutter, age 28, single, Framingham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- CREELMAN, JAMES M., *Private*. Waiter, age 20, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Wounded slightly in the side Battle Whitehall, N. C., Dec. 16, 1862. Dead.
- CUTTEN, DANIEL, *Private*. Blacksmith, age 19, single, Boston; *en.* Oct. 21, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 21, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- DALTON, JOSEPH G., *Private*. Civil Engineer, age 34, single, Roxbury; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- DEAN, THOMAS A., *Private*. Shoemaker, age 18, single, Wayland; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See K 42d Regt., 100 days.) Dead.
- DELANY, ROGER, *Private*. Blacksmith, age 22, single, Framingham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See E 28th Regt. Letter Town Clerk Framingham in war record bureau folio, Nov. 14, 1904-5.)
- EATON, JOHN H., *Private*. Farmer, age 24, single, Sudbury; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.

- FAIRBANKS, FRANK P., *Private*. Shoemaker, age 18, single, Wayland; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Jan. 25, 1906.
- FANNING, MICHAEL L., *Private*. Shoemaker, age 43, single, Framingham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Oct. 6, 1899.
- GIBBS, LORENZO, *Private*. Farmer, age 33, married, Framingham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Feb. 19, 1892.
- GILMAN, JOSEPH, *Private*. Age 34, Boston; *en.* Oct. 23, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 23, 1862. Deserted Oct. 24, 1862 from camp at Readville, Mass. (See M. O. R.)
- GOODNOW, ALFRED C., *Private*. Shoemaker age 18, single, Framingham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- HAGER, GEORGE F., *Private*. Farmer, age 18, single, Framingham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- HAYNES, GEORGE H., *Private*. Carpenter, age 27, single, Framingham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- HEMENWAY, HENRY N., *Private*. Farmer, age 21, single, Framingham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died July 17, 1881.
- HILLS, WILLIAM K., *Private*. Farmer, age 21, single, Wayland; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died May 30, 1890.
- HOLT, SAMUEL M., *Private*. Farmer, age 37, married, Andover; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- HOLTHAM, JOSEPH, *Private*. Operative, age 20, single, Framingham; *en.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (Transferred from Company I., Oct. 21, 1862.)
- HOSMER, DAVIS N., *Private*. Farmer, age 18, single, Framingham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Died Feb. 1, 1863, typhoid fever Stanley Hospital Newbern, N. C. (See M. O. R.)
- HOSMER, SYLVESTER G., *Private*. Farmer, age 25, married, Southborough; *en.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (Transferred from Company I., Oct. 21, 1862.) Died Aug. 27, 1891.

- HOWE, E. FRANKLIN, *Private*. Baker, age 31, single, Framingham; *en.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (Transferred from Company I., Oct. 21, 1862.) Dead.
- HUBBARD, MARTIN J., *Private*. Shoemaker, age 30, married, Southborough; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died in 1889.
- JOHNSON, EDMUND B., *Private*. Farmer, age 30, single, Nahant; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- JOHNSON, EDWARD J., *Private*. Fisherman, age 30, married, Nahant; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died July 14, 1901.
- JOHNSON, EDWIN W., *Private*. Clerk, 19, single, Nahant; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- JOHNSON, HERVEY S., *Private*. Farmer, age 19, single, Nahant; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died April 29, 1905.
- JOHNSON, SYDNEY C., *Private*. Student, age 19, single, Nahant; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- JOHNSON, WELCOME J., *Private*. Farmer, age 30, single, Nahant; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- JONES, THEODORE A., *Private*. Shoemaker, age 18, single, Sudbury; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- KELLEY, MARTIN, *Private*. Age 22, married, Framingham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See I 58th Regt.)
- LADD, CHARLES H., *Private*. Farmer, age 20, single, Andover; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See I 3d Hy. Art.)
- LUKER, JOHN, *Private*. Laborer, age 32, married, Cambridge; *en.* Oct. 27, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 27, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See K 16th Regt., G 2d Hy. Art.) Died Sept. 9, 1902.
- MCDONALD, JAMES, *Private*. Tailor, age 34, married, Boston; *en.* Oct. 27, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 27, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- MCGRATH, WILLIAM, *Private*. Farmer, age 22, single, Framingham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 27, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. See McMarth and Mc as McGrath, Company G 4th Hy. Art.

- McKNIGHT, EDWARD, *Private*. Farmer, age 28, married, Southborough; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 27, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Wounded in right arm Battle Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, 1862. (See D 2d Cav.)
- McNAMARA, WILLIAM, *Private*. Farmer, age 22, single, Framingham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- MERRILL, JAMES W., *Private*. Farmer, age 21, single, Andover; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Died Jan. 20, 1863, congestive fever, at Stanley Hospital, Newbern, N. C. (See M. O. R.)
- MOORE, CHARLES H., *Private*. Farmer, age 24, single, Marlborough; *en.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (Transferred from Company I., Oct. 21, 1862.)
- NEWTON, NATHAN J., *Private*. Farmer, age 19, single, Framingham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- NIXON, MARCELLUS, *Private*. Farmer, age 29, single, Framingham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- PUFFER, ALPHEUS, *Private*. Carpenter, age 22, single, Sudbury; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Aug. 4, 1901.
- PUTNEY, HENRY M., *Private*. Expressman, age 23, single, Framingham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Died April 28, 1863, at Newbern, N. C., of wounds received in action at Dover Cross Roads, N. C. (See M. O. R.)
- REDDY, DANIEL, *Private*. Farmer, age 38, married, Framingham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Deserted Nov. 3, 1862, from camp at Readville, Mass. (See M. O. R.)
- RHOADES, ANSON A., *Private*. Operative, age 24, married, Framingham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- ROBINSON, ALEXANDER, *Private*. Age 28, Boston; *en.* Oct. 25, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 25, 1862. Deserted Oct. 26, 1862, from camp at Readville, Mass. (See M. O. R.)
- RUSSELL, THEODORE F., *Private*. Farmer, age 18, single, Framingham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Died May 25, 1863, disease, at Stanley Hospital, Newbern, N. C. (See M. O. R.)

- ROYAN, JOHN O., *Private*. Farmer, age 35, married, Framingham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See G 58th Regt.)
- SCOTT, WILLIAM, *Private*. Farmer, age 19, single, Sudbury; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- SPALDING, CHARLES C., *Private*. Farmer, age 24, single, Sudbury; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- TAFT, GEORGE H., *Private*. Farmer, age 35, married, Framingham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See I 2d Hy. Art.) Dead.
- TEMPLE, WILLIAM E., *Private*. Farmer, age 30, single, Framingham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- THOMSON, LE ROY B., *Private*. Jeweller, age 23, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- TOWER, FREEMAN A., *Private*. Operative, age 22, single, Framingham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died in 1880.
- VALENTINE, WALTER, *Private*. Age 22, single, Boston; *en.* Oct. 28, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 28, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See 14th Battery.)
- VOSE, ABNER S., *Private*. Farmer, age 29, married, Framingham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- WALKUP, JOEL M., *Private*. Farmer, age 35, married, Framingham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See 14th Battery.)
- WASHBURN, THOMAS, *Private*. Shoemaker, age 37, married, Framingham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Discharged Dec. 11, 1862, disability, at Boston, Mass. (See M. O. R.) Dead.
- WHITE, WELLINGTON S., *Private*. Farmer, age 18, single, Framingham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See I 2d Hy. Art., C 17th Regt.) Dead.
- WHITE, WILLIAM F., *Private*. Farmer, age 42, married, Framingham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See I 2d Hy. Art., C 17th Regt.) Died Dec. 25, 1900.

WHITNEY, LORENZO P., *Private*. Farmer, age 21, single, Nahant; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.

WINCH, EDWIN A., *Private*. Farmer, age 24, married, Framingham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.

WINCH, HENRY F., *Private*. Farmer, age 27, married, Framingham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.

Company G

JOSEPH MURDOCH, *Captain*. Age 52, married, Roxbury; *com.* Sept. 13, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Served on Staff of General Amory Dec. 1, 1862 to June 22, 1863. (See Boston Cadets.) Died April 27, 1884.

THEODORE A. THAYER, *First Lieutenant*. Age 24, single, Boston; *com.* Sept. 13, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. In command of Company from Dec. 1, 1862 to June 22, 1863. (See Boston Cadets.) Died May 16, 1898.

BENJAMIN H. TICKNOR, *Second Lieutenant*. Age 20, single, West Roxbury; *com.* Sept. 13, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Resigned and discharged May 31, 1863 at Newbern to accept promotion. (See E 2d Heavy Artillery.)

MOSES EVERETT WARE, *Second Lieutenant*. Clerk, age 21, single, Roxbury; *com.* June 1, 1863; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. First Sergeant to June 1, 1863. (See B 4th Battery Infantry. H 6th Regt., 100 days.) Died April, 1907.

GEORGE THATCHER, *First Sergeant*. Manufacturer, age 24, married, N. Bridgewater; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Sergeant, First Sergeant June 1, 1863. Died Jan. 15, 1897.

THOMAS R. ROACH, *Sergeant*. Solicitor of Patents, age 38, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Dead.

JAMES E. DAY, *Sergeant*. Glass Stainer, age 32, married, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Dead.

CHARLES H. MANNING, *Sergeant*. Clerk, age 21, single, West Roxbury; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Died June 21, 1863 of typhoid fever at Newbern, N. C. (See M. O. R.)

RICHARD C. CHASE, *Sergeant*. Student, age 18, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Corporal Sergeant June 1, 1863.

EPHRAIM STEARNS, *Sergeant*. Clerk, age 23, single, Waltham; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Corporal Sergeant June 21, 1863.

- GEORGE G. ADAMS, *Corporal*. Salesman, age 25, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Color Corporal. Dead.
- AMOS A. BREWSTER, *Corporal*. Clerk, age 19, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- JAMES W. CHAMPNEY, *Corporal*. Artist, age 19, single, Roxbury; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died May 1, 1903.
- THOMAS P. SMITH, *Corporal*. Printer, age 24, single, Waltham; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- NATHAN WARREN, *Corporal*. Clerk, age 24, single, Waltham; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- SAMUEL E. WETHERBEE, *Corporal*. Engraver, age 24, married, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Jan. 19, 1894.
- SAMUEL WARD JAQUES, *Corporal*. Clerk, age 21, single, Somerville; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Private. Corporal June 1, 1863.
- JOHN D. FLYNN, *Corporal*, Artist, age 24, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Transferred from Company I Oct. 24, 1862. Private. Corporal June 21, 1863. (See B 33d Regt. G 2d Regt.)
- DAVIS H. PACKARD, *Musician*. Machinist, age 19, single, North Bridgewater; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See F 58th Regt.) Died in 1902.
- MARCUS H. REYNOLDS, *Musician*. Machinist, age 18, single, North Bridgewater; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See 12th Regt. A 39th Regt. M 32d Regt.)
- ALLEN, GEORGE E., *Private*. Shoemaker, age 18, single, North Bridgewater; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See F 58th Regt.) Died at Petersburg, Va.
- BARKER, GEORGE T., *Private*. Printer, age 35, married, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died March 2, 1901.
- BENT, WILLIAM Q., *Private*. Blacksmith, age 25, single, Quincy; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Feb. 16, 1907.
- BRETT, WILLIAM S., *Private*. Machinist, age 18, single, N. Bridgewater; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See K 58th Regt.)

- BROWN, EDWARD W., *Private*. Bookseller, age 31, married, Belmont; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died 1908.
- BROWN, WILLIAM F., *Private*. Mason, age 20, single, S. Scituate; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See C 4th Heavy Artillery.)
- BRYANT, WILLIAM ELLIS, *Private*. Blacksmith, age 18, single, N. Bridgewater; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Discharged June 2, 1863 by General Foster to re-enlist in 2d Heavy Artillery. (See M. O. R. See D 2d Heavy Artillery.) Died May 31, 1896.
- BURNS, DANIEL W., *Private*. Carpenter, age 26, married, Roxbury; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- BUTTRICK, CHARLES, *Private*. Painter, age 34, married, Boston; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Transferred from Company I Oct. 24, 1862. Died March 18, 1907.
- CAIN, JONATHAN D., *Private*. Boatman, age 20, single, Quincy; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died 1900.
- CHANDLER, SIDNEY, *Private*. Mason, age 19, single, N. Bridgewater; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- CROCKER, CHARLES A., *Private*. Shoe Maker, age 18, single, N. Bridgewater; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See D 58th Regt.)
- COWAN, ALBERT I., *Private*. Farmer, age 23, single, Brookline; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See C 61st Regt.)
- CUMMINGS, CHARLES L., *Private*. Clerk, age 23, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Dec. 22, 1880.
- DAMON, ENSIGN B., *Private*. Shoemaker, age 32, married, South Scituate; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See L 2d Hy. Art.)
- DAMON, FREEMAN, *Private*. Carpenter, age 40, married, South Scituate; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- EICHHORN, ERNST FREDERICK, *Private*. Baker, age 34, single, Hingham; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- FARROW, CHARLES H., *Private*. Shoemaker, age 40, married, South Scituate; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died April 1905.

- FASS, HENRY, *Private*. Tailor, age 24, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- FIELD, RICHARD, *Private*. Awl Maker, age 27, single, North Bridgewater; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Dead.
- FISHER, AVON ESTEY (Aaron E., correct name), *Private*. Lawyer, age 25, single, Roxbury; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Discharged May 13, 1863 for promotion, Second Lieutenant on General Leddies' Staff. (See M. O. R.) Died Oct. 25, 1901.
- FORD, JOSEPH N., JR., *Private*. Broker, age 24, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Dec. 22, 1886.
- FROST, G. FRANK, *Private*. Student, age 18, single, Wal-¹tham; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died April 2, 1906.
- GIBBS, ANDREW C., *Private*. Awl Maker, age 19, single, North Bridgewater; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See F 58th Regt.)
- GROVER, JOHN G., *Private*. Painter, age 25, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died May 1889.
- HERSEY, FRANCIS, *Private*. Cooper, age 27, single, Hingham; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Sept. 2, 1898.
- HEWES, JOSHUA C., *Private*. Cabinet Maker, age 36, single, Roxbury; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Dead.
- HOBART, ALBERT I., *Private*. Gentleman, age 35, married, Tisbury; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Dead.
- HODGKINS, MOSES D., *Private*. Car Driver, age 43, married, Roxbury; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Dec. 1902.
- HUNNEMAN, JAMES C., *Private*. Clerk, age 29, single, Roxbury; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See Navy, 3d U. S. Art.)
- HUNNEMAN, JOSEPH H., JR., *Private*. Clerk, age 24, single, Roxbury; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See H 6th Regt., 100 days.)
- JONES, ABBOTT L., *Private*. Stone Cutter, age 35, married, Quincy; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died July 16, 1868.

- KEMP, GEORGE D., *Private*. Farmer, age 18, single, Roxbury; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See 14th Battery.)
- KENDALL, JOHN W., *Private*. Carpenter, age 32, married, Roxbury, *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- KILBURN, THOMAS H., *Private*. Student, age 18, single, South Scituate; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- KIMBALL, GEORGE P., *Private*. Clerk, age 26, married, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See U. S. Art.) Died Sept. 27, 1907.
- LEE, PATRICK, *Private*. Cabinet Maker, age 21, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- LITCHFIELD, ALFRED B., *Private*. Shoemaker, age 25, single, South Scituate; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- LITCHFIELD, EDWIN M., *Private*. Shoemaker, age 18, single, South Scituate; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- LITTLE, HENRY O., *Private*. Clerk, age 28, married, Hingham; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Sept. 25, 1895.
- LORING, AUGUSTUS B., *Private*. Machinist, age 22, married, North Bridgewater; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died in 1904.
- LOWRY, WILLIAM, JR., *Private*. Rope Maker, age 27, single, Hingham; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Dead.
- MAGUNE, ROBERT S., *Private*. Painter, age 21, single, North Bridgewater; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- MARSH, JOSIAH L., *Private*. Butcher, age 32, married, Hingham; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died in 1887.
- MAYHEW, JOHN R., *Private*. Sail Maker, age 21, single, Hingham; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- MORSE, EDMUND B., *Private*. Shoemaker, age 21, married, Edgartown; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- MORSE, LLEWELLYN, *Private*. Farmer, age 18, single, Waltham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Transferred from Company I Oct. 24, 1862.

- NICHOLS, ADDISON F., *Private*. Farmer, age 19, single, South Scituate; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See I 58th Regt.) Dead.
- OLNEY, DANFORTH K., *Private*. Age 31, Southbridge; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Detailed in Band. Died Nov. 1, 1886.
- PACKARD, MOSES A., *Private*. Farmer, age 19, single, North Bridgewater; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- PAGE, C. ROBINSON, *Private*. Painter, age 33, married, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- PAGE, LUKE J., *Private*. Mason, age 28, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died April 22, 1902.
- PAYNE, REUBEN H., *Private*. Shoemaker, age 19, single, South Scituate; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Dead.
- PENDERGAST, DANIEL, *Private*. Rope Maker, age 27, married, Roxbury; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Dead.
- PRATT, NATHAN C., *Private*. Boot Maker, age 41, married, Quincy; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- PRATT, SETH W., *Private*. Book Binder, age 19, single, Roxbury; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- SHAW, JONATHAN WARREN, *Private*. Seaman, age 22, single, North Bridgewater; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Discharged June 2, 1863 by General Foster to re-enlist 2d Hy. Art. (See M. O. R. See D 2d Hy. Art.)
- SOULE, LEWIS M., *Private*. Farmer, age 18, single, Quincy; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See G 2d Hy. Art.)
- SOUTHER, JAMES, *Private*. Rope Maker, age 39, single, Hingham; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died in 1895.
- SPRAGUE, ARTEMAS, *Private*. Cabinet Maker, age 29, single, Hingham; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died June 2, 1903.
- STACKPOLE, FREDERICK W., *Private*. Clerk, age 21, single, Roxbury; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See H 6th Regt., 100 days.)

- STEVENS, JOHN, *Private*. Clerk, age 23, single, Roxbury; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- STORER, ROBERT W., *Private*. Clerk, age 22, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See H 6th Regt., 100 days.)
- STOWELL, JOHN, *Private*. Jeweller, age 28, married, Roxbury; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See D 59th Regt.) Died in Danville Prison.
- STOWELL, JOSIAH W., *Private*. Tinman, age 25, married, Roxbury; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Feb. 12, 1908.
- TAYLOR, FRANK H., *Private*. Clerk, age 21, single, Roxbury; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- TOTMAN, ANDREW W., *Private*. Teamster, age 23, married, Hanover; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- TOTMAN, JOHN F., *Private*. Farmer, age 20, single, South Scituate; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died June 17, 1892.
- TRIBOU, CHARLES E., *Private*. Farmer, age 37, married, North Bridgewater; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See I 58th Regt.)
- TROBITZ, EDWARD, *Private*. Baker, age 31, single, Hingham; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died.
- TULLEY, HERBERT J., *Private*. Rope Maker, age 23, single, Roxbury; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- VOSE, WILLIAM H., *Private*. Shoemaker, age 19, single, North Bridgewater; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Discharged June 2, 1863 by General Foster to re-enlist 2d Hy. Art. (See M. O. R. See L 2d Hy. Art.)
- WALES, B. READ, *Private*. Student, age 20, single, Dorchester; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See K 42d Regt., 100 days, [as Benjamin R. Wales.]) Died Aug. 31, 1901.
- WALL, DANIEL J., *Private*. Rope Maker, age 22, single, Hingham; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Nov. 5, 1899.
- WEEKS, REUBEN, *Private*. Blacksmith, age 40, single, Roxbury; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Dead.

WHITE, JOSEPH H., *Private*. Farmer, age 27, single, Quincy; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See F 2d Hy. Art.)

WINSLOW, ALBERT, *Private*. Farmer, age 22, single, South Scituate; *en.* Sept. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.

Company D

LEWIS W. TAPPAN, JR., *Captain*. Student, age 22, single, West Roxbury; *com.* October 14, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. First Lieutenant Sept. 16, 1862; promoted Captain Oct. 14, 1862. (See Boston Cadets.) Died April 7, 1897.

ALFRED WINSOR, JR., *First Lieutenant*. Merchant, age 24, single, Brookline; *com.* Oct. 14, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863; promoted First Lieutenant Oct. 14, 1862. (See Boston Cadets.) 2d Lt, Sept. 16, 1862.

ALBERT K. POST, *Second Lieutenant*. Student, age 19, single, New York; *com.* Oct. 14, 1862; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Private; promoted Second Lieutenant Oct. 14, 1862. Drowned at Long Branch trying to save a boy.

OLIVER S. CLEVELAND, *First Sergeant*. Seaman, age 40, married, Nantucket; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See 16th Battery.) Died March 31, 1888.

THEODORE PARKMAN, *Sergeant*. Chemist, age 25, single, Newton; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Color Sergeant. Killed Dec. 16, 1862, Battle Whitehall, N. C. (See M. O. R.)

ALEXANDER BARNEY, *Sergeant*. Seaman, age 21, single, Nantucket; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.

ALFRED H. KINSLEY, *Sergeant*. Gunsmith, age 24, single, Springfield; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See E 2d Hy. Art.)

GIDEON F. SWAIN, *Sergeant*. Shoemaker, age 23, married, Nantucket; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.

HENRY A. HINCKLEY, *Sergeant*. Clock Maker, age 44, married, Nantucket; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Corporal. Sergeant Dec. 16, 1862. Died Nov. 28, 1905.

ROBERT CALDER, JR., *Corporal*. Carpenter, age 21, married, Nantucket; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.

- GEORGE H. ELLIS, *Corporal*. Carpenter, age 31, married, Nantucket; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Slightly wounded at Battle Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, 1862. Died April 16, 1894.
- TIMOTHY B. FOLGER, *Corporal*. Carpenter, age 31, married, Nantucket; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Slightly wounded at Battle Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, 1863.
- JAMES H. VINCENT, *Corporal*. Farmer, age 20, single, Tisbury; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- CHARLES L. INGRAM, *Corporal*. Porter, age 26, married, Boston; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Died Dec. 16, 1862, of wounds received at Battle Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, 1862. (See M. O. R.)
- CHARLES S. RUSSELL, *Corporal*. Carpenter, age 23, single, Nantucket; *en.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862. Died June 17, 1863, typhoid fever, Beaufort, N. C. (See M. O. R.) Transferred from Company I, Oct. 21, 1862. Private. Corporal Dec. 14, 1862.
- FRANCIS M. FOLGER, *Corporal*. Seaman, age 35, married, Nantucket; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Private. Corporal Dec. 16, 1862. Slightly wounded Battle Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, 1862. Dead.
- WILLIAM H. MACY, *Corporal*. Seaman, age 36, single, Nantucket; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Private. Corporal Dec. 16, 1862. Slightly wounded Battle Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, 1862. Died Nov. 10, 1891.
- ALLEN McNABB, *Corporal*. Age 21, Boston; *en.* Oct. 29, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 29, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Private. Corporal March, 1863.
- WILLIAM F. CHADWICK, *Musician*. Drummer, age 16, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- CONRAD H. GERLACH, *Musician*. Fresco painter, age 18, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See A 42d Regt., 100 days.) Died in Texas.
- ADAMS, WILLIAM C., *Private*. Seaman, age 32, single, Tisbury; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Jan. 25, 1907.
- ALLEN, CALEB F., *Private*. Cooper, age 26, married, Nantucket; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died July 28, 1894.

- ARNOLD, LYNDON C., *Private*. Age 19, single, St. Johnsbury, Vt.; *en.* Oct. 22, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 22, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- ATHEARN, ELIASHIL A., *Private*. Farmer, age 22, single, Tisbury; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- BACON, ALLEN, *Private*. Farmer, age 18, single, Nantucket; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- BEARSE, GILBERT A., *Private*. Farmer, age 20, single, Falmouth; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See F 3d Hy. Art.) Lost at sea, 1866.
- BRIGGS, CHARLES F., *Private*. Seaman, age 22, single, Nantucket; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died June 8, 1891.
- BROWN, ALFRED C., *Private*. Carpenter, age 27, single, Nantucket; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died April, 1881.
- BROWN, GEORGE F., *Private*. Seaman, age 30, married, Nantucket; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Shot in California.
- BROWN, HENRY, *Private*. Seaman, age 32, single, Nantucket; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- BURKE, HUGH, *Private*. Seaman, age 24, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- CLISBY, HENRY B., *Private*. Farmer, age 18, single, Nantucket; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Dead.
- COFFIN, OBED, *Private*. Seaman, age 45, married, Nantucket; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Discharged April 28, 1863, disability, at Boston. (See M. O. R.) Slightly wounded Battle Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, 1862. Dead.
- CROCKER, CHARLES W., *Private*. Seaman, age 23, married, Nantucket; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See L 2d Hy. Art.)
- CROCKER, SAMUEL F., *Private*. Engineer, age 44, married, Nantucket; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- CRAWFORD, SAMUEL C., *Private*. Carpenter, age 35, married, Nantucket; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Discharged Jan. 10, 1863, disability, at Boston. (See M. O. R.) (See H 58th Regt.) Died May 10, 1898.

- CUSHMAN, OLIVER, *Private*. Shoemaker, age 21, single, Nantucket; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Slightly wounded Battle Whitehall, N. C., Dec. 16, 1862.
- DAGGETT, EDWARD H., *Private*. Farmer, age 32, married, Nantucket; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Killed Dec. 14, 1862, Battle Kinston, N. C. (See M. O. R.)
- ELLIS, CHARLES, *Private*. Seaman, age 20, single, Nantucket; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- FISHER, ALBERT P., *Private*. Clerk, age 19, single, Nantucket; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See D 58th Regt.) Dead.
- FOLGER, DANIEL W., *Private*. Seaman, age 23, single, Nantucket; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Discharged Feb. 27, 1863, disability, at Boston, did not leave Massachusetts. (See M. O. R.) (See C 19th Regt.) (See Navy.)
- FOX, JAMES, *Private*. Upholsterer, age 19, single, Nantucket; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See H 1st Cav.)
- FRANCIS, JOSEPH W., *Private*. Seaman, age 28, married, Nantucket; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- FULLER, ANSEL E., *Private*. Carriage Maker, age 21, single, Falmouth; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Slightly wounded at Whitehall, N. C., Dec., 1862.
- GIBBS, STEPHEN S., *Private*. Farmer, age 19, single, Nantucket; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Discharged Feb. 28, 1863, disability on account of wounds received at Battle Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, 1862. (See M. O. R.)
- GROMER, HENRY, *Private*. Farmer, age 29, single, Tisbury; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Discharged May 9, 1863, disability by General Foster at Newbern, N. C. (See M. O. R.) Dead.
- HALL, DAVIS, *Private*. Seaman, age 33, married, Nantucket; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Discharged Apr. 3, 1863, disability, at Boston on account of wounds received at Battle Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, 1862. (See M. O. R.) Died March 31, 1906.

- HARPER, JAMES, JR., *Private*. Bookkeeper, age 18, single, Boston; *en.* Oct. 25, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 25, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- HARVEY, GEORGE, *Private*. Seaman, age 24, married, Boston; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- HEWITT, HORACE, *Private*. Seaman, age 29, married; Nantucket; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Absent, sick in Hammond Hospital, Beaufort, N. C., since June 24, 1863. Discharged from hospital Aug. 18, 1863, and ordered to report to Adj. Gen. of Massachusetts.
- HODGES, ALBERT, *Private*. Farmer, age 18, single, Nantucket; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- HOLMES, CHARLES C., *Private*. Seaman, age 42, married, Nantucket; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Died June 24, 1863, of fever, Newbern, N. C. (See M. O. R.)
- HOWE, WILLIAM M., *Private*. Wool Manufacturer, age 42, married, Tisbury; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- HUDSON, JAMES B., *Private*. Seaman, age 18, single, Nantucket; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- HUSSEY, ALBERT M., *Private*. Silver Plater, age 19, single, Nantucket; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- JOHNSON, ABRAHAM H., *Private*. Farmer, age 26, single, Lexington; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- JOHNSON, EDWARD H., *Private*. Clerk, age 21, single, New Fane, Vt.; *en.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862. Discharged May 28, 1863, disability, at Newbern, N. C. (See M. O. R.) Died May 1, 1893.
- JONES, JOHN A., *Private*. Architect, age 19, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Detailed for Band. Died Jan. 27, 1901.
- KELLEY, JOHN E., *Private*. Barber, age 18, single, Boston; *en.* Oct. 28, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 28, 1862. Deserted Nov. 5, 1862, from camp at Readville, Mass. (See M. O. R.)
- LAMB, JOHN M., *Private*. Farmer, age 23, married, Nantucket; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See A 58th Regt.)

- LEWIS, SIMEON L., *Private*. Farmer, age 39, married, Nantucket; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- MANSFIELD, ALEXANDER, *Private*. Light-house Keeper, age 29, married, Nantucket; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See H 56th Regt.)
- MARDEN, WILLIAM C., *Private*. Seaman, age 28, married, Nantucket; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Discharged May 9, 1863, disability, at Newbern, N. C. (See M. O. R.) Died Apr. 8, 1888.
- McLERAN, JAMES R., *Private*. Gas Fitter, age 30, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Detailed for Band.
- MITCHELL, JOSEPH A., *Private*. Age 21, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See H 3d Hy. Art.)
- MOORE, ALEXANDER P., *Private*. Age 26, Nantucket; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Killed in Oct., 1862, in railroad accident on Cape Cod Railroad before the regiment left Massachusetts. (See M. O. R.)
- MOREY, JOSEPH B., *Private*. Farmer, age 42, married, Nantucket; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Died Feb. 15, 1863, of acute rheumatism, Newbern, N. C. (See M. O. R.)
- MORRILL, HORACE D., *Private*. Age 18, single, Boston, *en.* Oct. 29, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 29, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Apr. 15, 1884.
- MORTIMER, JOSEPH W., *Private*. Bookkeeper, age 22, single, Boston; *en.* Oct. 24, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 24, 1862. Deserted Nov. 5, 1862, from camp at Readville, Mass. (See M. O. R.)
- MUNN, CHARLES H., *Private*. Farmer, age 23, single, Nantucket; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See F 3d Hy. Art.) Dead.
- NEVINS, THOMAS, *Private*. Farmer, age 18, single, Nantucket; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See E 1st Hy. Art.) Died in service.
- NICKERSON, LUCAS A., *Private*. Farmer, age 19, single, Tisbury; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1862.
- PARKER, WILLIAM H., *Private*. Cooper, age 37, single, Nantucket; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Aug. 2, 1896.

- PEASE, WILLIAM W., *Private*. Farmer, age 42, married, Tisbury; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Oct. 29, 1895.
- PIKE, CHARLES S., *Private*. Clerk, age 20, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See E 2d Hy. Art.)
- PLACE, JONAS M., *Private*. Teamster, age 22, married, Boston; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- RAND, JOHN W., *Private*. Bricklayer, age 43, married, Nantucket; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See E 2d Hy. Art.)
- RAY, CHARLES F., *Private*. Block Maker, age 36, married, Nantucket; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- RAY, WILLIAM B., *Private*. Seaman, age 42, married, Nantucket; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See F 2d Cav.) Died May 18, 1889.
- REYNOLDS, CHARLES, *Private*. Seaman, age 26, married, Nantucket; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- ROBINSON, GEORGE, *Private*. Farmer, age 43, married, Nantucket; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Jan. 12, 1885.
- ROBINSON, GEORGE K., *Private*. Teamster, age 18, single, Nantucket; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Died Dec. 18, 1862, at Kinston, N. C. (See M. O. R.)
- SMITH, FRANCIS B., *Private*. Carpenter, age 32, married, Nantucket; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Oct. 22, 1896.
- SWELL, AUSTIN, *Private*. Age 28, married, Boston; *en.* Oct. 22, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 22, 1862. Died Nov. 7, 1862, diphtheria at Boston, Mass. (See M. O. R.)
- SNOW, GEORGE W., *Private*. Fisherman, age 18, single, Nantucket; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See L 2d Hy. Art.) Dead.
- SPENCER, GEORGE G. I., *Private*. Seaman, age 39, single, Nantucket; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See A 58th Regt.) Killed in battle.
- STEARNS, GEORGE, *Private*. Farmer, age 35, married, South Scituate; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.

- SWAIN, JOHN T., *Private*. Age 18, Tisbury; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862. Discharged Oct. 18, 1862, on S. C. of D. Rejected Recruit. (See M. O. R.) Dead.
- SYLVESTER, GEORGE H., *Private*. Teamster, age 28, married, Nantucket; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- SYMMES, JOHN H., *Private*. Age 28, single, Boston; *en.* Oct. 29, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 29, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- THOMPSON, JOHN, *Private*. Age 21, Boston; *en.* Oct. 24, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 24, 1862. Deserted Oct. 24, 1862, from camp at Readville, Mass. (See M. O. R.)
- TURNER, FRANCIS P., *Private*. Seaman, age 22, single, Nantucket; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Slightly wounded at Battle Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, 1862.
- WALDRON, JOSEPH B., *Private*. Seaman, age 20, single, Tisbury; *en.* Sept. 16, 1862; *m. i.* Sept. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.

Company I

- CHARLES O. RICH, *Captain*. Clerk, age 28, married, Boston; *com.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See Boston Cadets.) Dead.
- JOHN DIXWELL THOMPSON, *First Lieutenant*. Broker, age, 26, single, Boston; *com.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See Boston Cadets.) Missing, supposed dead.
- EDWARD R. BLAGDEN, *Second Lieutenant*. Clerk, age 25, single, Boston; *com.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Detailed on Signal Corps Nov. 22, 1862, to July 6, 1863.
- JOHN F. JACKSON, *First Sergeant*. Carpenter, age 28, married, Boston; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See G 1st Regt.) Dead.
- RENSSELLAER A. KNIGHT, *Sergeant*. Carriage Maker, age 26, single, Belmont; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- PETER W. FREEMAN, JR., *Sergeant*. Student, age 18, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862. Died July 3, 1863, of fever at Boston. (See M. O. R.)
- EBENEZER GREEN, *Sergeant*. Farmer, age 40, married, Wrentham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* October 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Aug. 15, 1902.
- ALONZO F. BENNETT, *Sergeant*. Jeweller, age 21, single, Wrentham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Sergeant May 1, 1863. Died Oct. 10, 1905.
- WILLIAM H. FISHER, *Corporal*. Farmer, age 28, married, Wrentham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See H 3d Hy. Art.) Dead.
- AARON A. BENNETT, *Corporal*. Teamster, age 21, married, Wrentham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See 14th Battery.)
- JAMES A. MARDEN, *Corporal*. Teamster, age 23, single, Windham, N. H.; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- EDWARD T. RUSSELL, *Corporal*. Expressman, age 36, married, West Cambridge; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died in 1894.
- WARREN K. SOUTHWICK, *Corporal*. Lawyer, age 27, single, Troy, N. Y.; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.

- EMANUEL HOLLANDER, *Corporal*. Clerk, age 27, married, Boston; *en.* Oct. 24, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 24, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Corporal May 1, 1863.
- THEODORE L. KELLEY, *Corporal*. Stucco Worker, age 29, married, Boston; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Corporal May 1, 1863. (See K 57th Regt.)
- DAVID FALES, *Corporal*. Student, age 19, single, Wrentham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Corporal May 1, 1863.
- EDMUND F. PARTRIDGE, *Musician*. Shoemaker, age 17, single, Wrentham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- FRANCIS G. POND, *Musician*. Farmer, age 16, single, Milford; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See K 4th Hy. Art.)
- APPLEY, OLIVER G., *Private*. Seaman, age 44, married, Hyannis; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Dead.
- BACON, HARVEY H., *Private*. Mason, age 32, married, West Cambridge; *en.* Oct. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 17, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Transferred from Company G, Oct. 24, 1862. Died Feb. 22, 1900.
- BAILEY, HENRY J., *Private*. Student, age 18, single, Milford; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See A 1st Battery Hy. Art.)
- BAKER, LEVI A., *Private*. Sail Maker, age 19, single, Barnstable; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- BENDER, GEORGE W., *Private*. Hatter, age 22, single, Baltimore, Md.; *en.* Oct. 11, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 11, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See E 3d Hy. Art.)
- BENNETT, DAVID S., *Private*. Teamster, age 18, single, Wrentham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- BLAKE, WILLIAM L., *Private*. Farmer, age 21, single, Wrentham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- BLANCHARD, JOHN H., *Private*. Clerk, age 18, single, Charlestown; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- BOERDHOUSE, DENNIS, *Private*. Seaman, age 24, married, Boston; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862. Killed Dec. 16, 1862 at Battle Whitehall, N. C. (See M. O. R.)

- BRIGHAM, FREDERICK G., *Private*. Clerk, age 18, single, Boston; *en.* Oct. 14, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 14, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- BROOKS, ALBERT, *Private*. Farmer, age 26, married, Boston; *en.* Oct. 21, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 21, 1862. Died Dec. 17, 1862 at Kinston, N. C., of wound received in Battle of Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, 1862. (See M. O. R.) (See M Report Dec, 1862.)
- BROOKS, FRANK, *Private*. Farmer, age 23, married, West Cambridge; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862. Discharged Mar. 2, 1863, disability from wounds received at Battle Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, 1862. (See M. O. R.) Died June 12, 1902.
- BURNSIDE, ROBERT, *Private*. Age 18, Hingham; *en.* Oct. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 15, 1862. Deserted Oct. 27, 1862 from camp at Readville, Mass. (See M. O. R.) Transferred from Company G, Oct. 24, 1862.
- BUTTERS, EDWARD F., *Private*. Farmer, age 19, single, Newton; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See H 6th Regt., 100 days)
- CAMPBELL, JOHN G., *Private*. Seaman, age 26, Boston; *en.* Oct. 28, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 28, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See D 3d Hy. Art.)
- CASTLE, ANDREW J., *Private*. Machinist, age 26, married, Boston; *en.* Oct. 14, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 14, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Dead.
- CHAPMAN, ALVIN A., *Private*. Age 30, Boston; *en.* Oct. 21, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 21, 1862. Deserted Oct. 30, 1862, from camp at Readville, Mass. (See M. O. R.) Transferred from Company F, Oct. 29, 1862.
- COBB, HENRY G., *Private*. Carpenter, age 30, married, Wrentham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Dead.
- COLLYER, JOHN L., *Private*. Clerk, age 24, single, Gloucester; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Jan., 1889.
- COYNE, JAMES B., *Private*. Glass Cutter, age 27, married, Cambridge; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- CUNNINGHAM, JOHN, *Private*. Mariner, age 31, married, Milton; *en.* Oct. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 15, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Transferred from Company F, Oct. 29, 1862.
- CUNNINGHAM, PATRICK, *Private*. Teamster, age 19, single, Milton; *en.* Oct. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 15, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Transferred from Company F, Oct. 29, 1862.

- DARLING, WILSON, *Private*. Farmer, age 33, married, Wrentham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Feb. 26, 1886.
- DORRING, JOHN, *Private*. Seaman, age 31, single, Boston; *en.* Oct. 13, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 13, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See D 3d Hy. Art.)
- DUNN, MICHAEL, *Private*. Age 27, Cambridge; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862. Deserted Oct. 11, 1862, from camp at Readville, Mass. (See M. O. R.)
- EATON, RUSSELL, *Private*. Seaman, age 41, married, West Dennis; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Dead.
- FERGUSON, JOHN, *Private*. Baker, age 28, single, Melrose; *en.* Oct. 14, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 14, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- FICKETT, MARK S., *Private*. Teamster, age 27, single, Belmont; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Dead.
- FISHER, DANIEL W., *Private*. Farmer, age 20, single, Wrentham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See D 42d Regt., 100 days.)
- FOSS, GEORGE A., *Private*. Hostler, age 18, single, Melrose; *en.* Oct. 14, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 14, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- FRENCH, THOMAS, *Private*. Printer, age 44, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- FROST, REUBEN, *Private*. Butcher, age 36, married, West Cambridge; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Slightly wounded in face Battle Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, 1862.
- GLOVER, JOHN, *Private*. Carpenter, age 20, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Corporal reduced May 1, 1863. (See 3d U. S. Art.)
- GORDON, FRANK, *Private*. Seaman, age 27, single, Boston; *en.* Oct. 22, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 22, 1862. Deserted Oct. 25, 1862, from camp at Readville, Mass. (See M. O. R.)
- GOSS, ARTHUR L., *Private*. Farmer, age 24, single, Rye, N. H.; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- GREEN, NELSON S., *Private*. Farmer, age 26, married, Wrentham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See A 56th Regt.) Killed in Wilderness in the 56th Regt.

- HARMON, GEORGE W., *Private*. Printer, age 42, married Boston; *en.* Oct. 21, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 21, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Transferred from Company F, Oct. 29, 1862. Died Nov. 24, 1902.
- HARRIS, JAMES, *Private*. Seaman, age 33, single, Melrose; *en.* Oct. 14, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 14, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- HARTLAGE, CHRISTIAN, *Private*. Seaman, age 22, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- HALEY, THOMAS, *Private*. Farmer, age 21, Belmont; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- HEMENWAY, FRANK W., *Private*. Farmer, age 17, single, Wrentham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See 19th ult. Company, 100 days as Frank.)
- HILL, AMOS W., *Private*. Clerk, age 22, single, West Cambridge; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Sergeant reduced May 1, 1863. Died Sept. 7, 1896.
- HINES, WILLIAM, *Private*. Seaman, age 24, Boston; *en.* Oct. 28, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 28, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- HOPKINS, FREEMAN D., *Private*. Photographer, age 34, married, Lowell; *en.* Oct. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 15, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Transferred from Company H, Oct. 24 1862.
- JOHNSON, PETER, *Private*. Seaman, age 26, Boston; *en.* Oct. 28, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 28, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- KAIN, JOHN, *Private*. Butcher, age 21, single, Boston; *en.* Oct. 13, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 13, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See U. S. Signal Corps.)
- KEARNEY, JAMES, *Private*. Age 34, Cambridge; *en.* Oct. 13, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 13, 1862. Deserted Oct. 19, 1862, from camp at Readville, Mass. (See M. O. R.) (See K 16th Regt. and Company C 17th Regt.)
- KENDALL, CHARLES P., *Private*. Blacksmith, age 22, single, Wrentham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Feb. 10, 1905.
- KINGSLEY, SAMUEL C., *Private*. Clerk, age 35, married, Wrentham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Dead.
- KROM, MARTIN, *Private*. Laborer, age 40, single, Ellenville, N. Y.; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Dead.

- LINNELL, ISAIAH B., *Private*. Seaman, age 18, single, Barnstable; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See 14th Battery.)
- LORD, JOSEPH B., *Private*. Farmer, age 18, single, Milton; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See H 3d Hy. Art.)
- MAGUIRE, CHARLES H., *Private*. Age 22, Cambridge; *en.* Oct. 11, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 11, 1862. Deserted Oct. 15, 1862, from camp at Readville, Mass. (See M. O. R.)
- MASON, EDWIN A., *Private*. Blacksmith, age 19, single, Wrentham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- MATHER, CALEB T., *Private*. Painter, age 25, married, Boston; *en.* Oct. 14, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 14, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See U. S. A. 3d Art.)
- McCREEDY, JOHN, *Private*. Age 24, North Easton; *en.* Oct. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 15, 1862. Deserted Oct. 27, 1862, from camp at Readville, Mass. (See M. O. R.) Transferred from Company G, Oct. 24, 1862.
- McDONALD, JAMES, *Private*. Farmer, age 21, single, West Cambridge; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Jan. 15, 1905.
- McEWEN, ROBERT, *Private*. Mason, age 27, married, Boston; *en.* Oct. 23, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 23, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See E 3d Hy. Art.)
- McGILVRAY, ANGUS, *Private*. Farmer, age 21, single, Newton; *en.* Oct. 21, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 21, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- McMANUS, BERNARD, *Private*. Age 22, Cambridge; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862. Deserted Oct. 11, 1862, from camp at Readville, Mass. (See M. O. R.)
- MELCHER, JOSEPH K., *Private*. Music Printer, age 30, married, Boston; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- MILES, EDWARD, *Private*. Tailor, age 28, married, Philadelphia, Penn.; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- MILNER, JOSEPH F., *Private*. Clerk, age 42, married, Boston; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died in 1878.
- MYERS, JOHN, *Private*. Seaman, age 22, single, Melrose; *en.* Oct. 13, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 13, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- MURPHY, JAMES, *Private*. Teamster, age 23, single, Cambridge; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862. Killed Dec. 14, 1862 Battle Kinston, N. C. (See M. O. R.)

- MUNROE, CHARLES E., *Private*. Clerk, age 20, single, Wrentham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862. Died June 22, 1863, of fever, hospital, Newbern, N. C. (See M. O. R.)
- MULLEN, THOMAS, *Private*; *en.* Oct. 25, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 25, 1862. Deserted Oct. 30, 1862 at Readville, Mass.; surrendered May 10, 1865, under "President Proclamation" dated March 11, 1865; *m. o.* May 15, 1865 at Fort Independence. (See M. O. R.)
- NIVEN, PETER, *Private*. Seaman, age 23, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Slightly wounded in arm Battle Whitehall, N. C., Dec. 16, 1862.
- PARSONS, CHARLES C., *Private*. Cabinet Maker, age 34, married, Manchester; *en.* Oct. 14, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 14, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died May 28, 1891.
- PROCTOR, BENJAMIN, *Private*. Clerk, age 20, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862. Discharged April 16, 1863, disability, by Major General Foster, Newbern, N. C. (See M. O. R.)
- QUERBACH, EBERHARD, *Private*. Seaman, age 31, married, Boston; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- REED, EDWARD F., *Private*. Cabinet Maker, age 19, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- REED, WILLIAM H., *Private*. Salesman, age 18, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Feb. 17, 1901.
- RICH, THOMAS P., JR., *Private*. Student, age 20, single, Boston; *en.* Oct. 31, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 31, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- ROCHE, GEORGE, *Private*. Age 22, Cambridge; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862. Deserted Oct. 11, 1862, from camp at Readville, Mass. (See M. O. R.)
- ROCKWOOD, BENJAMIN H., *Private*. Farmer, age 23, married, Wrentham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862. Discharged May 27, 1863, disability from wounds received Battle Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, 1862. (See M. O. R.)
- SCHWARTER, JOHN, *Private*. Seaman, age 26, single, Boston; *en.* Oct. 22, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 22, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.

- SEARS, ALBERT A., *Private*. Jeweller, age 23, single, Wrentham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died May 28, 1905.
- SEAVY, EDWIN, *Private*. Age 26, Boston; *en.* Oct. 14, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 14, 1862. Deserted Oct. 16, 1862, from camp at Readville, Mass. (See M. O. R.)
- SHAUGHNESSY, JOHN, *Private*. Seaman, age 23, single, Boston; *en.* Oct. 21, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 21, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Transferred from Company F., Oct 29, 1862.
- SPOFFORD, JOHN A., *Private*. Pattern Maker, age 35, married, Boston; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Detailed as Band Leader with rank as Sergeant. Died Feb. 10, 1898.
- STEARNS, GEORGE A., *Private*. Farmer, age 26, single, Belmont; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- SULLIVAN, DENNIS, *Private*. Farmer, age 30, married, Cambridge; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See U. S. Signal Corps.)
- THAYER, EMERY, *Private*. Soldier, age 19, single, Wrentham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See C 12th Regt., supposed to be the same man.) Died Jan. 11, 1899.
- WELSH, PATRICK J., *Private*. Age 27, Boston; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862. Deserted Oct. 11, 1862, from camp at Readville, Mass. (See M. O. R.)
- WESTIE, CHARLES, *Private*. Seaman, age 30, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See C 2d Hy. Art.)
- WHITNEY, MYRON W., *Private*. Musician, age 26, married, Boston; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Detailed for Band.
- WHITTEMORE, HENRY W., *Private*. Merchant, age 40, married, West Cambridge; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Dead.
- WILLIAMS, EDWARD B., *Private*. Tailor, age 36, married, Wrentham; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Dead.
- WILSON, JACOB, *Private*. Seaman, age 24, single, Gloucester; *en.* Sept. 17, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Slightly wounded in wrist Battle Whitehall, Dec. 16, 1862. (See Company C 2d Hy. Art.) Dead.

Company K

- GEORGE HENRY HOMANS, *Captain*. Agent, age 34, single, Boston; *com.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See Boston Cadets.) Died Aug. 10, 1890.
- CHARLES HAYWARD WALKER, *First Lieutenant*. Clerk, age 21, single, Boston; *com.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See Boston Cadets.) Died 1901.
- JOHN HOWARD ROBINSON, *Second Lieutenant*. Salesman, age 30, married, Newton; *com.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- JAMES R. WALKER, *First Sergeant*. Clerk, age 19, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See B 4th Battery.) Dead.
- JAMES E. MAYNADIER, *Sergeant*. Lawyer, age 23, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See Boston Cadets.) Died in 1905.
- WILLIAM M. GOODRIDGE, *Sergeant*. Watch Maker, age 26, single, Newton; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Slightly wounded in shoulder, Battle Kinston, N. C., Dec 14, 1862.
- JOHN TREAT, *Sergeant*. Merchant, age 31, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Sept. 13, 1893.
- WILLIAM H. WARD, *Sergeant*. Teacher, age 33, married, Boston; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Killed by accident Nov. 28, 1907.
- EDWARD HARRIS, *Corporal*. Book Binder, age 25, single, Brighton; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Dead.
- CHARLES E. VAN METER, *Corporal*. Student, age 18, single, New York; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See B 2d Regt.) Dead.
- THEODORE S. THOMPSON, *Corporal*. Student, age 20, single, Roxbury; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- FRANKLIN A. LADD, *Corporal*. Clerk, age 18, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.

- JOHN H. KEATING, *Corporal*. Trader, age 34, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Color Corporal. Died Dec. 5, 1897.
- CHARLES S. NEWHALL, *Corporal*. Clerk, age 20, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- WILLIAM J. RAND, *Corporal*. Hatter, age 24, single, Cambridgeport; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862. Died Jan. 24, 1863, at Stanley Hospital, Newbern, N. C., of wounds received in Battle Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, 1862. (See M. O. R.)
- WILLIAM B. LEATHERBEE, *Corporal*. Clerk, age 19, single, Boston; *en.* Oct. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 30, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- ALBERT L. BOWEN, *Musician*. Scholar, age 16, single, Andover; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See H 3d Hy. Art.) Dead.
- THOMAS KELLEY, *Musician*. Glass Cutter, age 16, single, East Cambridge; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See B 2d Cav.) Died Dec. 24, 1891.
- ABBOTT, JAMES, *Private*. Seaman, age 18, single, Beverly; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862. Discharged June 2, 1863 to re-enlist in 2d Hy. Art. (See M. O. R.) (See A 2d Hy. Art., as James P. Abbott.)
- ALLEN, JOHN E., *Private*. Oysterman, age 33, married, Boston; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Feb. 19, 1899.
- AMES, JASON T., *Private*. Carpenter, age 36, married, Newton; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Detailed as carpenter Nov. 24, 1862, wounded in face at Rouse's Station, N. C., April 28, 1863.
- BAGLEY, FRANK H., *Private*. Telegrapher, age 21, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Detailed as nurse Regiment Hospital, Jan. 1, 1863. Dead.
- BAILEY, HOLLIS A., *Private*. Moulder, age 39, married, Newton; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Detailed as Pioneer Dec. 9, 1862.
- BAKER, JOHN C., *Private*. Cooper, age 39, married, Boston; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1862. (See Navy and F 22d Regt.) Died Sept. 8, 1892.

- BATES, ABNER N., *Private*. Seaman, age 18, single, Cohasset; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See Navy 61—713.)
- BLACKWELL, ELBRIDGE G., *Private*. Piano Maker, age 39, married, Newton; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- BOSTON, CHARLES, *Private*. Age 28, Boston; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862. Deserted Oct. 7, 1862, from camp at Readville, Mass. (See M. O. R.)
- BRIDGES, OREN, *Private*. Cooper, age 44, married, Boston; *en.* Oct. 27, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 27, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Detailed as Pioneer Dec. 9, 1862.
- BRITT, THOMAS, *Private*. Seaman, age 38, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See E 2d Hy. Art.)
- BROWN, GEORGE, *Private*. Age 27, Boston; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862. Deserted Oct. 7, 1862, from camp at Readville, Mass. (See M. O. R.)
- BUBIER, JOSEPH E., *Private*. Photographer, age 18, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Dead.
- CARY, PATRICK, *Private*. Age 27, Boston; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862. Deserted Oct. 7, 1862, from camp at Readville, Mass. (See M. O. R.)
- CLARK, ALSON E., *Private*. Clerk, age 23, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- CONBOY, JAMES, *Private*. Age 19, Boston; *en.* Oct. 14, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 14, 1862. Deserted Oct. 14, 1862, camp at Readville, Mass. (See M. O. R.)
- CONNER, JAMES F., *Private*. Bar Tender, age 21, single, Boston; *en.* Oct. 29, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 29, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- COOPER, GEORGE, *Private*. Laborer, age 25, married, Lowell; *en.* Oct. 27, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 27, 1862. Killed Dec. 14, 1862, Battle Kinston, N. C. (See M. O. R.)
- COSGROVE, HENRY, *Private*. Seaman, age 18, single, Boston; *en.* Oct. 20, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 26, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See Navy 100-405.)
- COUSENS, FRANKLIN H., *Private*. Clerk, age 18, single, Newton; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See L 4th Hy. Art.) Died April 11, 1900.
- DAILEY, JOHN, *Private*. Glass Maker, age 22, single, East Cambridge; *en.* Oct. 28, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 30, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See 11th Battery.)

- DAVENPORT, THOMAS, *Private*. Organ Builder, age 30, married, Boston; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862. Deserted Oct. 31, 1862, from camp at Readville, Mass. (See M. O. R.)
- DAVIS, JOSIAH, *Private*. Carpenter, age 45, married, Newton; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died April 2, 1887.
- DEVINE, JAMES, *Private*. Teamster, age 19, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862. Discharged June 2, 1863 to re-enlist in 2d Hy. Art. (See M. O. R.) (See A 2d Hy. Art.)
- DOLAN, EUGENE, *Private*. Painter, age 21, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See M 2d Hy. Art.)
- DYKES, JOSEPH, *Private*. Polisher, age 38, married, Boston; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Enlisted as Joseph Dykes. His correct name is Joseph Dykes Robinson. Dead.
- ELDERD, JORDAN W., *Private*. Provision Dealer, age 37, married, Boston; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- ELLIS, GEORGE A. C., *Private*. Clerk, age 19, married, Boston; *en.* Oct. 10, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 10, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See C 56th Regt.)
- FERRIS, FRANK, *Private*. Hatter, age 33, married, Boston; *en.* Oct. 15, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 15, 1862. Discharged May 9, 1863, disability, Newbern, N. C. (See M. O. R.) Dead.
- FITZGERALD, GEORGE, *Private*. Clerk, age 19, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See 4th Battery.)
- FLYNN, WILLIAM, *Private*. Clerk, age 18, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- FOSTER, ALBERT J., *Private*. Clerk, age 18, single, Roxbury; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Corporal Oct. 7, 1862, warrant annulled Dec. 2, 1862. Detailed clerk Stanley Hospital, Newbern, N. C., Nov. 28, 1862.
- FRANKLIN, FREEMAN, *Private*. Butcher, age 18, single, Newton; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See 16th Battery.) Died June 6, 1905.
- FREEMAN, LEMUEL, *Private*. Shoemaker, age 32, married, South Scituate; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See I 58th Regt.) Dead.

- FRENCH, HIRAM F., *Private*. Tin Plate Worker, age 24, single, Boston; *en*. Oct. 10, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 10, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Feb. 26, 1902.
- GEORGE, FRANCIS, *Private*. Age 31, Boston; *en*. Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862. Deserted Oct. 31, 1862, from camp at Readville, Mass. (See M. O. R.)
- GIPSON, EDWARD H., *Private*. Clerk, age 33, married, Newton; *en*. Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- GREENHALGH, WILLIAM, *Private*. Weaver, age 36, married, Shirley; *en*. Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See I 4th Hy. Art.) Died.
- HAMILTON, JAMES, *Private*. Age 26, Brookline; *en*. Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862. Deserted Oct. 7, 1862, from camp at Readville, Mass. (See M. O. R.)
- HARRINGTON, HENRY C., *Private*. Carpenter, age 36, married, Newton; *en*. Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Dead.
- HARRIS, EDWARD, 2d, *Private*. Age 22, Boston; *en*. Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862. Deserted Oct. 7, 1862, from camp at Readville, Mass. (See M. O. R.)
- HAVLIN, JOHN B., *Private*. Iron Moulder, age 27, married, Boston; *en*. Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- HAWKSWORTH, JAMES, *Private*. Weaver, age 28, married, Shirley; *en*. Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Dec. 9, 1905.
- HAYES, JOHN E., *Private*. Clerk, age 18, single, Boston; *en*. Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See 11th Battery.)
- HOFFMAN, EDWARD, *Private*. Hair Dresser, age 29, married, Boston; *en*. Oct. 23, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 23, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- HOLMES, THOMAS F., *Private*. Painter, age 18, single, North Sandwich; *en*. Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See B 59th Regt.)
- HOLT, HOSEA E., *Private*. Teacher, age 26, single, Keene, N. H.; *en*. Oct. 25, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 25, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died Oct. 18, 1899.
- HOUGHTON, LEWIS B., *Private*. Stabler, age 36, single, Newton; *en*. Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Dead.
- KELLEY, JOHN F., *Private*. Hatter, age 18, single, Boston; *en*. Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.

- KIMBALL, REUBEN, JR., *Private*. Bookkeeper, age 32, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- KINGSMILL, JAMES, *Private*. Age 24, Brookline; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862. Deserted Oct. 7, 1862, camp at Readville, Mass. (See M. O. R.)
- LANCKTON, CHARLES W., *Private*. Sign Painter, age 21, married, Boston; *en.* Oct. 14, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 14, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- LANERGAN, MICHAEL, *Private*. Seaman, age 35, married, Boston; *en.* Oct. 28, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 28, 1862. Deserted Oct. 31, 1862, from camp at Readville, Mass. (See M. O. R.)
- LONGLEY, EDWIN P., *Private*. Painter, age 18, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- MAHONEY, MICHAEL, *Private*. Age 18, Boston; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862. Deserted Oct. 7, 1862, from camp at Readville, Mass. (See M. O. R.)
- MALEY, MICHAEL, *Private*.* Rope Maker, age 37, single, Newton; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See C 2d Hy. Art.) Dead.
- MARTIN, GEORGE W., *Private*. Hostler, age 23, single, West Cambridge; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Dead.
- MCCARTHY, JEREMIAH, *Private*. Age 40, Boston; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862. Died Oct. 18, 1862.
- MCDONALD, ALBERT, *Private*. Age 23; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862. (Deserted Oct. 31, 1862 from camp at Readville, Mass.) Discharged to date Oct. 7, 1862. (See War Department letter June 2, 1898.) (See M. O. R.)
- MCDONALD, THOMAS, *Private*. Currier, age 21, single, Boston; *en.* Oct. 24, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 25, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Detailed as cook in Hammond Hospital, Beaufort, N. C., Dec., 1862.
- MERRILL, ALVAN A., *Private*. Painter, age 31, married, Boston; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862. Discharged June 1, 1863, on account of wounds received at Battle Kinston, Dec. 14, 1862. (See M. O. R.) Died July 13, 1895.
- MOORE, DANIEL, *Private*. Age 31, Boston; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862. Discharged Nov. 5, 1862, having prolapsus ani of three years standing. (See M. O. R.)

- MYERS, CHARLES A. M., *Private*. Student, age 18, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- OLIVER, JOSEPH N., *Private*. Blacksmith, age 24, single, Dorchester; *en.* Oct. 24, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 24, 1862. Dishonorably discharged July 7, 1863. (See letter War Department Mar. 23, 1895, and card on file.)
- OSLEY, LEWIS, *Private*. Seaman, age 33, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862. Deserted Oct. 31, 1862, from camp at Readville, Mass. (See M. O. R.)
- PARKER, WILLIAM L., *Private*. Butcher, age 27, single, Cambridgeport; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862. Killed Dec. 14, 1862, Battle Kinston, N. C. (See M. O. R.)
- PARLIN, ABEL R., *Private*. Shoemaker, age 31, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862. Died Dec. 18, 1862 of wounds received Battle Kinston, N. C. (See M. O. R.)
- PERRY, GEORGE, *Private*. Clerk, age 21, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- PURCELL, LEONARD, *Private*. Seaman, age 23, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- REED, WILLIAM J., *Private*. Age 40, married, Boston; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See E 2d Hy. Art.)
- REYNOLDS, CHARLES, *Private*. Age 25, Brookline; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862. Deserted Oct. 7, 1862, from camp at Readville, Mass. (See M. O. R.)
- RICE, DANIEL G., *Private*. Carpenter, age 34, married, Newton; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died May 4, 1880.
- RICH, GEORGE H., *Private*. Clerk, age 19, single, Newton; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See B 42d Regt., 100 days.)
- RICKER, GEORGE E., *Private*. Baker, age 19, single, Newton; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- RUSSELL, MICHAEL, *Private*. Laborer, age 42, married, Newton; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Slightly wounded Battle Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, 1862. (See H 2d Cav.) Dead.
- SAUNDERS, JOHN, *Private*. Age 28, Boston; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862. Deserted Oct. 7, 1862, from camp at Readville, Mass. (See M. O. R.)

- SERRUS, FRANK, *Private*. Seaman, age 28, married, Boston; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- SHERMAN, JAMES, *Private*. Seaman, age 29, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862. Discharged May 2, 1863, at Boston on account of wounds received at Battle Kinston, N. C., Dec. 14, 1862.
- SHURTLEFF, CHAUNCY, *Private*. Grocer, age 44, married, Newton; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Died March 17, 1879.
- SMITH, GEORGE, *Private*. Age 35, Boston; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862. Deserted Oct. 7, 1862, from camp at Readville, Mass. (See M. O. R.)
- SMITH, JOSEPH, *Private*. Age 22, Boston; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862. Deserted Oct. 7, 1862, from camp at Readville, Mass. (See M. O. R.)
- STONE, FRANK F., *Private*. Clerk, age 17, single, Roxbury; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- STRONG, GEORGE P., *Private*. Contractor, age 33, single, Newton; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- SULLIVAN, MICHAEL, *Private*. Carver, age 20, single, Newton; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. (See D 23d Regt.)
- SWEENEY, JAMES M., *Private*. Student, age 18, single, Cohasset; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- WILLIAMS, JOHN, *Private*. Age 23, Boston; *en.* Oct. 21, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 21, 1862. Deserted Oct. 21, 1862, from camp at Readville, Mass. (See M. O. R.)
- WILLIAMS, THOMAS, *Private*. Seaman, age 19, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862. Deserted Oct. 14, 1862, from camp at Readville, Mass. (See M. O. R.)
- WORTHLEY, ALFRED W., *Private*. Clerk, age 20, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863.
- WRIGHTINGTON, WILLIAM R., *Private*. Clerk, age 19, single, Boston; *en.* Sept. 30, 1862; *m. i.* Oct. 7, 1862; *m. o.* July 7, 1863. Detailed as Adjutant's Clerk, Dec. 24, 1862.

Names and Addresses of the Surviving Members of the 45th Regiment, M. V. M. as far as known in 1908.

FIELD AND STAFF

Colonel, Charles R. Codman,	Brookline, Mass.
Adjutant, Gershom C. Winsor,	Chelsea, "
Sergeant Major, Henry G. Wheelock,	Brookline, "
Quartermaster Sergeant, Arthur Reed, 27 Kilby St.,	Boston, "

COMPANY A

2d Lieutenant, Edward B. Richardson,	Brookline, Mass.
Orderly Sergeant, Charles W. Barstow,	St. Louis, Mo.
2d " George H. Watson,	New London, Conn.
5th " Charles B. Sumner,	Claremont, Cala.
Corporal, Augustus S. Lovett,	Brookline, Mass.
Charles Eustis Hubbard, 28 State St.,	Boston, "
Henry K. Porter,	Pittsburg, Pa.
Albert A. Chittenden,	Dorchester, Mass.
William B. Stacey,	Boston, "
Henry E. Merriam,	Gardiner, Me.
Private, Allen, Samuel L.,	Shrewsbury, Mass.
Bates, Cyrus H.,	Cohasset, "
Bennett, Charles H.,	Newton Centre, "
Berry, William H.,	Chelsea, "
Bliss, Henry S.,	Buffalo, N. Y.
Bourne, Elias W., 150 Portland St.,	Boston, Mass.
Dean, Franklin H.,	Hyde Park, "
Estabrook, George W., Old South Building,	Boston, "
Fitch, Calvin W.,	St. Louis, Mo.
Ferguson, Rufus P.,	Beverly, Mass.
Gilman, Gardner,	Exeter, N. H.
Goldsmith, Charles P.,	Manchester, Mass.
Hardy, Milo T.,	Burton, Ohio.
Howard, Charles A.,	Thompsonville, Conn.
Kinsley, Thomas,	Mattapan, Mass.
Lang, Silas W.,	Boston, "
Leonard, Charles H.,	Providence, R. I.
Lincoln, Richard H.,	Dedham, Mass.
Mann, Albert W., 17 Milk St.,	Boston, "
Mason, James H.,	Southbridge, "
Morse, Edwin T.,	Worcester, "
Morse, John R.,	Roxbury, "
Norton, Henry D.,	Centre Lincolnville, Me.
Pert, Daniel L.,	Chelsea, Mass.
Pert, Francis B.,	" "
Pert, William J.,	Manchester, "
Plimpton, William P.,	Southbridge, "

Private,	Poland, William,	Livermore, Colo.
	Putnam, Frank L.,	Minneapolis, Minn.
	Richards, William L.,	Hartford, Conn.
	Scudder, Henry B.,	Yakima, Wash.
	Shapleigh, Samuel B., Long Wharf,	Boston, Mass.
	Shapleigh, Thomas W.,	North Cambridge, "
	Stanley, Jeffrey T.,	Manchester, "
	Thompson, Henry R.,	Arlington, "
	Vinal, Charles A.,	Dorchester, "
	Wheeler, Isaac G.,	Allston, "
	Whitney, L. Henry.	North Cambridge, "

COMPANY B

2d Lieutenant,	Abijah Hollis,	Concord, Mass.
Sergeant,	George E. Skinner, 28 Faneuil Hall Square,	Boston, "
Corporal,	Reuben J. Ryder, 9 Pembroke St.,	" "
	Fred. H. Freeman,	
Musician,	William F. Boden,	Avon, Mass.
Private,	Bancroft, George D., 252 West 43d St.,	New York City.
	Barnes, Daniel,	Address unknown.
	Bartlett, Benjamin J.,	" "
	Bowman, Wm. H., 2183 Dorchester Ave.,	Mattapan, Mass.
	Bronsdon, William B., P. O. Box 254,	Milton, "
	Campbell, William A., 3 Summer St.,	Cambridgeport, "
	Caswell, Henry P.,	Chicago, Ill.
	Cunningham, Peter,	New York City.
	Crowley, Dennis,	Address unknown.
	Davenport, Nathaniel T., Jr.,	Joliet, Ill.
	Dunnican, Patrick,	Address unknown.
	Emerson, John H.	East Milton, Mass.
	Frieze, John B.	Goff's Falls, N. H.
	Gage, David K.,	West Quincy, Mass.
	Glover, George G.,	Mattapan, "
	Gramer, Stephen, 40 Brent St.,	Dorchester, "
	Hammond, John T.,	Address unknown.
	Hatch, Ambrose P.,	Charles River Village, Mass.
	Hatch, Myrick L., Bedford Road,	Concord, "
	Hersey, James A.,	Mattapan, "
	Higgins, John,	Milton, "
	Jewett, Jonas W.,	Hartland, Me.
	Jones, Alvah T.,	Devight, Ill.
	Jones, Benjamin F.,	Address unknown.
	Knowlton, George W., 70 Maple St.,	Waltham, Mass.
	May, Grosvenor,	Address unknown.
	Merrill, William W.,	East Milton, Mass.
	Nickerson, Fred. A.,	Mattapan, "
	Ragan, Timothy O.,	North Natick, "
	Reed, John N., Jr.,	West Dedham, "
	Shoudy, Henry,	Address unknown.
	Thompson, James H.	W. Sumner, Me.
	Wallingford, William L., 322½ Tremont St.,	Boston, Mass.
	Walker, Melvin O.,	West Stoughton, "
	Wellington, Henry F., 114 Newtonville Ave.,	Newton, "
	Whitney, Albert H.,	Quincy, N. H.

COMPANY C

2d Lieutenant, Lewis R. Whitaker,	Franklin, Mass.
Sergeant, Charles Smith,	Address unknown.
Corporal, Edward P. Tucker,	" "
Nathan D. Jaquith, 25 Faneuil Hall Market,	Boston, Mass.
Samuel L. Hurlburt,	Address unknown.
Albert E. Dupee,	Norwood, Mass.
Musician, John Knights, 18 Gibson St.,	Dorchester, "
Private, Adams, William W.,	Address unknown.
Alexander, Andrew J., Soldiers' Home,	Chelsea, Mass.
Adams, Charles B.,	Address unknown.
Bryant, Joseph B., 54 Jefferson St.,	Newton, Mass.
Brigham, Lemuel W.,	Address unknown.
Bacon, Joseph S.,	" "
Burr, Charles E.,	" "
Cole, George W.,	" "
Clark, Samuel D.,	" "
Calvin, Barton A.,	" "
Cole, Charles A.,	" "
Casey, Stephen H.,	" "
Freeman, Edmund H.,	Burroughs, R. I.
Folsom, William H.,	West Newton, Mass.
Fisher, Walter M.,	Franklin, Mass.
Hodges, Frank F., Decker Bldg., 33 Union Sq.,	N. Y. City.
Holbrook, Joseph W.,	Address unknown.
Howard, Chas. D.,	" "
Hunnewell, George G.,	" "
Hammond, George G., 172 Beacon St.,	Boston, Mass.
Hunnewell, Charles D., Hotel Effingham,	" "
Kennason, Ira, 16 Forest St.,	Arlington Heights, "
Lovejoy, George T., P. O. Box 114,	Milford, N. H.
Murphy, Jeremiah,	Address unknown.
Murphy, William H. F.,	" "
Magee, Daniel,	" "
McNally, Michael,	" "
Newell, Duane,	" "
Niles, Jerome S.,	North Pembroke, Mass.
O'Sullivan, Michael,	Franklin, "
O'Neil, Michael,	Address unknown.
Patrick, Charles P.,	" "
Peck, Henry C.,	Franklin, Mass.
Pickering, Henry M., Shawmut Ave.,	Boston, "
Remick, William,	Address unknown.
Smith, Henry W., 74 Beach St.,	Boston, Mass.
Stone, Joseph,	Winchester, Mass.
Stanton, James,	Address unknown.
Safford, Asa,	" "
Temple, James H.,	" "
Tobey, William W., 108 Pleasant St.,	Cambridgeport, Mass.
Taylor, Charles H.,	Address unknown.
Thompson, Lyford,	Tilton, N. H.
Wales, Owen O., Congress St.,	Milford, Mass.
Wheeling, John B.,	Address unknown.
Williams, William M.,	" "
Woods, William H. W.,	" "

COMPANY D

Captain, N. Willis Bumstead,	60 State St.,	Boston, Mass.
Sergeant, Willard L. Wellman,		Edgewood, R. I.
Corporal, Joseph A. Haskell,	217 Water St.,	New Haven, Conn.
	Edward P. Lippincott, 13-21 Park Row,	New York City.
	George L. Haines,	Sandwich, Mass.
	Freeman H. Lothrop,	Barnstable, "
	Howard Chipman,	Philadelphia, Pa.
Musician, William F. Mason,		Address unknown.
Private, Ames, Osmond,		Osterville, Mass.
	Bearse, Charles E.,	Centreville, "
	Blossom, Henry C.,	Address unknown.
	Bryant, Josiah, with Eastern Drug Co.,	Boston, Mass.
	Bussey, Benjamin F.,	Winterport, Me.
	Burgess, George A.,	Plymouth, Mass.
	Chipman, George A.,	Brookline, "
	Childs, Edward W.,	Centreville, "
	Crocker, Nelson S.,	Marlboro', "
	Calvay, George B.,	Address unknown.
	Carret, Charles T., 79 Milk St.,	Boston, Mass.
	Fitch, David,	Lexington, "
	Fifield, Watson H.,	Address unknown.
	Foss, James T.,	" "
	Fuller, David,	Osterville, Mass.
	Hamblin, James B., 271 Washington St.,	Newton, "
	Hamlen, Ezra, 19 Union Block,	Taunton, "
	Hinkley, John B.,	Address unknown.
	Holmes, Charles E.,	Hyannis, Mass.
	Holmes, Isaac W.,	Address unknown.
	Holway, Thomas E., 15 No. Market St.,	Boston, Mass.
	Hoar, Benjamin F.,	Address unknown.
	Jones, Hercules,	Marston's Mill, Mass.
	Leighton, William F., 227 Sherman Ave.,	New Haven, Conn.
	McLaughlin, Geo. W., Kidder, Peabody & Co.,	Boston, Mass.
	Messer, William,	Concord, "
	Nye, Hiram,	Hyannis, "
	Norton, Damon W.,	Address unknown.
	Phinney, Captain Harrison G.,	Cotuitport, Mass.
	Richardson, Alvah M., 25 Bromfield St.,	Boston, "
	Reed, Arthur, 27 Kilby St.,	" "
	Simpson, Thomas O.,	New Bedford, "
	Tracey, William W., Dept. of Agriculture,	Washington, D. C.
	Wheeler, Albert L.,	Sandwich, Mass.
	Wright, George W.,	Lexington, "
	Wright, Walter R.,	Sherborn, "
	Wright, Willis L.,	Waltham, "
	Williams, Thomas, care Manning, Barnum Co.,	Meriden, Conn.

COMPANY E

Captain, Thomas B. Wales,		Wellesley Hills, Mass.
1st Lieutenant, Alpheus H. Hardy,	1107 Tremont Bldg.,	Boston, Mass.
Sergeant, Charles F. Hardy, care A. H. Hardy,		" "
	Dr. Frank Wells, P. O. Box 111,	" "
	Hiram F. Carleton, Clerk U. S. Dist. Court,	Cleveland, O.

Sergeant, Benjamin V. Coburn, 11 Marble St.,	Roxbury, Mass.
George P. Ladd,	Spencer, "
Corporal, William D. Brackett, Jr., 82 Lincoln St.,	Boston, "
George C. Richards,	West Gloucester, "
Rufus Richardson, High St.,	Dedham, "
William W. Bowman,	Lynn, "
George A. White,	Sharon, "
Musician, William Shields, Soldiers' Home,	Chelsea, "
Private, Blanchard, Edward A.,	Clifondale, Mass.
Blanchard, Leonard,	Swampscott, "
Blanchard, Horace,	" "
Brackett, John E.,	Everett, "
Brown, William,	Unknown.
Clark, George P.,	Newton, Mass.
Crandall, Oscar C.,	Bristol, Vt.
Douglass, Sylvester P.	Swampscott, Mass.
Ellis, Frederick O.,	Braintree, "
Fisher, Daniel,	Surrey, England.
Graves, George, Jr.,	Address unknown.
Gay, George F.,	Marshfield, Mass.
Glass, Joseph W.,	Swampscott, "
Hayes, Lemuel W.,	New Bedford, "
Hutchinson, Edward C.,	Chester Depot, Vt.
Knowles, William F.,	Address unknown.
Lee, Joseph W.,	" "
Molineux, Robert G., 5 Wabon St.,	Roxbury, Mass.
Millett, Orlando B.,	Swampscott, "
Newcomb, Stephen A.,	" "
Plimpton, Lewis F.,	Florence, "
Proctor, Martin C.,	Address unknown.
Palmer, George F.,	" "
Powell, James,	" "
Smith, George H.,	" "
Sawin, Thomas K.,	" "
Sanborn, William H.,	" "
Tongue, Robert B.,	" "
Wellington, Joseph D.,	West Newton, Mass.
Wiley, Edwin F.,	Swampscott, "
Watson, George W.,	Brockton, "
Whitcomb, John D., 324 Washington St.,	Boston, "
Whitcomb, Henry C., 85 Broad St.,	" "
Wilson, Sylvester E.,	Address unknown.

COMPANY F.

1st. Lieutenant, Clarence Ellis, P. O. Box 1439,	Boston, Mass.
2nd Lieutenant, Theodore C. Hurd, Clerk of Courts,	Cambridge, "
Sergeant, Samuel F. Draper,	Fayville, "
Wallace J. Tillson,	Chicago, Ill.
Joseph H. Bird, 486 East Eighth St.,	New York City.
Corporal, Ira B. Fenton,	Framingham, Mass.
Charles W. Hall,	" "
Luther S. Johnson,	Lynn, "
Musician, Frank H. Hunt,	South Framingham, "

Private,	Babb, Charles N.,	Lynn, Mass.
	Bird, Frank D.,	Address unknown.
	Brown, Edgar,	" "
	Cloyes, Joseph C.,	Framingham, Mass.
	Childs, George H.,	South Framingham, Mass.
	Cutting, Daniel,	Address unknown.
	Clark, Charles A.,	" "
	Delaney, Roger,	" "
	Dalton, Joseph G., 6 Boylston Place,	Boston, Mass.
	Eaton, John H.,	South Sudbury, "
	Goodnow, Alfred C.,	Address unknown.
	Haynes, George H.,	West Newton, Mass.
	Hagar, George F.,	Nobscot, "
	Holt, Samuel M.,	Address unknown.
	Holtham, Joseph, 365 Bridge St.,	Lowell, Mass.
	Jones, Theodore A.,	Maynard, "
	Johnson, Sydney C., 632 Tremont St.,	Boston, "
	Johnson, Edwin W.,	Nahant, "
	Johnson, Welcome J.,	" "
	Johnson, Edmund B.,	" "
	Ladd, Charles H.,	Springfield, "
	McGrath, William	South Framingham, "
	McKnight, Edward,	Westboro, "
	McDonald, Edward,	Address unknown.
	Moore, Charles H.,	Nobscot, Mass.
	Morse, Lewellyn,	Address unknown.
	Newton, Nathan G.,	Manchester, N. H.
	Nixon, Marcellus,	Framingham, Mass.
	Rhoads, Anson A.,	Saxonville, "
	Spaulding, Charles C.,	Wilton, N. H.
	Scott, William L.,	Address unknown.
	Temple, William E.,	Framingham, Mass.
	Thomson, Leroy B.,	Portland, Oregon.
	Vose, Abner S.,	Framingham, Mass.
	Valentine, Walter,	Northboro, "
	Walkup, Joel M.,	Address unknown.
	Whitney, Lorenzo P., 90 Pearl St.,	Boston, Mass.
	Winch, Henry F.,	Saxonville, "
	Winch, Edwin A.,	Framingham, "

COMPANY G.

2nd Lieutenant,	Benjamin Holt Ticknor,	Houghton, Mifflin Co., Cambridge, Mass.
Sergeant,	Richard C. Chace,	Address unknown.
	Ephraim Stearns,	Waltham, Mass.
Corporal,	Amos A. Brewster,	445 Broadway, New York City.
	Thomas F. Smith,	Waltham, Mass.
	Nathan Warren,	" "
	S. Ward Jaques,	29 Washington St., Boston, "
Private,	Burnes, Daniel W.,	Milford, N. H.
	Brown, William F.,	P. O. Box 602, Foxboro, Mass.
	Brett, William S.,	Brockton, "
	Bryant, Ellis W.,	Address unknown.
	Crocker, Charles A.,	" "
	Foss, Henry,	" "

Private,	Gibbs, Andrew C.,	Brockton, Mass.
	Hunneinan, Joseph H., Jr., 83 Vane St.,	Revere, "
	Kendall, John W.,	" "
	Kemp, George D., 128 Elmo St.,	Dorchester, Mass.
	Litchfield, Alfred B.,	Norwell, "
	Litchfield, Edwin M., 28 Warren Street,	Roxbury, "
	Mayhew, John R.,	Lewiston, Me.
	Morse, Edmund B.,	Lynn, Mass.
	Morse, Lewellyn,	Address unknown.
	Magoune, Robert S.,	Brockton, Mass.
	Page, C. Robinson, cor. Poplar and Cornell Sts.,	Roslin-
		dale, Mass.
	Pratt, Seth W., with Nathan C. Pratt,	Quincy, "
	Pratt, Nathan C.,	" "
	Packard, Moses A.	Brockton, "
	Stackpole, Frederick W., 803 Shawmut Ave.,	Roxbury, "
	Storer, Robert W., 476 Boylston St.,	Boston, Mass.
	Soule, Lewis M.,	Quincy, "
	Stevens, John, 1078 Boylston St.,	Boston, "
	Shaw, J. Warren,	Avon, "
	Taylor, Frank H.,	Address unknown.
	Tully, Herbert J.,	Hingham, Mass.
	Tolman, John F.,	Mount Blue, "
	Tribou, Charles E., 21 Shepard St.,	Brockton, "
	Vose, William H.,	Lynn, "
	Winslow, Albert,	Address unknown.
	White, Joseph H., 166 Devonshire St.,	Boston, Mass.

COMPANY H.

1st Lieutenant,	Alfred Winsor, Jr., 1016 Board of Trade,	Boston, Mass.
Sergeant,	Alexander Barney,	Newport, R. I.
	Alfred H. Kinsley, South Terminal Station,	Boston, Mass.
	Gideon F. Swain,	Brockton, "
Corporal,	Robert Calder, Jr.,	Hanson, "
	Allan McNabb,	Address unknown.
Musician,	William F. Chadwick, 15 Mt. Vernon St.,	Roxbury, Mass.
Private,	Arnold, Lyndon C.,	St. Johnsbury, Vt.
	Athearn, Eliashib A.,	West Tisbury, Mass.
	Bacon, Allen,	Address unknown.
	Brown, Henry,	" "
	Connor, Hugh Burke,	Milford, N. H.
	Crocker, Charles W.,	Nantucket, Mass.
	Crocker, Samuel F.,	" "
	Cushman, Oliver,	Brockton, "
	Fox, James,	Address unknown.
	Francis, Joseph W., 19 Fourth St.,	Chelsea, Mass.
	Fuller, Ansell E.,	West Barnstable, "
	Folger, Daniel W.,	Address unknown.
	Gibbs, Stephen S.,	Middleboro, Mass.
	Harper, James, Jr.,	Address unknown.
	Harvey, George,	" "
	Hewett, Horace,	" "
	Hudson, James B., Box 286,	Greenport, N. Y.
	Hopkins, Freeman D.,	Address unknown.

Private,	Hussey, Albert M., 291 Broad St.,	Providence, R. I.
	Johnson, Abraham H.,	Address unknown.
	Lamb, John M.,	Nantucket, Mass.
	Lewis, Simeon L.,	" "
	Mansfield, Alexander, 2303 State St.,	Chicago, Ill.
	McLeran, James R.,	Address unknown.
	Mitchell, Joseph A.,	" "
	Nickerson, Lucas A.,	" "
	Pike, Charles S., 297 West Houston St.,	New York City.
	Place, Jonas M., 105 Chestnut Ave.,	Everett, Mass.
	Ray, Charles F.,	Nantucket, "
	Rand, John W.,	" "
	Reynolds, Charles,	Address unknown.
	Stearns, George,	" "
	Sylvester, George H.,	Nantucket, Mass.
	Symmes, John H.,	Rye Gate, Vt.
	Turner, Francis P.	Address unknown.
	Waldron, Joseph B.,	Melrose, Mass.

COMPANY I.

Sergeant,	Rensselaer A. Knight,	Arlington, Mass.
Corporal,	Aaron A. Bennett, 67 Plain St.,	Providence, R. I.
	James A. Marden,	Arlington, Mass.
	Warren K. Southwick,	Address unknown.
	Emanuel Hollander,	" "
	Theodore L. Kelley, 5 Corwin St.,	Dorchester, Mass.
	David Fales,	Chicago, Ill.
Musician,	Edmund F. Partridge,	Franklin, Mass.
	Francis G. Pond,	Natick, "
Private,	Baker, Levi A.,	East Bridgewater, "
	Bailey, Henry J., 90 School St.,	Milford, "
	Bennett, David S.,	Wrentham, "
	Blake, William L.,	Address unknown.
	Blanchard, J. Henry, 63 Wheatland Ave.,	Dorchester, Mass.
	Brigham, Frederick G.,	Address unknown.
	Butters, Edward F.,	Franklin, Mass.
	Bender, George W.,	Address unknown.
	Coyne, James B.,	" "
	Cunningham, John,	" "
	Campbell, John G.,	" "
	Dorring, James,	" "
	Frost, Reuben,	Arlington, Mass.
	French, Thomas,	Address unknown.
	Foss, George A.,	" "
	Ferguson, John,	" "
	Fisher, Daniel W., Box 495,	Franklin, Mass.
	Glover, John, 358 Columbus Ave.,	Boston, Mass.
	Goss, Arthur L.,	Rye, N. H.
	Healey, Thomas, 21 Kent St.,	Roxbury, Mass.
	Hartlage, Christian,	Address unknown.
	Harris, John	" "
	Hemenway, Frank W.	Wrentham, Mass.
	Hewes, William,	Address unknown.
	Johanson, Peter, 9 Spring Park Ave.,	Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Private, Kain, John,	Address unknown.
Linnell, Isaiah,	Hyannis, Mass.
Lord, Dr. Joseph B., 2700 Creston Ave.,	New York City.
McEwen, Robert,	Address unknown.
Mathew, Caleb T.,	Grantham, N. H.
Mason, Edwin A.,	Franklin, Mass.
Melcher, Joseph K.,	Butte City, Montana.
Miles, Edward,	Address unknown.
Myars, John,	" "
Nevins, Peter,	Stockton, Cal.
Proctor, Benjamin, 35 St. John St.,	Jamaica Plain, Mass.
Querbach, Eberhardt,	Address unknown.
Reed, Edward F., Old South Building,	Boston, Mass.
Rich, Thomas P., Jr.,	Florence, Italy.
Rockwood, Benjamin H.,	Westboro, Mass.
Schwarter, John,	Address unknown.
Sullivan, Dennis P.,	" "
Shaughnessy, John,	" "
Stearns, George A.,	Arlington, Mass.
Westie, Charles,	Address unknown.
Whitney, Myron W.,	South Sandwich, Mass.

COMPANY K.

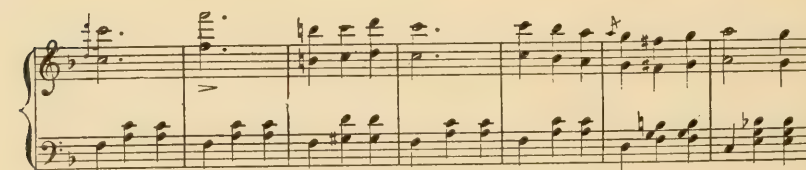
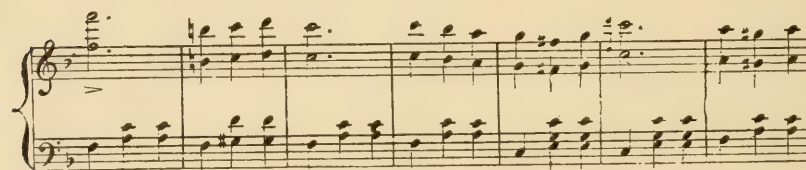
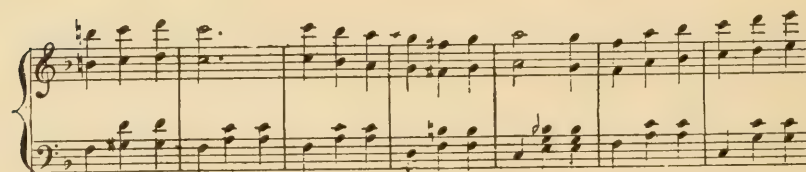
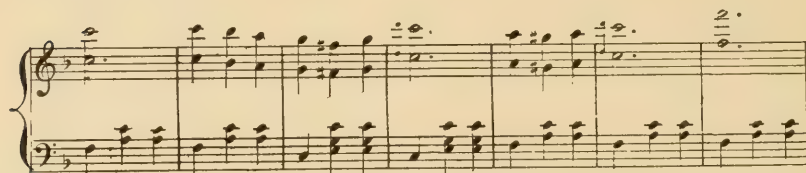
2nd Lieutenant, John H. Robinson,	Newton, Mass.
Sergeant, William M. Goodridge,	Highland Park, Ill.
Corporal, Theodore S. Thompson, Hotel Beaconsfield,	Brookline, Mass.
William B. Leatherbee, 70 Kilby St.,	Boston, "
Private, Ames, Jason F.,	Address unknown.
Abbott, James,	" "
Bates, Abner N.,	" "
Bailey, Hollis H.,	Roslindale, Mass.
Blackwell, Elbridge G., 127 School St.,	Roxbury, Mass.
Britt, Thomas,	Address unknown.
Bridges, Oren,	" "
Cousin, James F.,	" "
Clarke, Alsen E., 127 West Harrison St.,	Chicago, Ill.
Cosgrove, Henry,	Nantasket, Mass.
Corboy, James,	Address unknown.
Dolan, Eugene, care Wakefield Rattan Co.,	Chicago, Ill.
Dailey, John,	Address unknown.
Devine, James,	" "
Ellis, George A. C.,	" "
Eldred, Jordan W.,	" "
Fitzgerald, George,	" "
Freeman, Franklin,	" "
Foster, Albert J., 182 Lincoln St.,	Boston, Mass.
Gipson, Edward H.,	Address unknown.
Hayes, John E., 25 Adams St.,	Charlestown, Mass.
Holmes, Thomas F.,	Watertown, "
Hoffman, Edward, 1365 Tenth St.,	Denver, Col.
Harris, Edward, 2d.,	Address unknown.
Kelley, John F.,	" "
Kimball, Reuben, Jr., Ohio Building,	Toledo, Ohio.
Lauckton, Charles W.,	Address unknown.

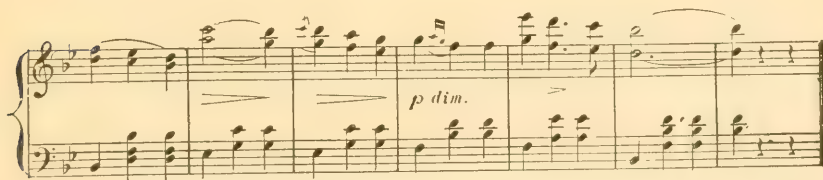
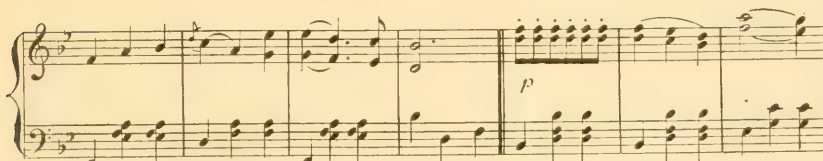
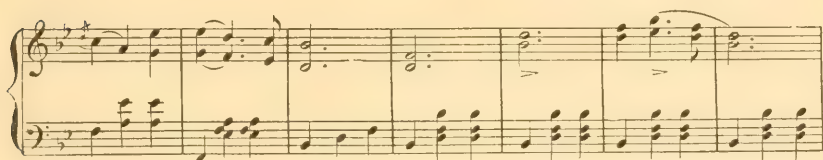
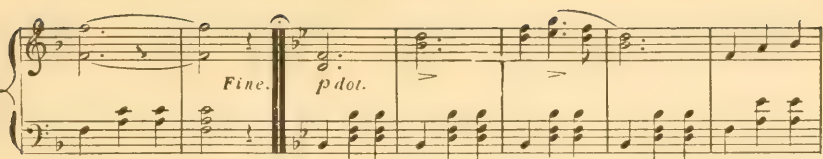
Private,	Longley, Edwin P., 3 Front St.,	North Cambridge, Mass.
	Myers, Charles A. M.,	Pittsburg, Penn.
	McDonald, Thomas,	Address unknown.
	Moore, Daniel,	" "
	Oliver, Joseph,	" "
	Purcell, Leonard,	" "
	Percy, George,	" "
	Reed, William J.,	" "
	Ricker, Rev. George E.,	Washington, D C
	Stone, Frank F.,	San Francisco, Cal.
	Strong, George P., 262 Highland Ave.,	Somerville, Mass.
	Sweeney, James M.,	Address unknown.
	Serous, Frank,	" "
	Sullivan, Michael,	" "
	Sherman, James,	" "
	Worthley, Alfred W.,	Hyde Park, Mass.
	Wrightington, William R., 88 John St.,	New York City.

CADET WALTZ

B. A. BURDITT.

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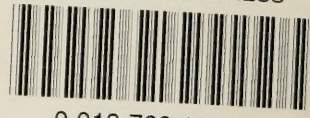




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